

PHOTOPLAY

**Marilyn Confides
in Me —
EARL WILSON**

**In the Marriage Market?
GEORGE NADER**

**New Whistle Bait —
DORIS DAY**

BONUS

Big May Travel Issue

**MORE NEWS!
MORE STORIES!
MORE PICTURES!**

ONLY 20¢



**MITZI
GAYNOR**



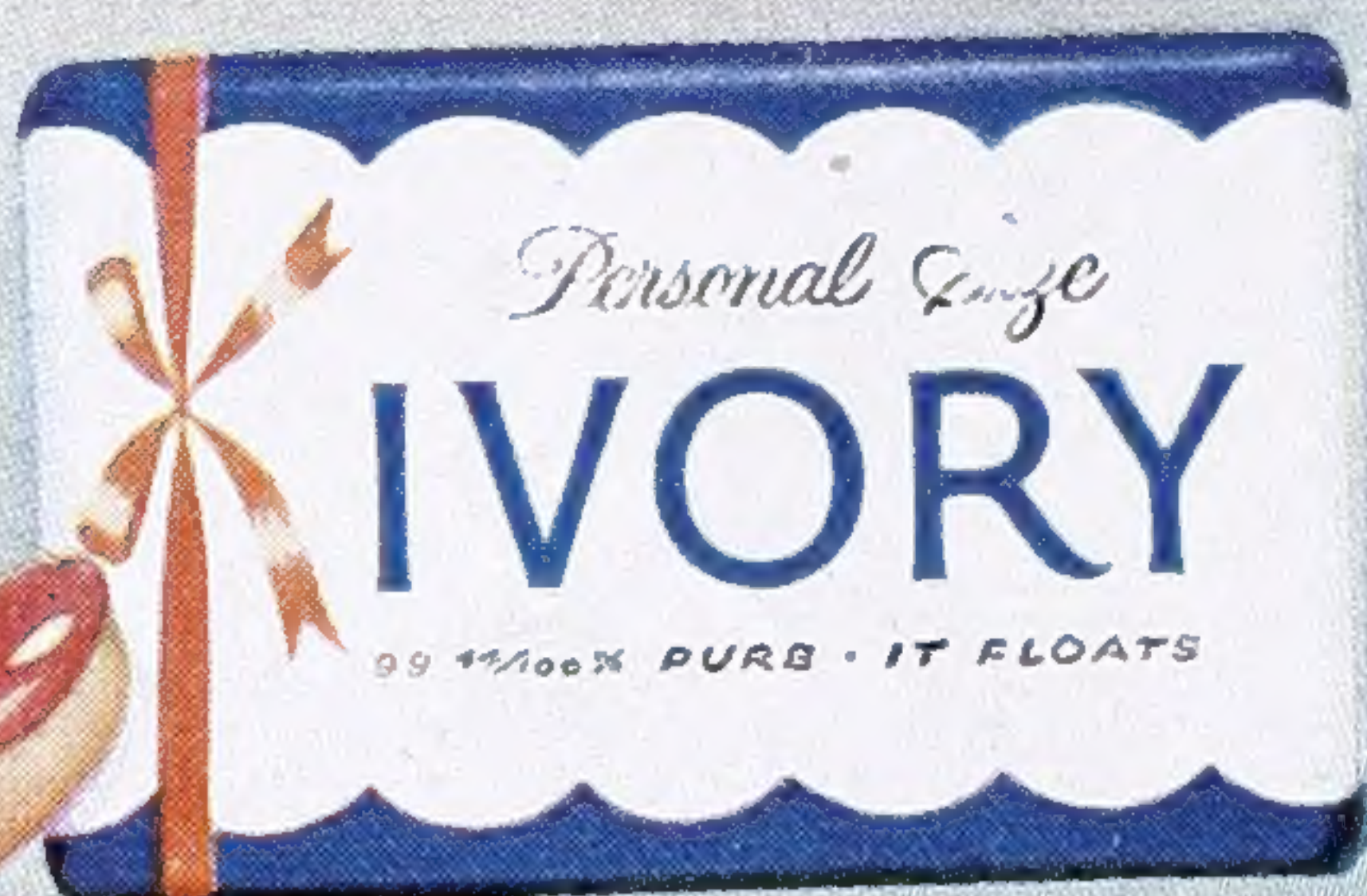
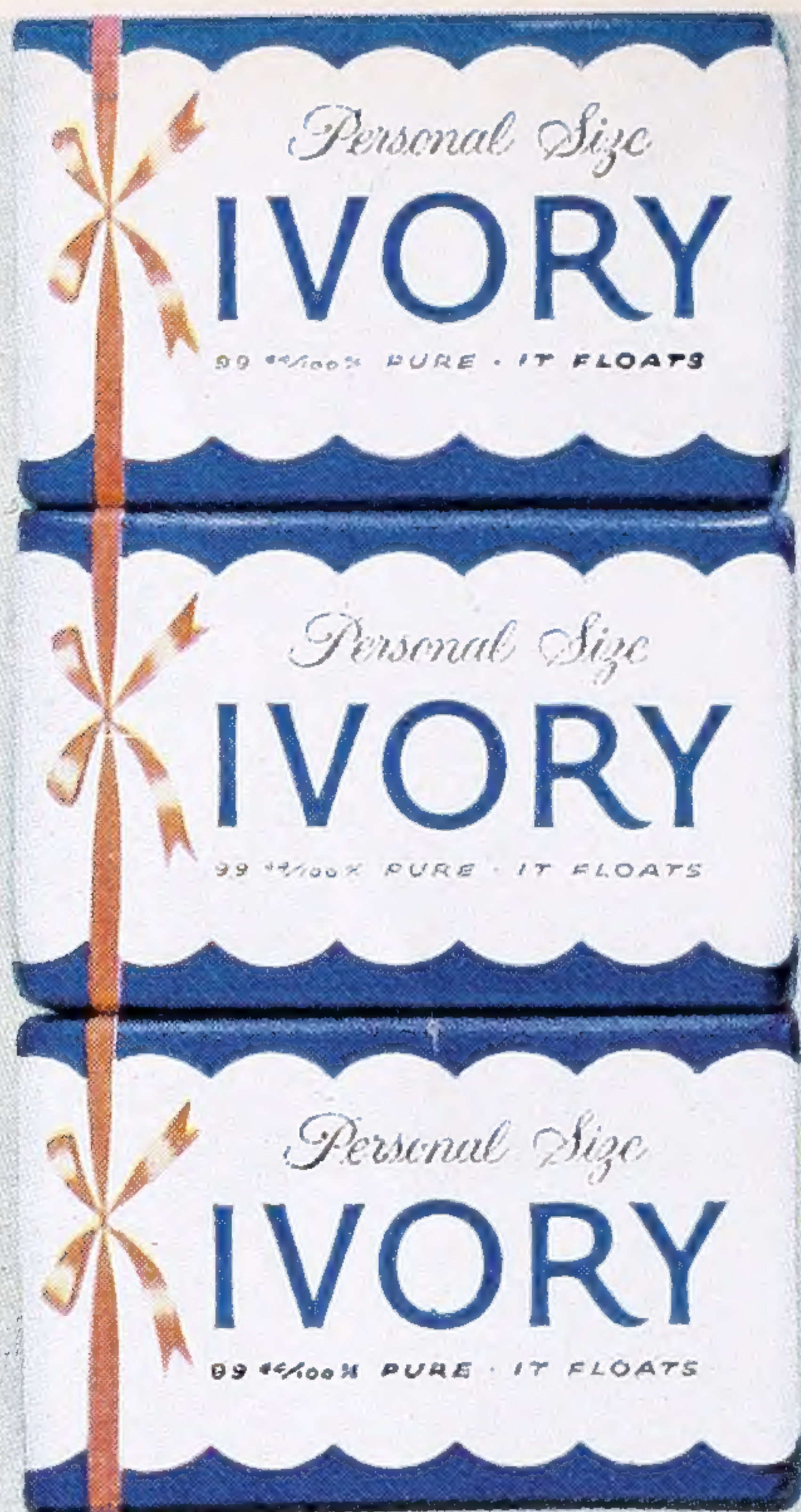
**JACK LEMMON
He Her Faint!**



**JANET LEIGH
Waiting for Baby**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

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Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day.

So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

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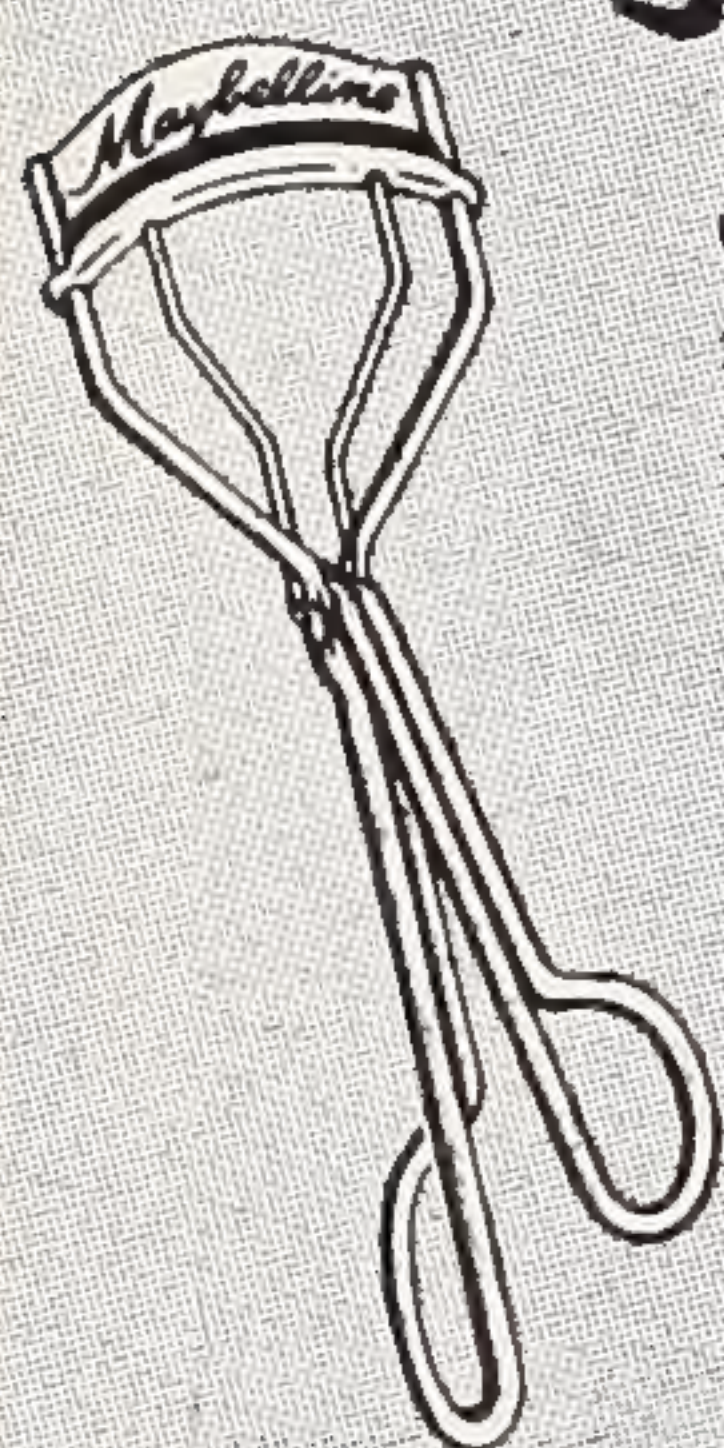


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Form in smart kit



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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

Your June issue will be on sale at your newsstand—May 8

May 1956

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Cover: Color portrait of Mitzi Gaynor, star of Paramount's "The Birds and the Bees," by Frank Jack Lemmon, seen in Columbia's "It Happened One Night," by Six; Janet Leigh, in Columbia's "Safari," by Ornitz. Other color picture credits on page 116.

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MAY 1956

VOL. 49, 1



PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President
Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices in
Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions. Canada \$2.50 one year. \$4.
year all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impressed
address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address.
Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible
for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied
stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the
March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1956 by
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All the dazzle, darlings and delights
of **LAS VEGAS** ... in M-G-M's
Gold Mine of Entertainment!



It's everything you've heard! In **COLOR** and **CINEMASCOPE!**



THE LOVE STORY!
Filmed at the famed Sands Hotel.
A rancher and a dancer fall
in love in exciting Las Vegas.



"FRANKIE & JOHNNY"
...the sizzling, sensational
"Frankie and Johnny" number
and more! Never such dancing!



SONGS GALORE! "The
Gal with The Yaller Shoes" ...
"If You Can Dream" ... "My Lucky
Charm" and many others!

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DAN DAILEY • CYD CHARISSE

WITH AGNES MOOREHEAD • LILI DARVAS • JIM BACKUS

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AND GUEST STARS

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Screen Story and Screen Play by **ISOBEL LENNART** • SONGS: Music by **NICHOLAS BRODSZKY** • Lyrics by **SAMMY CAHN** • Choreography by **HERMES PAN** • Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR**

Directed by **ROY ROWLAND** • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** • AN M-G-M PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's exclusive
coverage of Photoplay's
Gold Medal Dinner and
other Hollywood events*

Romantic Carousel: Tab Hunter's cross-country flight was cloaked in mystery, but *we* know his secret! He's flipped his lid over an eastern socialite. But her wealthy father wants Tabaroo to stop making movies and go to work for him. Looks like *no one* is going to win! . . . We've got news for Marisa Pavan. Her great admirer, terrifically talented Sal Mineo—who's playing opposite Pier Angeli in "Somebody Up There Likes Me"—hopes Marisa will visit their set and that her twin sister will introduce them. . . . Believe it or not, there's a touch of the old-fashioned boy in Marlon Brando. Beautiful Anna Kashfi, India's gift to Hollywood, has a charming new apartment—which Marlon keeps filled with fresh flowers that he picks from his own garden with his own hands!

For Your Information: When Joan Collins was named the "most promising actress" by PHOTOPLAY readers, it made a deep impression. Joan is now more conscious of her appearance in public, but around the house, she still loves those casual sweaters and slacks. . . . And "most promising actor" George Nader has been in a dilemma. Some of his fans want him to marry Dani Crayne, while others threaten to picket

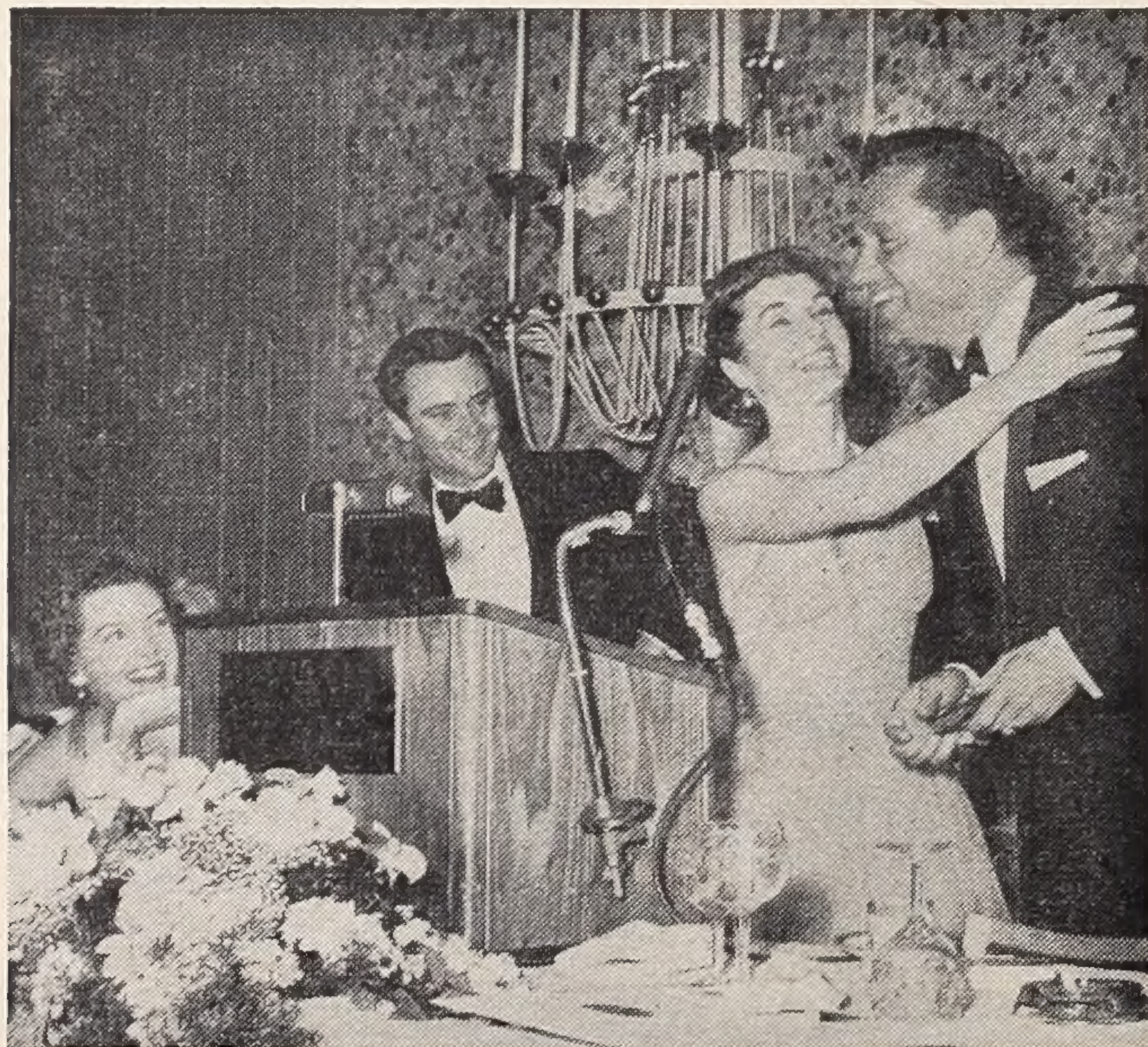
their favorite beefcake boy if he much as dares to pop the question. George and Dani have decided to "remain good friends," and their stu U-I, is plenty pleased. . . . John D and Jody Lawrence may not be feud but after their second picture together "Leather Saint," they've had it. Nei wants to play opposite the other w "Omar Khyam" goes before the c eras! . . . When M-G-M importe New York actor to test for a role was perfect for Jeff Richards, the l neglected guy asked for his release stead, the studio gave him his deser break, playing the romantic cov lead in "The Opposite Sex."

Many Happy Returns: Russ Tam pulled a cute wedding-day gag on bride, Venetia Stevenson. As you k they were married on Valentine's l so Russ wrapped up a *Joy of Cool* cookbook in a heart-shaped box presented it to his bride! . . . And Danton knocked himself out tryin find an appropriate first anniver (paper) present for Julie Adams. inadvertently solved his problem sighing over some elegant hand-pai wallpaper costing fifteen dollars a Ray had it delivered—one roll a time!

Contin



Photoplay's Gold Medal Dinner at the Beverly Hilton was a glamour affair. Seated on the dais above are, left to right, George Nader and Shirley Jones, Choose Your Stars winners; Bill Holden, Gold Medal actor of the year; Deborah Kerr, who accepted the Gold Medal for top actress Jennifer Jones; Buddy Adler, newly appointed head of 20th; editor Ann Higginbotham; Samuel E. Modai, producer of 20th's "A Man Called Peter," one of top films; and Choose Your Stars winners Joan Collins, Dick Egan, Martha Raye.



Mirthful moment occurred at dinner when diminutive Deborah Reynolds, who won Award as one of the five most popular actresses of the year, presented Bill Holden with his Gold Medal. "My, how you've grown," twinkled irrepressible Debbie. "I've known you since you were a little boy and it's so nice to watch you grow up in the industry!" And sealed her speech with a laugh. Amused onlookers are Deborah Kerr and m.c. Jack Lemmon.

NOT-SO-LONESOME GEORGE SAYS—

"you don't hardly get
movies like this no more..."



"I'm right in the
middle of a great big
movie, romancin' that
'Anything Goes gal'
Mitzi Gaynor...
and there's singin'
and dancin' and
there you are..."



Paramount presents

GEORGE GOBEL
MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN



the birds and the bees

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR
VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

REGINALD GARDINER co-starring
PAUL JONES • **NORMAN TAUROG**
Produced by
SIDNEY SHELDON and **PRESTON STURGES**
Screen Play by
Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe • Musical Numbers Staged
by Nick Castle • New Songs by Harry Warren and Mack David

SONGS!
(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE • **EACH TIME I DREAM**





Televiewers saw preview of Gold Medal affair over NBC-TV's Lux Video Theatre, when editor Ann Higginbotham presented Gold Medals to 20th head Buddy Adler for top film, "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing"; Bill Holden as top actor of year; Deborah Kerr, who accepted for top actress Jennifer Jones

Among the many parties given for publisher Irving Manheimer and his wife was one hosted by Buddy Adler, head of 20th Century-Fox, at the studio, where the visitors from New York met many of 20th's stars

His And Hers: While everyone from coast to coast was searching madly for Shirley Jones recently, she was sitting ringside at the Versailles in New York! Jack Cassidy, her favorite feller, was singing there and, when 20th Century-Fox tests him in Hollywood, we have a hunch that Shirley will volunteer to assist him with his scenes. . . . Yep, it can happen here! For the first time in her life, Terry Moore *didn't* want publicity when she secretly married Panama insurance broker Eugene McGrath. The ruse was effected on New Year's Day in Las Vegas by marrying under her real name, Helen Luella Koford. John

Wayne introduced Terry to her handsome husband, and Gene doesn't object to her acting career—as long as it excludes him from the spotlight of attention.

Social Life: When PHOTOPLAY's publisher, Irving S. Manheimer, and his charming wife Ruth arrived to prepare for the Gold Medal Awards dinner, the town really rolled out the red carpet. Among the glamorous events preceding the dinner, writer Ruth Waterbury's party was a stand-out. Among the guests were Russ Tamblyn and his then about-to-be bride Venetia Stevenson;

Celeste Holm; Oreste, escorting cute Jody Lawrence; Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Sernas (she's beautiful enough to be a star, too); and Rhonda Fleming with her Doctor Lew Morrill. On another evening, Sue and Alan Ladd (who throw the most divine sit-down dinners for fifty persons that we've ever attended) honored the Manheimers with a star-studded guest list. Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick; Fred MacMurray and June Haver; Edmund O'Brien and wife Olga San Juan; Doris Day and Marty Melcher, were just a few who attended. Another evening was spent with delightful Cynthia and Jack

Continued on page 20

★
★ The thrill of
his voice! The
thrill of a great
story! The thrill
of a new
motion picture
triumph!

★
WARNER BROS. PRESENT IN WARNERCOLOR

MARIO LANZA

"SERENADE"



★
The story of a farm-hand who won fame as a singer and nearly lost his soul as a man...

CO-STARRING

JOAN FONTAINE
SARITA MONTIEL · VINCENT PRICE HENRY BLANKE

DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MANN SCREEN PLAY BY IVAN GOFF & BEN ROBERTS AND JOHN TWIST



Your letters answered by

SPRING BYINGTON



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Spring Byington stars in *December Bride*,
seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EST.

Q I am a girl of thirteen, and you know most girls of thirteen have a certain girlfriend that they chum around with. Well, so do I, but we just don't seem to be able to get along. I have been chumming with Nanine for almost a year, but every day we argue about something.

Before Nanine and I got to be pals, I chummed around with another girl and we never used to fight at all. Nanine doesn't like this other girl, Elsie, and has said that if I had anything to do with Elsie, we were through.

Elsie sometimes calls me and we go to a movie or on a sandwich date (two girls and one boy, Dutch), and we get along fine. When Nanine finds out, she is furious and says we're through and she is going to tell everyone I am a bad friend.

Don't you think Nanine is being unfair? Sometimes I just feel like telling her right out that nobody is as important to anybody else as she thinks she is, if she decides to be a person's chum.

LOLA M.

A What you describe, Lola, is essentially blackmail, and you should deal with it as all blackmail must be dealt with: refuse to be intimidated.

When Nanine says that you must do thus and so, or that she is "through," tell her goodbye and don't stay around to wave a white handkerchief in farewell.

Loyalty is one of the great virtues; dictatorship is one of the great vices. Don't be victimized by a domineering force simply because of your own idealistic nature. You haven't given your life into Nanine's hands: you aren't a puppet to be pulled at Nanine's will.

Several years ago there was produced on Broadway a delightful musical comedy entitled "No, No, Nanette." You might change the name slightly and adopt as your personal motto, "No, No, Nanine." It should enliven the script of your own life a great deal.

Q I'm a guy not quite nineteen, and I've been steady-dating a girl, call her Patsy, who is about eighteen. We will both graduate from high school in June, and I plan to go on to college and study medicine.

Well, during Easter vacation, six of us (three couples) went on a houseparty, and one night the couple chaperoning us had to make a trip into town to the dentist and they didn't get back until the next morning. While they were gone, one of the boys found a case of liquor in a back closet of the cabin, so we opened a bottle and had a whee of a time.

I think all of us were ashamed and sorry about it the next morning, because every one of us knew better, but I decided the thing should be forgotten. Now Patsy says we've got to get married. Not because she is in trouble or anything like that, but because she says no decent man would ever want anything to do with her. I've tried to explain that I don't have a profession and I can't support her. I guess I could get a job in a filling station, or be a delivery boy—summertime jobs I've done—but that would end me and my medical school ambitions.

I've tried to explain to Patsy that neither one of us is old enough to take on the responsibilities of marriage, but she just cries and says I'm going away and she'll never see me again. She isn't going to college, so she thinks the end of the world will come with high school graduation.

So, am I heel to say "no"? Even during Leap Year I think a fellow should have a choice. I feel awful about this, but I'm a little mad, too.

EVON T.

A Every right-thinking individual, Mr. T., regards marriage as a union between two people which is entered into freely and fully because they are in love and they plan a life together that will give them opportunities for mental, emo-

tional and spiritual growth, as well as for service to a community and perhaps to a succeeding generation.

A marriage assumes that a home is to be established, not a battleground. A marriage assumes that children brought into that home will be loved, protected, and taught to join the community as good citizens.

If there is one thing that is unchangingly true in this world it is that coercion is always wrong in emotional relationships. It follows then, that a marriage induced by coercion is wrong.

However, don't jump to the comfortable conclusion at this point that I'm in sympathy with your attitude toward the unfortunate girl in this case.

The time has long since passed when the blame for an incident such as you have described is placed upon the girl entirely. You knew, every step of the way, that you were doing wrong. Had you been driving a car in which this girl was a passenger, and had you wrecked the car in an accident which killed the girl, you would have been held guilty of criminal negligence. That the actual incident did not destroy her life but her self-respect instead does not lessen your responsibility in the least.

I note that you have said in your letter that you feel "awful," but also you are "a little mad." You have every right to feel "awful" and none to be "a little mad," except at yourself.

Because I have not been fully informed about your situation, I am not in a position to give you specific advice. However, I believe it would be to your best advantage to consult a guidance counselor, who has expert knowledge and experience with situations such as yours. If there is no such person in your community, you can write to the Family Service Association of America, 192 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. They will refer you to the guidance agency nearest to you.

Continued on page 10



Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: **1796**—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. **1848**—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether. **1929**—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan
strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

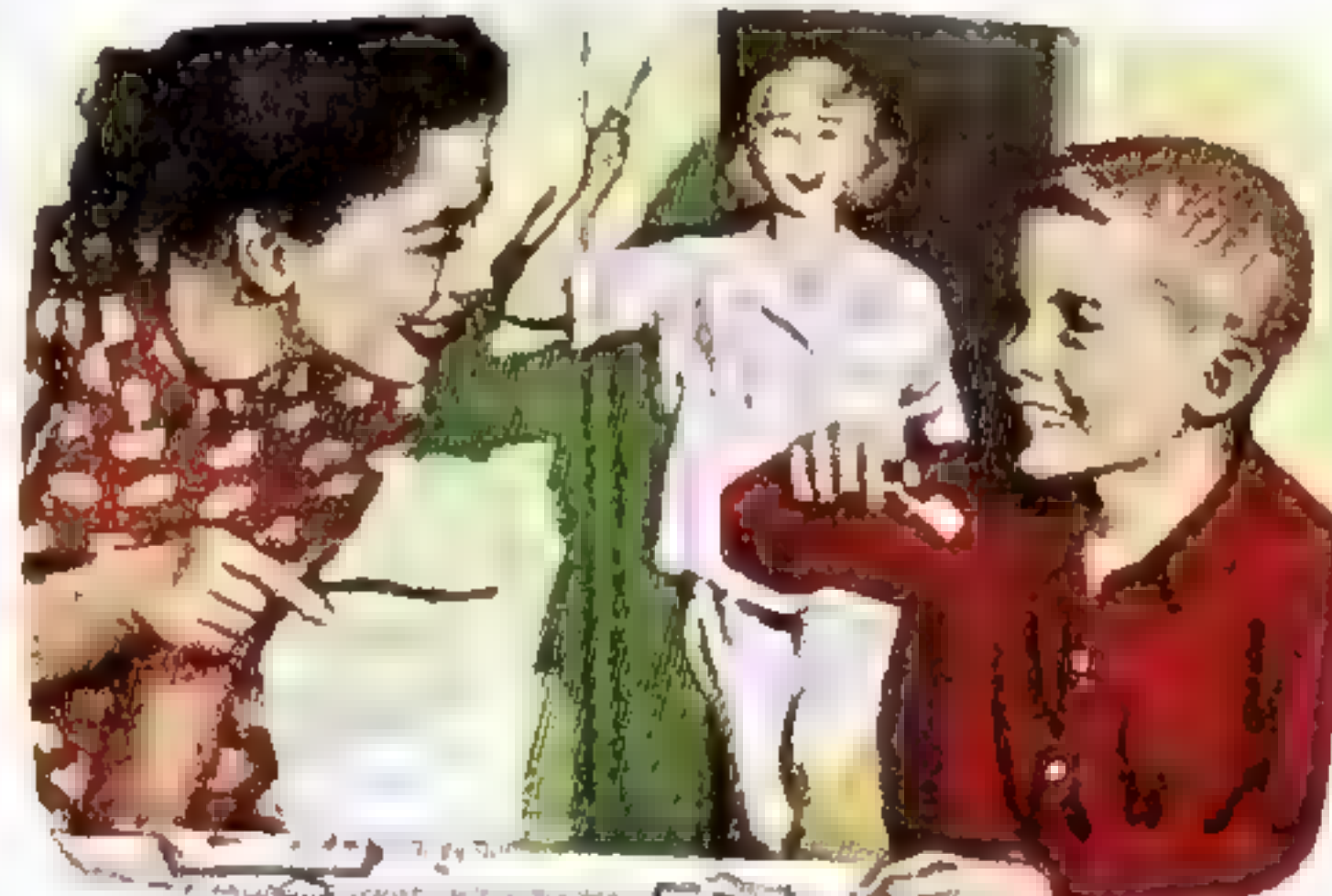
Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula—proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste



Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children in certain towns were virtually without cavities. Nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride*, was in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years on 5,673 people. No toothpaste can end all decay, but Crest set records of decay prevention *never approached by any other toothpaste.*

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth* . . . to fortify teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of brushing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.



Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE CREST!



New Idea! Bright Secret "Heartwarmer" Sets*

Tussy reveals long-awaited Bright Secret

Something new is in the air! Something too thrilling to miss—the fragrance news of the year! It's Bright Secret by Tussy—tantalizing as a twinkle in your eye! By day, it's as

delicate as dew on flower petals. But at night, the dew-drops turn to diamonds—wait and see! How does this fragrance miracle happen? That's your Bright Secret, from now on!

*"Heartwarmers"—wonderful way to lasting fragrance!

Take one of the tiny absorbent hearts that come with every "Heartwarmer" Set. Scent it with Bright Secret, then tuck it next to your heart. An air of fragrant mystery—your own Bright Secret—will cling to you all day long!

Two other Bright Secrets you should know:

A. DUSTING POWDER, complete with big velvety puff. \$1.50

B. SPRAY-MIST, new push-button cologne concentrate. \$2.

prices plus tax

Bright Secret by Tussy

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

Q I am twenty-one years old. I am married and have two lovely boys. I lead a happy but simple life and I suppose I should be contented. But I have a problem that is ruining my life. I stutter. I always have, ever since I can remember—all through school, even during vacations, when you would think there was nothing to worry about.

No one who doesn't stutter can realize how shut off a stutterer can be. No matter how much I want to talk to people, I nearly die trying to say the silliest little thing—like trying to order meat at the market, or trying to tell the milkman what I want.

I have read a good deal about Hollywood people overcoming handicaps, but not one of them seems to have started out a stutterer. Any advice or information you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

People are always correcting or criticizing me, or laughing behind my back. I feel as though I want to stay at home and hide but that would be bad for my children. So, please help me to learn to talk like other people.

EDITH A.

A I wonder if it wouldn't help you, Mrs. A., if you knew what usually causes stuttering? It's no deep, dark secret, but rather a simple situation. If you were placed in the second grade in school at an age when you were only ready for first-grade work, that might have caused it. If you were a younger child in a family of talkative children and always felt yourself to be under pressure to get a word in edgewise that might have caused it. Somewhere along your childhood route you were probably expected to live up to a standard beyond your years, and this undoubtedly resulted in your starting to stutter.

Now, fortunately, you are grown, and there are thousands upon thousands of girls who would consider you a very successful woman. Obviously your husband found you so attractive that he wanted you for his wife, and you have, as you have said, two lovely boys. What riches from the standpoint of so many of the girls who have written to me all about their dateless loneliness!

If you will begin to pat yourself on the back for your successes, in place of scolding yourself for your failures, your stuttering should end, gradually. Count your daily triumphs by saying, "Today the dinner was delicious." "Today I held my temper." "Today I was kind to the funny old lady at the corner." "Today I was patient when talking to the butcher." Instill in yourself a positive, determined attitude.

Once you have begun to like yourself and to see that you are truly a successful person, you might start to read aloud against a background of march music, keeping time with words as you would with a tapping toe. Read nursery rhymes aloud to your children, remembering that there is no need to hurry, and that you are under no pressure.

And will you let me know, in six or eight months, just how you have been getting along?

Q The more I think about my problem, the bigger it gets. You see, my birthday is next month and I am going to be seventeen, but I am only in tenth grade.

Continued on page 12



HAT, JOHN FREDERICKS; JEWELS, VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

The loveliest glow of all is yours . . . with this new liquid make-up!

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'



'Touch-and-Glow'
1.25 and 1.75 plus tax

Revlon has something new and wonderful for your complexion . . . liquid 'Touch-and-Glow'! It's never masky . . . never heavy . . . *this* liquid make-up is blended with Lanolite, to beauty-treat your complexion! With 'Touch-and-Glow' there's no made-up look. It's so natural—nobody knows you wear it but you! Find *your* glow among 8 exquisite complexion colors . . . and wear Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' for that radiant, youthful look!

The fabulous flattery of candlelight . . . captured in a liquid make-up!

See? It's like washing your hair in naturally soft rainwater



Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!



Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW

WHITE RAIN

LOTION SHAMPOO



Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .

Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

That means I am a year, in some cases two years, older than other kids in my class at school.

The reason is that I didn't start school as soon as most kids in this country do, because my father was working for the government and we moved around quite a bit, so I lost school time and often had to be left back.

Anyhow, I happen to know that some of the kids are planning a party for me (my mother has always been very good about giving parties in honor of the kids in my grade), but I am thinking of asking everybody *not* to give a party for me.

I know that, at a party, somebody would ask my age so as to put on the right number of candles, and I don't want people to know. Would it be all right to lie about my age?

It seems silly to me that it's bad taste to ask a lady her age, but nobody seems to be able to tell when a girl stops being a child who *has* to tell and becomes a lady and doesn't have to tell. It's embarrassing beyond the age of ten.

MAXINE W.

A What a pity, Maxine! Do you realize that you are preparing to deny yourself the wonderful pleasure of a birthday party, simply because of the prompting of unfortunate wrong thinking?

If there is one thing that is a mistake in this world, it is quarreling with facts that cannot be changed. You wouldn't think of sitting down and crying because the sun arises in the east, now would you? It's one of the facts of the universe that you can't change. No more can you change your age. You were summoned into the world at a specific time, and it should always seem like a sort of magic to you. You should never feel embarrassed.

The fact is that you have had infinite advantages that the other youngsters in your school grade have missed. You have, apparently, traveled with your parents and learned a great deal about other parts of the country or the world. Is there any other person in your grade who has enjoyed such experiences? You should feel proud and privileged.

The only possible way to look upon being seventeen or seventy-seven is, "Good! I have had the advantage of all of these years of learning." And then ask yourself, "Have I made good use of the time?"

Q I am eighteen years old and seem to be very popular with my friends. I have gone steady three times, but never really thought I was in love—always having fun with the gang—until I met Waldo. He is my true ideal and I am very much in love with him. We plan to be married in about two years. He is now twenty, and thinks a man shouldn't be married before he is twenty-two, but should be married shortly after that age. We have discussed our beliefs, including those concerning religion, children, money, and sex, and we are in agreement.

But we do have one serious difficulty. My father has been married twice and Waldo disapproves of him, actually dislikes him, because of this. When Waldo comes to the house, Dad tries his best to be friendly and courteous, and he really likes Waldo because he thinks he is a worthwhile boy. But Waldo is downright rude, which upsets me a great deal.

Continued on page 14



SHE: "Wasn't Joan Fontaine wonderful . . . and she looked so lovely."
HE: "She always does—and so do you!"

To him
you're just as lovely
as a movie star

He finds *you* the most attractive girl of all . . . as lovely as any movie star. He really does! And to look your best for him always, be sure your complexion is fresh and glowing. Joan Fontaine certainly has radiantly beautiful skin. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, she uses daily new Lux care to keep it that way—and new Lux can do as much for you!

Cosmetic lather is the secret

New Lux lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on your complexion . . . actually increases and stimulates your skin's natural moisture. And it's moisture balance, you know, that helps keep complexions *fresh and glowing*.

Massage *cosmetic* lather into your skin gently. Rinse with warm, then cool water and pat dry. You'll be as delighted with the results of new Lux care, as the Hollywood stars are. (Try it and see.)

New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil

. . . to protect its dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance, *cosmetic* lather. Only new Lux gives you Reynolds gold foil protection and *cosmetic* lather. Remember, you don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!



Joan Fontaine

. . . Great actress, great beauty . . . one of Hollywood's most famous stars. Miss Fontaine tells us she cares for her beautiful complexion with new Lux

continued

Waldo says Dad is no good and that he has no principles, and Waldo doesn't want to have anything to do with him. He says he will speak to Dad, and that when we are married Dad can come to see us occasionally, but that Dad will never have Waldo's respect.

I know my father has done some wrong things in life, but who hasn't? I love him because he is my father, and because he is fun to talk to and be with, and because he is kind and inclined to think the best of everyone. I don't think any girl could have a nicer father than I do.

Do you think Waldo's attitude might cause trouble after we are married? I've read several articles which say that in-law trouble is often a contributory cause of divorce. Or maybe I'm taking this too seriously.

KAREN-MAE J.

A Off-hand, Karen-Mae, I can think of only one excuse for Waldo: He may be more than a little jealous of your father. Your letter was too long to print in its entirety, but your description of your father made him seem to be a warm, humorous, wise, and kindly human being, altogether worthy of the great love you, quite obviously, give him.

Frankly, I think it is most fortunate that you do not plan to be married in less than two years; twenty-four months may not be at all too long a time in which to get to know Waldo better. And during that time your opinion of him might change.

Have you asked yourself how obstinate and narrow-minded Waldo might have possibly become at, say, forty, since he is so set in his opinions at twenty? One of the chief charms of the young is their open-mindedness and their eagerness to learn, but Waldo seems to have passed through the stage with speed.

When all is said and done, your father's past is really none of Waldo's affair. Waldo is coming into your family because he wants you for his wife; you haven't, I'm sure, begged him to join your clan. As I said, the next two years should be used to learn more about Waldo and his ability to adapt himself to a number of different situations. Flexibility, most people find, is definitely one of the essentials for happy, lasting marriage.

The best of luck to you.

Q I'm the sort of person who would not, normally, think of writing to a stranger for help, but I'm faced with a problem too painful to confide to anyone related to me. Perhaps you will have an idea to "save me"; perhaps not. It may be "just one of those crazy things," but I think it's worth the gamble.

A few days ago, I received a special delivery-air mail letter from a former college chum who said she would like to wring my neck because I hadn't responded when she called to me as she was arriving at The Shamrock Hotel in Houston, and my husband and I were leaving. "When did you tint your hair?" she wanted to know. "Very becoming, but I might not have recognized you if it hadn't been for that celebrated alligator suitcase you carried to and fro during our college days. It still has its 'Hotel Splendide' sticker pasted on it, I notice." She went on to say that she had hesitated to call to me until she caught sight of George, my husband, then we drove

Continued on page 16

AT LAST! YOU CAN

Stop "Make-Up Damage"

to your skin!

- Ordinary skin cleansers were never made for modern make-ups!

New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid.
Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

Lady Esther

4 purpose
face cream





*I dreamed
I had Spring Fever*

**in my
maidenform® bra*

For the figure of your fondest day-dreams—Maidenform's lovely new Concerto* gives you curves that are more curvaceous, brings an exciting line to your outline! And it's all accomplished with row upon row of tiny, interlocked stitches! Each stitch catches up an inner cup-lining, pre-shapes this bra just enough to mould a fabulous form! In white stitched broadcloth, lace-margined. AA, A, B and C cups... 2.00

HALO leaves hair Cleaner Softer Brighter



—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo. Get safe, gentle Halo today!



Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

away before she had time to catch up to us.

Jane has always had the eyes of a young hawk, but she is also a conclusion jumper. I might have dismissed the whole thing as a case of mistaken identity, except that my husband was in Houston at the time she mentioned, and on this trip he did take my alligator case because his two-suitier couldn't accommodate all the things he felt he might need: tuxedo equipment, for example.

George is not yet home from this western trip, the first he has made in two years, and the first without me. I couldn't go this time because Chon, our seven-year-old, had a bad case of measles and I didn't want to leave him.

We have been married nine years, have three lovely children, a wonderful new home, and I considered our life ideal. But what about that woman, who was obviously traveling as George's wife?

Tell me, Miss Byington, does a wife end her marriage because of a thing like that? And if she doesn't what *does* she do? I *do* hope you can help me.

HELENE J.

A I have seen several of my friends agonize over exactly such a problem as you have described, Mrs. J., and each has arrived at a different conclusion. Marriage is like the human fingerprint—each is totally unique, no two are ever alike, nor will they ever be.

I shall never forget how interested I was, during one of my trips around the world, to learn about the different marriage customs practiced in other countries. In one country, in which I spent quite a bit of time, I learned that the husband of one of my best friends was living a double life. He adored his wife (in his way) and his children, and in every respect their wants and needs came first. But he had a mistress whom he also kept in luxury. A certain wry humor surrounds the fact that the mistress was allowed to use the car only when the members of the legal family had no use for it. You can imagine the complications that evolved.

Probably the most important fact to you at this time is that your husband undoubtedly loves you dearly. At least, his defection does not mean that he doesn't love you. You would learn soon enough if he wanted his freedom.

So many odd things happen in this world that none of us ever dares jump to a conclusion. Why not wait for a while, being as natural and as much like your usual self as possible in the meantime, to see if your husband doesn't come up with a report about his business trip that may explain everything.

Frankly, I'm interested enough in your story to want to know what happens next. I'm hoping to hear from you—and with good news.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANYTHING GOES—Paramount. Directed by Robert Lewis: *Bill Benson*, Bing Crosby; *Ted Adams*, Donald O'Connor; *Gaby Duval*, Jeanmaire; *Patsy Blair*, Mitzi Gaynor; *Steve Blair*, Phil Harris; *Victor Lawrence*, Kurt Kasznar; *Ed Brent*, Richard Erdman; *Alex Todd*, Walter Sande; *Otto*, Archer MacDonald.

BACKLASH—U-I. Directed by John Sturges: *Jim Slater*, Richard Widmark; *Karyl Orton*, Donna Reed; *Johnny Cool*, William Campbell; *Jim Bonniwell*, John McIntire; *George Lake*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff Marson*, Edward C. Platt; *Tony Welker*, Harry Morgan; *Jeff Welker*, Bob Wilke; *Tom Welker*, Reg Parton; *Sheriff Olson*, Robert Foulk.

BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *Fairchild*, Wendell Corey; *Dooley*, Mickey Rooney; *Preacher*, Don Taylor; *Fiamma*, Nicole Maurey; *Smith*, John Smith; *Hendricks*, Race Gentry; *Wilbur*, Ralph Votrian.

CAROUSEL—20th. Directed by Henry King: *Billy*, Gordon MacRae; *Julie*, Shirley Jones; *Jigger*, Cameron Mitchell; *Carrie*, Barbara Ruick; *Cousin Nettie*, Claramae Turner; *Mr. Snow*, Robert Rounseville; *Starkeeper*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Mullin*, Audrey Christie; *Louise*, Susan Luckey; *Heavenly Friend*, William Le Massena; *Mr. Bascombe*, John Dehner; *Louise's Dancing Partner*, Jacques D'Amboise; *Captain Watson*, Frank Tweddell.

COCKLESHELL HEROES, THE—Columbia. Directed by Jose Ferrer: *Major Stringer*, Jose Ferrer; *Captain Thompson*, Trevor Howard; *Myrtle*, Dora Bryan; *Sgt. Craig*, Victor Maddern; *Marine Clarke*, Anthony Newley; *Marine Ruddock*, David Lodge; *Marine Stevens*, Peter Arne; *Marine Loman*, Percy Herbert; *Marine Booth*, Graham Stewart; *Marine Cooney*, John Fabian; *Marine Bradley*, John Van Eyssen; *Todd*, Robert Desmond; *Singer*, Yana.

MAN WHO NEVER WAS, THE—20th. Directed by Ronald Neame: *Lt. Commander Ewen Montagu*, Clifton Webb; *Lucy*, Gloria Grahame; *George Acres*, Robert Fleming; *Pam*, Josephine Griffin; *O'Reilly*, Stephen Boyd; *Sir Bernard Spilsbury*, Andre Morell; *Admiral Cross*, Laurence Naismith; *General Nye*, Geoffrey Keen; *General Coburn*, Michael Hordern; *The Father*, Moultrie Kelsall.

OUR MISS BROOKS—Warners. Directed by Al Lewis: *Miss Brooks*, Eve Arden; *Osgood Conklin*, Gale Gordon; *Lawrence Nolan*, Don Porter; *Phillip Boynton*, Robert Rockwell; *Margaret Davis*, Jane Morgan; *Walter Denton*, Richard Crenna; *Gary Nolan*, Nick Adams; *"Stretch" Snodgrass*, Leonard Smith; *Harriet Conklin*, Gloria MacMillan; *Mr. Stone*, Joe Kearns; *Dr. Henley*, William Lowell; *Mr. Webster*, Philip Van Zandt.

PATTERNS—U.A. Directed by Fielder Cook: *Fred Staples*, Van Heflin; *Walter Ramsey*, Everett Sloane; *William Briggs*, Ed Begley; *Nancy Staples*, Beatrice Straight; *Marge Fleming*, Elizabeth Wilson; *Miss Lanier*, Joanna Roos; *Sylvia Trammel*, Elene Kiamos; *Miss Hill*, Shirley Standlee; *Paul Briggs*, Ronnie Welsh, Jr.; *Ann*, Sally Gracie; *Billy*, Michael Dreyfuss; *First Secretary*, Adrienne Moore; *Second Secretary*, Elaine Kaye.

SERENADE—Warners. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Damon Vincenti*, Mario Lanza; *Kendall Hale*, Joan Fontaine; *Juana Montes*, Sarita Montiel; *Charles Winthrop*, Vincent Price; *Maestro Marcatello*, Joseph Calleia; *Monte*, Harry Bellaver; *Marco Roselli*, Vince Edwards; *Lardelli*, Silvio Minciotti; *Manuel*, Frank Puglia.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley Warner-Cinerama. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff, Andrew Marton, Tay Garnett, Paul Mantz, Walter Thompson: Documentary.

STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warners. Directed by Walter Doniger: *Ed Novak*, Perry Lopez; *Frances Novak*, Beverly Garland; *Warden Keller*, Walter Abel; *Steve Marlin*, Ted de Corsia; *Dr. Lewy*, Kenneth Tobey; *Mrs. Archer*, Allison Hayes; *Guard Weaver*, Gregory Walcott; *Luke*, Leo Gordon; *Stringbean*, Kay Kuter; *Dan Bucci*, Bob Steele.

TOUCH AND GO—Rank-U-I. Directed by Michael Truman: *Fletcher*, Jack Hawkins; *Helen*, Margaret Johnston; *Peggy*, June Thorburn; *Richard*, John Fraser; *Fairbright*, Roland Culver; *Alice Fairbright*, Alison Leggatt; *Mrs. Pritchett*, Margaret Halstan; *Mr. Pritchett*, Henry Longhurst; *Kimball*, James Hayter; *Stevens*, Basil Dignam; *Mrs. Baxter*, Bessie Love.

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise: *Jeremy Rodock*, James Cagney; *Steve Miller*, Don Dubbins; *McNulty*, Stephen McNally; *Jocasta Constantine*, Irene Papas; *Lars Peterson*, Vic Morrow; *Barjak*, James Griffith; *Hearn*, Onslow Stevens; *L. A. Peterson*, James Bell; *Mrs. L. A. Peterson*, Jeanette Nolan; *Baldy*, Chubby Johnson; *Abe*, Royal Dano; *Fat Jones*, Lee Van Cleef; *Cooky*, Peter Chong.

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—RKO. Directed by Fritz Lang: *Mobley*, Dana Andrews; *Mildred*, Ida Lupino; *Dorothy*, Rhonda Fleming; *Loving*, George Sanders; *Walter Kyne*, Vincent Price; *Griffith*, Thomas Mitchell; *Nancy*, Sally Forrest; *Kaufman*, Howard Duff; *Kritzer*, James Craig; *Manners*, John Barrymore, Jr.

For today's naturally beautiful look

Pond's Cold Cream

No other cleanser . . .

cleanses more deeply

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses by *molecular action*. Tiny molecules of pure oils and moisture work down deep where dirt hides, and float it out.

removes make-up more completely

Some cleansers remove *oily* make-up. Others remove *dry* make-up and powder. Pond's Cold Cream removes *both*. Leaves pore-openings really unclogged, *free*.

corrects dryness faster . . . keeps skin lovelier

Pond's quick-penetrating creaminess *instantly* restores vital oils and moisture to dried-out flaky skin. Keeps skin looking satin-soft, fresh and *young*.



Antonia Drexel Earle—Looking as radiant as she did as a debutante (and so young to be the mother of three school-age boys), Mrs. Earle runs a lively household in the beautiful countryside on Philadelphia's Main Line. "For my beauty care," she says, "I use an unmatched cream—Pond's Cold Cream for deep cleansing each night. Nothing else keeps my skin so fresh and smooth."

Complete beauty care— in only 3 minutes a day!

Start with a glowing clean skin!
Every night, deep-cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream.

Look fresh all day—with a powder base of sheer Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's *greaseless*. Protects your skin!





Sidney votes her one of the sexiest! Janet's coming event made her and Tony (above with Ben Cooper) radiantly happy guests at Photoplay dinner



Gold Medal guests Shirley MacLaine and husband are also happily anticipating

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Although I know it's true, I still don't believe the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier romance. Guess I've seen too many movies, and Monaco sounds like a mythical kingdom. . . . Sheree North says she feels better because she doesn't have to be so blond. . . . I haven't any objection to the girl-next-door type of actress. The girl-next-door could be Zsa Zsa Gabor or Ann Blyth—either one is good, depending on what the fellow-next-door is like. . . . Wonder why I never see or hear about the attractive Jane Wyman with a romance. . . . I was pleased about Edward G. Robinson's success on Broadway in Paddy Chayefsky's play "Middle of the Night." Remember a few years ago when they said working in the movies hurt an actor? . . . Benny Goodman now looks like Steve Allen to me. . . . I don't think the colored sidewalk and few caricatures in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre is going to restore Hollywood Boulevard's glamour. The Boulevard has to get some smart shops and other reasons for the movie stars to frequent the street. . . . Ernest Borgnine is a pleasant fellow, even when he's playing a meanie. . . . Jerry Lewis will make a good movie director. . . . With all her energy and enthusiasm, mother-to-be Shirley MacLaine should be a perfect mother. . . . I'd like to see Robert Mitchum go through an entire picture with his eyes completely open. . . . During an interview, Deborah Kerr said: "Why is it that actresses who wear the least clothes in public take the most luggage with them when they go on a personal-appearance tour?"

Dani Crayne is a budding ringer for Lana Turner, except in the sweater department. . . . I've got the impression

Shirley Jones is still amazed by it all. . . . Glad that Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell are back together, and I hope it lasts. . . . There should be a "Request Movie Theatre" in town which actually shows the movies patrons suggest, and not the pictures the studios want to re-issue. . . . Typical statement by Jack Lemmon, master of Gold Medal Awards ceremonies: "Make-up men don't take long to get me ready for a scene. They dab on some pancake, then give up."

I regard Eddie Fisher as a movie star, although I'm aware he hasn't made a movie yet. . . . Don't overlook Janet Leigh when you're mentioning sex bundles. Don't know how you can. . . . I'm puzzled by Ava Gardner's long absence. Come home, Ava, I'd like to see you. . . . Also, I think Marlon Brando is going to be away too long. . . . I'm for more pictures being filmed in the Hollywood studios. . . . I'm of the opinion that more movie producers should see pictures in theatres instead of projection rooms. They'd learn about audiences, which is important, too. . . . Liberace sincerely means well. . . . Somehow it seems that Piper Laurie is developing sex appeal. . . . Elizabeth Taylor has been known to throw a mink coat over a nightgown. And does she chew gum! . . . Those hawkers on Sunset Boulevard shout: "Buy a map. Guide to the homes of your favorite movie and television stars." But they tell me people are mainly interested in movie stars; more glamorous than TV stars. I don't know why, but it's a good thing for the movies. . . . John Wayne is an actor who doesn't claim to be an actor. "I try to be myself on the screen," Wayne says. "I don't act; I re-act." . . . Leslie Caron

puzzles me—and sometimes interests me. . . . Rod Steiger can be the movie hero type. . . . I'm still waiting for Greta Garbo to make another movie, but will take all bets she doesn't. . . . Wife Evie has gotten Van Johnson to stop eating crackers in bed.

Jane Russell is outspoken but not fresh. . . . I'm ready for the next Katharine Hepburn picture. And also another from Shirley Booth. . . . Remember when Rubirosa and Gloria Vanderbilt were going to be in pictures? . . . Love isn't better on the super-colossal movie screen. . . . I would like to read about a movie which did just great business and didn't break any records. . . . Kim Novak keeps improving in every picture—which goes to show you what hard work, determination, and a good script can do for you. . . . Joan Collins always appears to do okay in the romance department. . . . Charlotte Greenwood said it: "Temperament is temper that is too old to spank."

I recall Bill Holden a few years back: producers said he'd be big if he had sex appeal. Bill must have bought it somewhere. . . . Cyd Charisse still can do more than M-G-M has given her to do. . . . I really don't care which actor can draw a gun the fastest. . . . Rock Hudson is proving to be a better husband than bachelor. . . . Doris Day has a TV set at the foot of her bed. . . . I don't know who sounds and acts more like Bogart—Humphrey or Lauren Bacall, but I like them both. . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, talking about a certain actress, said: "Her manner is so annoying that you can't even like her when she's agreeing with you." And that's Hollywood for you.

Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW **PIN-QUICK** OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT



3 MONTHS AGO

"I loved my new Pin-Quick wave from the first minute," says pretty model Bonnie Davies. "Pin-Quick's so easy," Bonnie goes on, "it's as simple as setting your hair. And I dried it with a dryer in *just minutes!*" (Note lovely lanolin shine in Bonnie's soft Pin-Quick curls.)

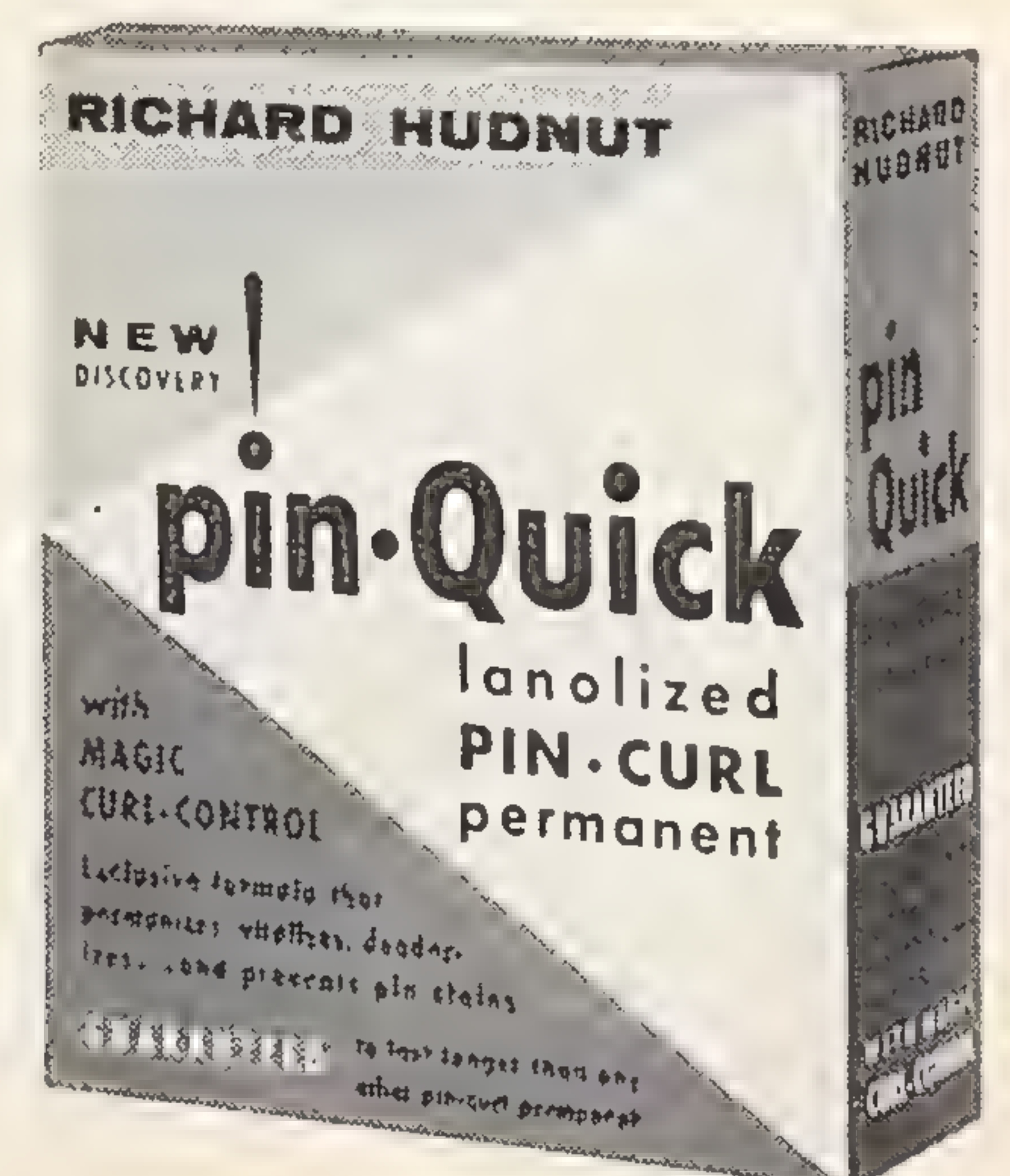


TODAY

"Would you believe it?" asks Bonnie. "After all this time and repeated shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave *still* gives me all the soft, casual curls I love. This pincurl permanent is *really* permanent!" That's because the Magic Curl-Control in Pin-Quick locks in curls till you cut them off.

**Richard Hudnut guarantees
Pin-Quick to last longer
than any other pincurl permanent
...or your money back!**

1.50
PLUS TAX



New sunshine yellow

shampoo

puts sunny

sparkle in hair!



silkier...softer...easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

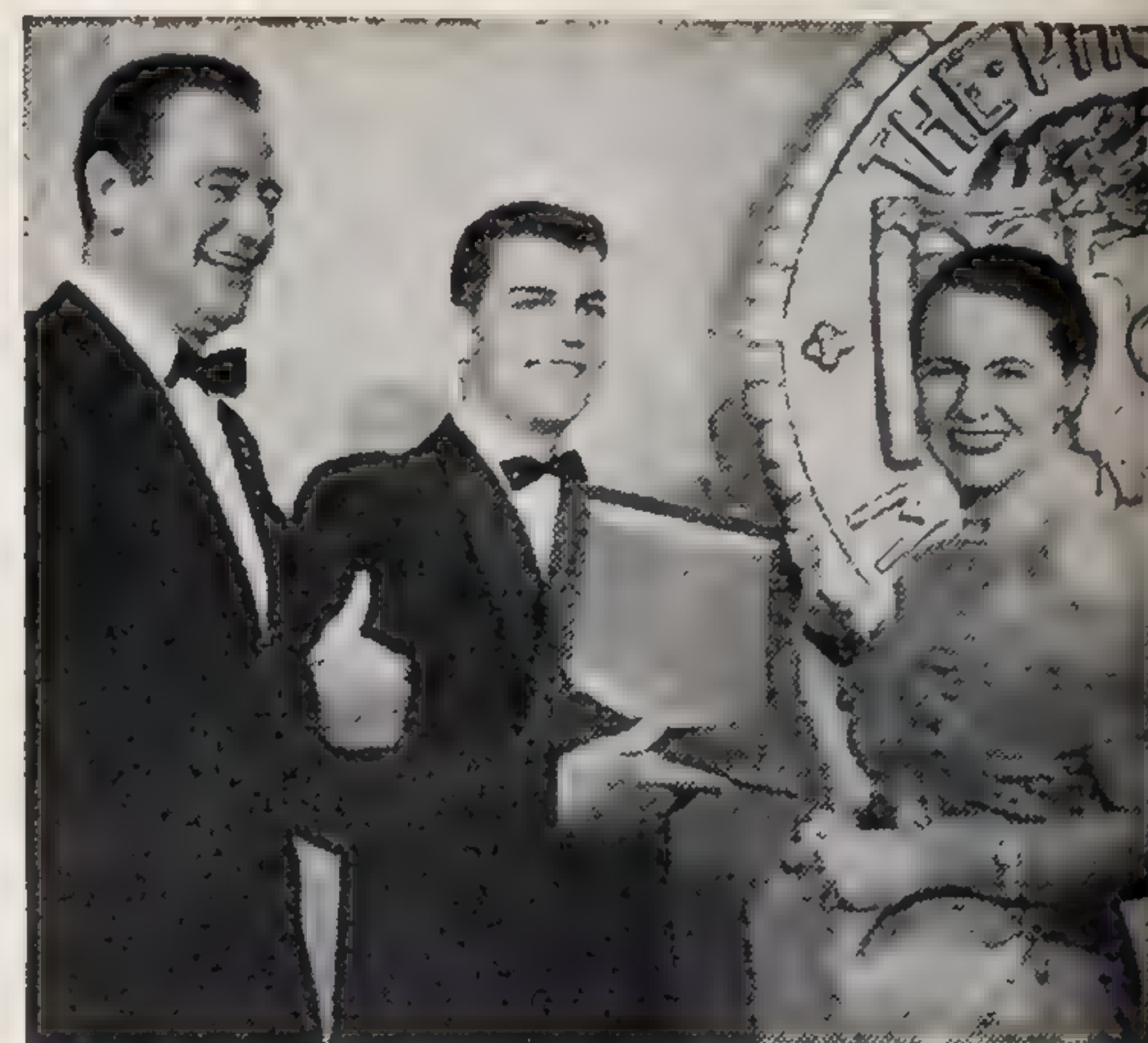
That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, \$1.

Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg^{2%}

INSIDE STUFF

continued from page 6



When Pat Wayne received an award from Ann Higginbotham as one of most promising actors of '56, his proud pop told him, "Son, this is your first and I hope it won't be your last!" John was remembering his first award—a Gold Medal as top actor in 1950 for role in "Sands of Iwo Jima"

Lemmon. Topping it all off, of course, was the night the Manheimers hosted the Gold Medal Awards dinner, with some 500 guests. Looked upon by Hollywood as one of the year's most significant events—because it represents the voting by you, the movie-going public—there was hardly a producer or motion-picture star who was not there.

Just Between Us: Sweet, sensitive Margaret O'Brien was greatly upset when the rumor spread that she was bedded down with the mumps. She not only lost out on doing a TV show, but her boyfriends disappeared into thin air, until they learned the truth. . . . Despite all the fanfare, Rock Hudson had no desire to play the virtuous cowboy opposite Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop." Said smart-cookie Rock: "I *know* when I'm *wrong* for a part!"

Bag And Baggage: Hollywood may lose a number one citizen if PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award winner William Holden moves his family to Palm Springs. The smog and heavy traffic have been closing in on them and affecting their health. If the Holdens do sell their house and make the move, they'll headquarter in an apartment when Bill works in Hollywood.

Here And There: Tall, dark and handsome Tom Tryon, Paramount's new hopeful, is a good friend of the Gary Coopers, which explains why he escorts Mrs. Cooper to Hollywood parties when "Coop" is out of town. . . . Now that he'll co-star with Katharine Hepburn in "The Rainmaker," Burt Lancaster's running off old Hepburn movies to study her technique. . . . Technicolor

(Continued on page 22)

*suddenly...
you're
glamorous!*



You're Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort!

Playtex *Living* Bra[®]

Long-Line with Magic Midriff...or Bandeau. The new fashions are young, exciting as *your* figure when you wear the Long-Line Bra. High, round nylon cups add a lift for curve allure you've never had before! All-elastic Magic Midriff slims inches away from bust to waist. In white...\$5.95. Bandeau, white or non-run black, \$3.95. Sizes 32A to 40C. D-Cups from \$4.95. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look.

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.



There's a Playtex[®] Living[®] Girdle, too, for your figure

Smart girls never
go outdoors without it . . .

Helene Curtis spray net®

And what a lot of smart girls there
must be—for SPRAY NET outsells
all other sprays combined!

Some girls are satisfied with just any
old kind of hair spray. But smart girls
pick Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

For nothing sets such long-lasting pin
curls, nothing holds your hair so smoothly
in place as SPRAY NET. Dampness won't
wilt your wave. Breezes won't bother
your curls. Yet SPRAY NET can't dry
your hair. Never leaves it sticky. Is
really invisible.

Be a smart girl, use SPRAY NET.

THREE SIZES:
New 69¢ size, Large \$1.25,
Giant \$1.89, all plus tax



Smart girls never set pin curls without it...



There are two SPRAY NET
formulas:
SUPER SOFT, without lacquer,
for gentle control . . .
REGULAR, for elaborate styles,
harder-to-manage hair.



Set your pin curls as you always
do. Then spray. And in that
misty swoosh: more body,
bounce, spring to your curls.



The longest-lasting curls that
ever brushed out to a silky soft-
ness. Last for days and days—
and then another day!

INSIDE STUFF

continued

cameramen working on the set of "Kelly and Me" have been pleasantly pleased, because Piper Laurie and Van Johnson, who are *natural* redheads, can be photographed without special lighting. It's the first time in Hollywood history! . . . A deep bow to Jane Russell. Thanks to her wonderful WAIF project, nearly 2000 orphaned children found good homes last year.

Wee Ones: Now that Jane Powell and Pat Nerney are the proud parents of a baby girl, Lindsey Averill, the modern mother has taken a new lease on her professional life. "Nothing but sexy, sophisticated parts from now on," says Janie. . . . Sheila and Guy Madison, who are expecting their second child on July 4th, plan to select a name for him or her that commemorates the historic day.

Wedding Belle: Even if she didn't like them, Grace Kelly was a good sport about those inevitable jokes, kidding her marriage to Prince Rainier. As all her friends know, the entire principality of Monaco is smaller than the M-G-M studios. Recently, when the phone rang on the set of "High Society," Frank Sinatra got a laugh out of Grace when he answered: "Metro-Goldwyn-Monaco!" And, according to personal press agents, everybody in show biz—from Lassie to Liberace—was invited to Grace's wedding. Actually, former roommate and confidante, Rita Gam, was the first actress to be invited—as a bridesmaid—and Ava Gardner, who's still in Europe, was the second.

Beautiful Music: Robert Wagner's good friend Spencer Tracy invited him to "go along for the ride" to Cuba, where they are shooting "The Old Man and the Sea." But appreciative Bob declined for

Continued on page 96



A special Photoplay Achievement Award went to Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell for their untiring devotion to religious and civic life, contribution to nation's youth

Beautiful NEWS—
a *years-ahead* rubber girdle!

first with detachable,
adjustable garters!

Shadow[®]

by WARNER'S

*Preferred 3 to 1 over
old fashioned rubber girdles
by women who have worn both*

Here's why:

YES—when hundreds of women tested both rubber girdles in regular wear, 75% found Shadow clearly superior. Now you can enjoy this wonderful new way to be slim—for every fashion, from sheath to beach. Dunks and dries like a dream. Your nicest store now has Shadow in its eye-catching package. Pick it up today! Girdle or Pantie Girdle. White or Pink. Extra small, Small, Medium, Large, Extra large.

- Easily adjustable garters that you can detach in a twinkling—nothing complicated, no broken fingernails. Exclusive with Shadow!
- Fabulously fitting—because of new sizing method. Wonderfully strong and rip-resistant.
- First with softer, more comfortable, cooler all-cotton lining, easier to take on and off.
- First with hidden reinforcements at stress points.
- Special tummy-tucking panel; firmness but ease through hips for the sleekest fashions.
- Made with the special Warner care that smart women love.

\$7.95

by the makers of the famous "Merry Widow"

Also shown: A'Lure[®] elastic bra by Warner's, P1045 (in package) . . . \$3.95.

Mary's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster, more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-56, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Never before have I felt compelled to write to a fan magazine, but your story on Gail Russell was so very touching that I just had to write and say thanks!

Here is an actress who is the unusual among the usual. She has the quality of being an actress without being "actressy." Gail is a girl with a lot of haunting appeal, so much more than just a beautiful face and figure.

Let's hope some wise Hollywood producer will give Gail excellent roles so that we can appreciate this rare personality.

MAUDE MCBRIDE
Jackson, Mississippi



Gail has haunting appeal

I am a freshman in high school and am writing to complain about the teenage movies that are being made in Hollywood. For the most part, they show the actions and emotions of wild or troubled teenagers. Why not a movie about a normal teenager for a change?

I have read a number of books about high-school kids that would make wonderful movies, many that would make a hit with people of all ages.

DANA WRIGHT
Vancouver, Washington

I have written a number of times and never had my letter printed in Readers Inc. I wish you would put this one in.

The Lillian Roth story, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," has been made into a successful movie. I think a movie based on the life story of the late Carole Landis would be just as successful.

Carole was a great and beautiful actress, a trouper who entertained a good many GI's during the war.

It would be a good dramatic role for Marilyn Monroe or Sheree North, both of whom are stars at Twentieth Century-Fox, where Carole was under contract.

HARRY STORZ
Erie, Pennsylvania

I would like to thank you for your story on Susan Hayward, but I disagree violently with the idea that she may lose the Oscar because of trouble in her personal life. If she is barred because of this, then the

Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to your favorite stars, address them in care of their
studios. For list of studio addresses see page 89.—Ed.

Oscar is not being given solely for acting. I, and many others I am sure, are rooting for Susan Hayward to win the coveted Oscar this year regardless of her personal life and how she runs it. That is her personal business as far as the judges go and it should always remain that way. Her public and fans are with her all the way and we are confident she will win for her acting and not the way she lives her life.

ANGIE KAUFMANN
San Francisco, California

In spite of Rock Hudson (and Fess Parker, too)

The heroes just don't rate with me.
For that cute heel and heavy—Dan Duryea to you—

Is the only guy *this* gal can see.

His voice and his smile—and those dreamy brown eyes,

Are a picture you'll find on no shelf.
I could go on forever, describing this prize
But then, why should I torture myself?

Keep Brando and Gable—they don't break my heart—

'Cause they can't hold a candle to him.
For Duryea's the greatest, portraying each part

With a glow that makes other stars dim.

DIXIE MAYHAK
Port Angeles, Washington

QUESTION BOX:

Would you please tell me if Russ Tamblyn wears a wig, or are all those curls his?

DIANE ABATELLI
Bayside, New York

Many girls have envied those curls . . . all his.—Ed.



Russ' curls are his own

I have just finished reading the book, *The Bad Seed*. I would like to know if they are going to make a movie out of the play, and if so, who will play the leading role of Rhoda Penmark.

RITA LUBIN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is being made into a movie by Warner Bros., with Patty McCormack recreating her stage portrayal of Rhoda.—Ed.

Continued on page 69

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!*

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry.

It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



Eager to help her husband's career, Beatrice Straight learns that Van Heflin's advance will mean ruin for another man



Jeanmaire's Parisian allure has Don spellbound. Bing proves hard to get

Anything Goes

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Team Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor, toss in Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire to inspire the boys' wavering affections, and you have a star set-up that keeps the screen constantly alive with personality and musical talent. The story is slender, casting Bing as a long-famed stage-musical star, Don as a self-assured newcomer, bobby-soxers' delight. Hitting it off at once, the two agree to do a show together, but have no leading lady. Both just happen to vacation in Europe, and each signs a dancer for the job. When Don boards a returning liner with Jeanmaire in tow, and Bing springs Mitzi as a surprise, dual problems arise. Which girl gets the job? Which guy gets which doll? Phil Harris is engaging as Mitzi's scapegrace father, but the burden of the film is thrown on the four stars. FAMILY

Patterns

U. A.

✓✓✓✓ Such a sensation on TV that an encore was demanded, this compelling drama of big business hits the movie screen with full force. With Van Heflin joining Everett Sloane and Ed Begley, of the original cast, a triumph of acting teamwork exposes conflicts familiar in many offices and homes. Though Van is a smart executive, he comes to New York as an idealistic innocent. He realizes only gradually that Sloane, ruthless head of a giant holding company, has hired him to replace the veteran second-in-command. In this role, Begley sums up with pathos the plight of the older man, being pushed out of his life's work. Van, at once ambitious and humane, faces a dilemma shared by his decisive-minded wife (Beatrice Straight). Elizabeth Wilson scores as an emotional secretary. ADULT

Continued

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Imagine putting beauty on your shopping list! That, milady, is exactly what you'll do. Because now Warner's A'Lure® comes in a bright, new package.

Of course, you know there's no bra like A'Lure. No matter how active you are, you can be sure A'Lure will be right there with you, feeling as though it were custom-made. And that goes for all you in-between sizes.

The secret? A luxurious stretch of elastic band all around; shrink-resistant

fabric, too. This means that cutting, binding, riding up are things of the past.

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Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. These words emphasize the vast difference between internal sanitary protection and any other kind. But that's not all! There is no bulk with Tampax. No pins, no belts—no supports of any kind. Nothing to cling or chafe. Never a disposal problem. Tampax is simply and purely surgical cotton, so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time at all.

Imagine what a sense of freedom this gives you! Tampax even prevents odor from forming—relieves you of that possible embarrassment. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax since it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of *all* women. But even more important, new millions will choose it in the future—for modern women always prefer the better, more convenient, far more modern way. Naturally!

Choice of three absorbencies at drug or notion counters. Ask for Regular, Super, or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*



On a sail toward an island, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, Robert Rounseville and Barbara Ruick dream of a happy future evening "When the Children Are Asleep"

Carousel

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Paired in a second Rodgers and Hammerstein classic, the lovers of "Oklahoma!" come across with even greater charm. Gordon MacRae does both singing and acting justice to the role of the swaggering barker at a New England carnival, about fifty years ago. And Shirley Jones is an entrancing sweetheart and wife, unshakably loyal. Playing her giddy girlfriend, Barbara Ruick does sparkling bits of the score, which includes some of the loveliest songs ever written. Even Cameron Mitchell pitches in musically, as a scoundrel whose schemes threaten Barbara's romance and Gordon's life. The dance numbers have imagination and verve, taking added freshness from the real outdoor locales (Boothbay Harbor, Maine).

FAMILY

Touch and Go

RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Without going sticky-sweet, this gentle British comedy presents a convincing picture of a loving but problem-torn family. Virile Jack Hawkins shows unexpected laugh-getting skill as the harried head of the household. Facing a dead end in his career, he's about to up stakes for a new start in Australia. But a few days before sailing date, daughter June Thorburn (a delightfully appealing teen-ager) meets and falls in love with John Fraser, an earnest young engineering student. And Jack's attractive wife (Margaret Johnston), while trying to remain sensible, begins worrying about leaving their beloved cat. The crises, big and small, are by turns touching and amusing. Shown in soft colors, background scenes around London look as attractive as the ladies of the story.

FAMILY

Backlash

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Richard Widmark gives one of his sturdily workmanlike performances in a Western that tries to tell its story in adult terms. Both he and Donna Reed (frequently at odds) take to the trail to solve a mystery following an Apache massacre. Among the five—or perhaps six—white men killed, Dick seeks his father; Donna, her husband. John McIntire shows authority as an unprincipled rancher, and William Campbell is dutifully obnoxious as a gunfighter, a grinning juvenile delinquent of the frontier. A bit too much mystery clouds the drama and occasionally slows the pace.

FAMILY

The Man Who Never Was

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Based on a startling true story of World War II, this suspense film has an air as neatly ironic as Clifton Webb's Webb, imposingly bearded for his British-navy-officer role, puts across a wild plan to direct Nazi attention away from the coming attack on Sicily. The body of an English major will be washed ashore in Spain, bearing proof of an impending Allied attack on Greece. Before sending a nameless corpse on this heroic voyage, Webb, his young aide (Robert Flemmyng) and his pretty secretary (Josephine Griffin) must invent a whole life and personality for the fictitious major—including a love story. But the Germans attempt a check-up. Gloria Grahame plays Josephine's roommate, an unwitting confederate in the scheme. Stephen Boyd is seen as an emotional young spy.

FAMILY

The Cockleshell Heroes

COLUMBIA;
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Also using fact as a springboard, this turns out as an adventure movie,

combining humor and physical action. As a notably unmilitary British marine officer, Jose Ferrer plans a daring assault on Nazi supply ships, far up a French river. The bombs are to be delivered stealthily —by men in canoes! Trevor Howard, Ferrer's career-officer subordinate, coldly disapproves both the madness and the methods involved. The training period is full of comedy; the actual exploit builds to grim excitement.

FAMILY

Seven Wonders of the World

STANLEY WARNER CINERAMA;
CINERAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The third of the super-wide-screen travelogues begins with the Seven Wonders of the ancient world and proceeds to more than seven of today's marvels, both man-made and natural. Narrated by Lowell Thomas, who also appears in some scenes, the picture lingers a little long on some Japanese cuties and a dizzying downhill train trip in the Alps. More interesting are sequences on the Taj Mahal, India, Africa and Israel, on services inside St. Peter's and a visit to Castle Udolfo, papal residence.

FAMILY

The Bold and the Brave

RKO, SUPERSCOPE

✓✓✓ Movingly personal in its focus, a study of GI's in Italy rises to its highest point with Mickey Rooney's astonishing performance. He's an ordinary little guy eager to get the war over with, to return to his wife with enough money for security. The scene in which he stakes his future on a crap game is breathtaking. Don Taylor also has an off-beat role, as a soldier smugly convinced that he is always right. His attitude endangers men under his command and parts him from Nicole Maurey, a lovely but tarnished Italian girl who truly loves him. Though Wendell Corey copes with his own problem of fear, his is mostly an observer character, clarifying the other two. But his performance is sympathetic.

ADULT

Continued on page 32



BEST ACTING: MICKEY ROONEY

Wendell Corey is a confidant in his pal Mickey's hopeful project for peacetime

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING- MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste*?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives
up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION
AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER,
FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY
with just one brushing!



GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER
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DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
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12 HOURS AFTER
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STILL FIGHTING
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the 12-hour protection against decay
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Morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

Cleans Your Breath
While It Guards Your Teeth



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

WHY
DID
MAMIE
STOVER
HAVE TO
LEAVE
SAN
FRANCISCO
???

20th CENTURY-FOX
presents

JANE RUSSELL
RICHARD EGAN

The
Revolt
of
MAMIE
STOVER

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE



co-starring

JOAN LESLIE
with
AGNES MOOREHEAD
MICHAEL PATE

Produced by
BUDDY ADLER

Directed by
RAOUL WALSH • Screenplay by
SIDNEY BOEHM

From the Novel by William Bradford Huie

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

What a hectic month this has been for all sorts of parties and special events. Of course, PHOTOPLAY's own Gold Medal Awards dinner at the Beverly Hilton was the glitteriest, with five hundred guesting with gusto. Deborah Kerr, graciously subbing for award-winner Jennifer Jones, wore a simple, peacock-blue satin gown, low-cut and full-length. Lori Nelson, with Dean Martin, wore a short sheath of emerald-green satin, tight to the knees, whence from it flared out. Over it, Lori wore a big white fox stole. Debbie Reynolds was a doll in her oyster-white, bouffant chiffon, as she handed Bill Holden his



Marisa Pavan, at Gold Medal dinner with Jean Pierre Aumont, and new hairdo—long braid, circled with gold bands

medal. Natalie Wood, with Tab Hunter, was in a full-skirted pink and gold lamé strapless. And she had a new hairdo—very short and dyed black! Marisa Pavan, with Jean Pierre Aumont, was an eye-catcher with her long, long braided pony tail, banded with gold barrettes. Marisa's gown was floor-length, of white brocade, over which she wore a new white mink wrap. Joan Collins, with Arthur Loew, Jr., was in bright red, full-skirted satin. Eleanor Powell, under the beaming eyes of Glenn Ford, looked stunning in her beaded white crepe gown, wearing a diamond necklace and white mink wrap—and her hair very blond. Shirley Jones, who flew in from New York just to accept her PHOTOPLAY honors, was garbed in a dress with a full white organza skirt topped by a red brocade waist-length bodice. The Rory Calhouns, just back from Hong Kong, were there, and Lita, in black sequin-trimmed

Continued on page 115



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Just Set it, Wet it, Forget it—And you've got a CASUAL, with all the joy and carefree beauty of soft, natural-looking curls. Tonight, give yourself a CASUAL—just wave your hair in your favorite style—no resetting

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EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK

Stops perspiration odor!
Keeps underarms dry and
delightfully scented with
Evening in Paris
fragrance.

SPECIAL limited time offer
2 FOR \$1.00
regular \$1.50 value

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES Continued from page 29



It's the end of a rough road for Cagney and Irene Papas. Though they are in love, his jealousy and uneasy thoughts of her past have kept him from proposing marriage

Tribute to a Bad Man

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ James Cagney's vigorous acting and the warm beauty of newcomer Irene Papas lend distinction to a big Western. Cagney's character you've met before on the screen: the powerful rancher who makes and enforces his own law on his range. Don Dubbins, youthful tenderfoot, at first admires his new boss, but finally feels revulsion at Cagney's "hanging fever," as Irene does. Her gratitude has turned to love since Cagney brought her from a wretched dance-hall life to live with him. The vengeful plotting of Stephen McNally, former head wrangler, brings on a violent climax, set appropriately against wild scenery (near Durango, Colorado). **ADULT**

Serenade

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ This highly emotional story is a fine frame for Mario Lanza's lusty singing and operatically enthusiastic approach to dramatic scenes. Patroness Joan Fontaine lifts him from California's vineyards to the start of a musical career. But when his sleek *femme fatale* callously drops him, Mario cracks up. Almost a derelict, he finds healing through the love of Sarita Montiel, in Mexico (handsome and genuine locales here). With renewed faith in himself, he hits the comeback trail, whereupon Joan returns to flaunt her destructive charms again. As Lanza's manager, Vincent Price delivers some ironic lines about tenors who do *not* go on with the show—but are forgiven. **ADULT**

Our Miss Brooks

WARNERS

✓✓ Old friends of Eve Arden's likable TV and radio schoolmarm will enjoy her movie adventures. Though there are leisurely

stretches and few surprises, Eve's dry, deft clowning keeps the laughs coming, as she pursues wary bachelor Robert Rockwell, copes with Gale Gordon, the pompous principal, gets a reluctant student to pick up some education, and dabbles in school politics. **FAMILY**

While the City Sleeps

RKO

✓✓ Thanks to the shrewd work of a strong cast, this involved melodrama has moments of crackling interest. The quest for a crazed young killer (John Barrymore, Jr.) rouses competition on the staff of a New York newspaper. Publisher Vincent Price stands ready to give the leading executive post to whichever of these men can crack the case: Dana Andrews, ace columnist, aided by his sweetheart (Sally Forrest); George Sanders, who does his scheming with Ida Lupino, a tough news-gal; managing editor Thomas Mitchell; James Craig, who thinks he has an advantage, as lover of Price's wife (Rhonda Fleming). Merely a police lieutenant, Howard Duff has little to do while all the newspaper boys and girls chase the murderer. **ADULT**

The Steel Jungle

WARNERS

✓✓ Perry Lopez does a nice job with his first leading role, in an unpretentious prison story. A street-bred kid, loyal only to his underworld boss (Ted de Corsia), he is jailed as a bookie. When he witnesses a guard's murder, warden Walter Abel and psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey try to persuade the boy to break away from the crooks' code. To insure his silence, the gang goes after Perry's young wife (Beverly Garland). It takes strong measures to change his attitude. **ADULT**



...and from this day forward, *ever-lovin'* **viv**
the lipstick that stays married to your lips

Vivid Pink

This Spring's prettier-than-ever, ever-vivid pink

A decidedly new kind of Pink . . . a fun-lovin', fun-to-wear VIVID PINK promising rich, deeply glowing color that no other lipstick can ever hope to match. You know *this* color won't forsake you, won't stray, won't fade . . . for this is the one-and-only, ever-true, ever-lovin' VIV and it's made by Toni.

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creamy non-smear type \$1.10 plus tax
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IT'S NEW!
fashion's fresh, young "in-the-pink" look!

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BY POND'S



IT'S NEW! the adorable pink

Date Case

Newest way to carry your
heavenly new complexion

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Yes! With one quick touch of Angel Face!

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3 fashion pink complexions—Pink Angel, Blushing Angel, Blonde Angel.
5 other heavenly shades. Now in the new pink "Date" Case, 79¢ plus tax!



Today's most popular make-up — by far!

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 26.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ COME NEXT SPRING—Republic, Tru-color: Thoroughly winning story of American farm people. Ann Sheridan's splendid as a wife whose runaway husband (Steve Cochran) returns to ask a second chance. (F) April

✓✓✓ CONQUEROR, THE—RKO; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epic of ancient wars, full of spectacle and violence. John Wayne's a Mongol chieftain, to be known as Genghis Khan, and Susan Hayward's a fiery princess. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to dethrone a tyrant and win Glynis Johns. Lots of laughs, music. (F) March

✓✓✓ DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: In an easygoing British comedy, Dirk Bogarde plays a ship's doctor, with James Robertson Justice as the hot-tempered captain, Brigitte Bardot as a passenger. (F) April

✓✓✓ I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

✓✓✓ MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Gay musical fling. As a charming ballerina, Cyd Charisse wavers between her career and her love for Dan Dailey, a rancher fond of gambling. (F) April

✓✓✓ MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warners: Tender wartime romance of a New York spinster (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April

✓✓ NEVER SAY GOODBYE—U-I, Technicolor: Problem drama traces the efforts of Rock Hudson and his German wife (Cornell Borchers) to mend their broken marriage. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ RICHARD III—London, Lopert; VistaVision, Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier's work as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

✓✓ THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U-I: Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck. (F) March

✓✓ WORLD IN MY CORNER—U-I: Prize-ring story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's personality and honest acting. Eager to get rich quick and wed heiress Barbara Rush, he dickers with gamblers. (F) April



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NEW friendships are often born of gentleness. That's why today's new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, is being welcomed by younger smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure — the *fresh unfiltered flavor* — of new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.



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AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**
 THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



JUST POUR IT...

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Never thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never thick with a "film-ing" ingredient that can dull hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film!



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An Exclusive Interview with Marilyn Monroe by Earl Wilson



Marilyn with Earl Wilson

THE THINGS --- SHE SAID TO --- ME!

He was all ears and she was all Monroe. But what she told him was too exciting to miss!

● My conversation with Marilyn Monroe took place in her New York apartment—in her bedroom . . . her all-white bedroom.

It happened like this. She had been busy getting dressed in a white sweater and black velvet toreador pants, while I had been waiting in the sunken living room. Then suddenly people began arriving. More people than could conveniently be kept quiet during an interview.

"You'll have to interview me in my bedroom," Marilyn said to me.

Continued



THE THINGS SHE SAID TO ME!

Continued

*In her first interview
before she left for Hollywood,
Marilyn answers every question—
about her peace terms
with the studio, her life
in New York, her future plans.
She doesn't even dodge
the one about romance!*

I agreed—not too reluctantly. There being no empty chairs in the bedroom, I was invited to fling myself down on the bed—shoes and all—atop the pink taffeta bedspread.

Marilyn pointed out to me that I was in very good company, as far as gentlemen were concerned, for above her bed hung a painting of Abraham Lincoln. On her night-table was a celebrated photograph of Albert Einstein, taken by Milton Greene, vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions. Also on the night-table was a book, "Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey." Over in a corner was a hair-dryer.

While I was in the living room I had been impressed by the library of good books—several on art and painters—and several paintings, one of Marilyn herself, by Jean Negulesco, a Hollywood producer and director who had managed to paint only Marilyn's face. Anyone who looks at Marilyn and doesn't see the rest of her certainly is different.

Marilyn talked to me in the breathy way that all the other sexpots imitate.

She was on the verge of her Hollywood comeback and, as a reporter, I ventured to remark: "I hope the year away from Hollywood didn't give you any highfalutin ideas and that you'll quit being sexy."

"I'll never quit *that*!" she promised in a sexy gasp. "But put it 'exotic,' will you, instead of sexy?"

Exotic, sexotic—whatever she wants is all right with me. Still, in "Bus Stop," her first Hollywood picture to be made under her new deal, she plays a night-club singer with a wiggle-waggle in her voice. And in (*Continued on page 84*)



With Milton Greene, vice-president of her company, who guided her in successful holdout against studio. Right, at New York Press Conference with Sir Laurence Olivier. "A dreamboat!" breathed Marilyn. "An expert comedienne," said Sir Larry, her co-star in "The Sleeping Prince"

Marilyn Monroe stars next in "Bus Stop"





GEORGE AND THE MARRIAGE QUESTION

How does Mr. Nader stack up as husband material?

We'll let an old friend tell you. And if Babs is telling tales out of school, why not? That's where she met him!



George is a relaxing date, says Barbara Rush. "You always know where you stand with him. And he never spends the evening talking about himself or his problems at the studio"

● Even if I hadn't recognized his voice, I would have known George Nader was on the other end of the line. "Are you free next Saturday night, Barbara?"

"I am."

"I have tickets for 'Tea and Sympathy.' It starts at eight-thirty, which means we'll have to leave your house by six-thirty-five. That allows us one hour for dinner."

"Sounds fine, George."

"It's formal. Goodbye, Barbara."

"Bye, George."

My mother, who had been busy setting the table, also knew who it was, by my replies. "That must have been George Nader, dear."

She was so right! The phone call was typical of him. Not exactly businesslike, but short and precise, without the chit-chat that ordinarily goes with a phone call, or any type of conversation. George knows what he wants and what's more, when you're with him, you always know where you stand. I like that.

In this respect, George has never changed, though he has in other ways since I first met him, back in 1950.

Fresh from Santa Barbara, I was standing in the (Continued on page 108)



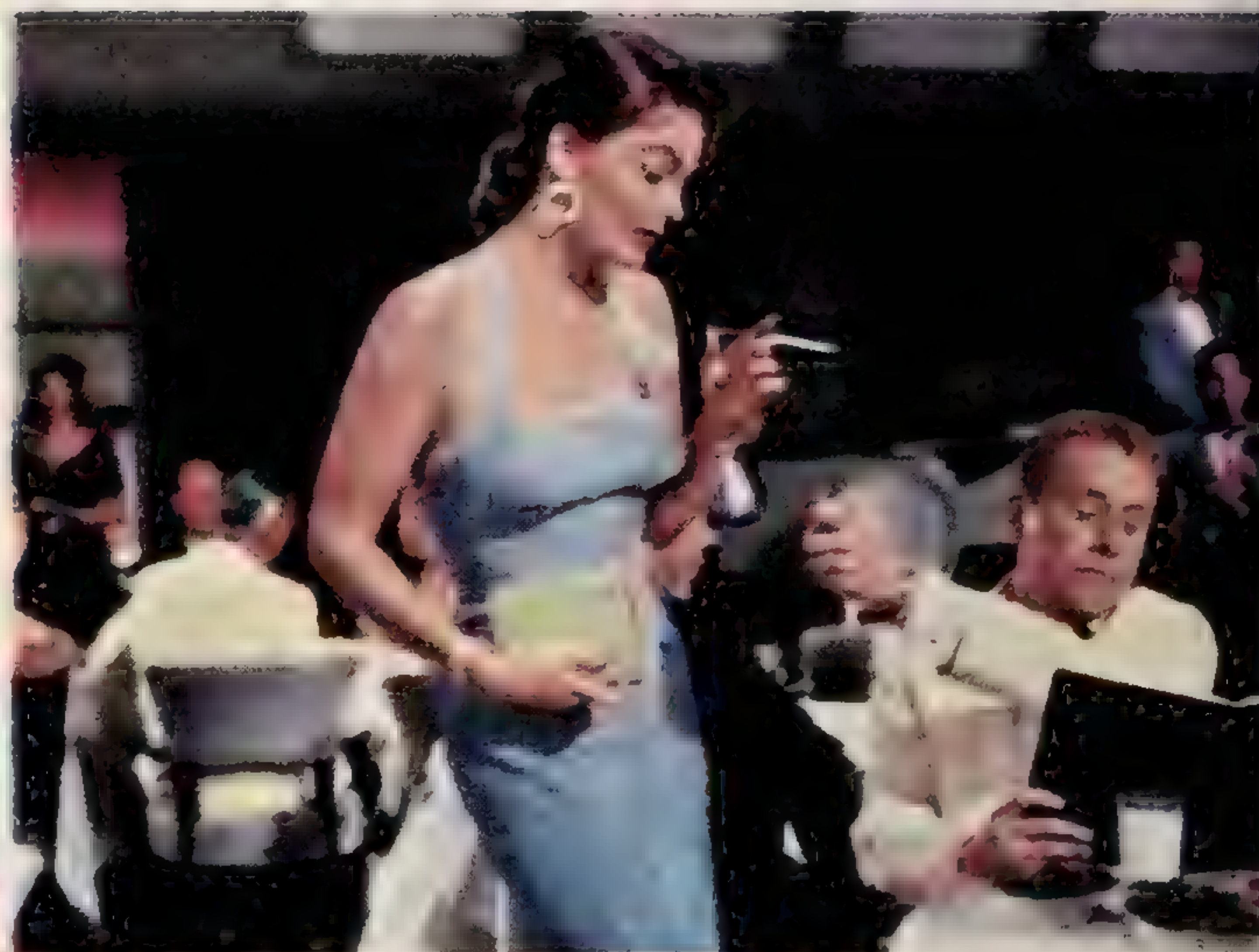
"George's awareness of people and situations makes him well liked. It would also make him a good husband"

BY BARBARA RUSH



George Nader is in
"Away All Boats"
Barbara Rush is in
"World in My Corner"

The Birds and the



Obvious types leave Gobel cold. But the smarter stratagems of Mitzi Gaynor leave George helpless



While Mitzi, Reginald Gardiner and David Niven plot, jungle pal Harry Bellaver guards our boy



Bees

*A
Photoplay
Sneak
Preview*



Same old guitar—but look Ma, he's dancing! Let Mitzi flirt a feather fan, and George has had it



Now how does a guy like Gobel get a reputation as a wolf? Mary Treen thinks Mitzi's in danger



● Well, here he is. Here is TV's fair-haired boy George Gobel, one of the freshest personalities to reach show business in many a long year. And here's an enchanting Paramount movie called "The Birds and the Bees," with music, VistaVision, Technicolor and Mitzi Gaynor to keep George from getting lonesome. The story? Seems George has spent years off in the jungle looking for snakes. Homeward bound, he's assailed by sea-going card sharks, in the persons of two other hot-shot comics, David Niven and Reginald Gardiner. And Mitzi, as David's daughter, is the pretty bait. Our pal George looks like an easy mark. But is he? True fans can spot the plot, based on "The Lady Eve"—one of the funniest films ever made.



Today, Mitzi grins about the magic rules for wives. "They never tell you that every groom is different!"



*It happened
when Mitzi Gaynor
learned that
a book of rules
is no way
to groom a man
to be a husband*

BY TEX MADDOX

She used to act like a femme fatale to keep him interested. But Jack just thought she wasn't feeling well!

On "Anything Goes" set. Jack's belief in her, his understanding, has given her new poise, a deeper charm



THE BRIDE VANISHED

Mitzi Gaynor is also in "The Birds and the Bees"



● When does a bride become a genuine wife?

"Maybe not until the second year of marriage!" says vivacious, volatile Mitzi Gaynor, who has lived and learned so much since she married public-relations expert Jack Bean in November, 1954.

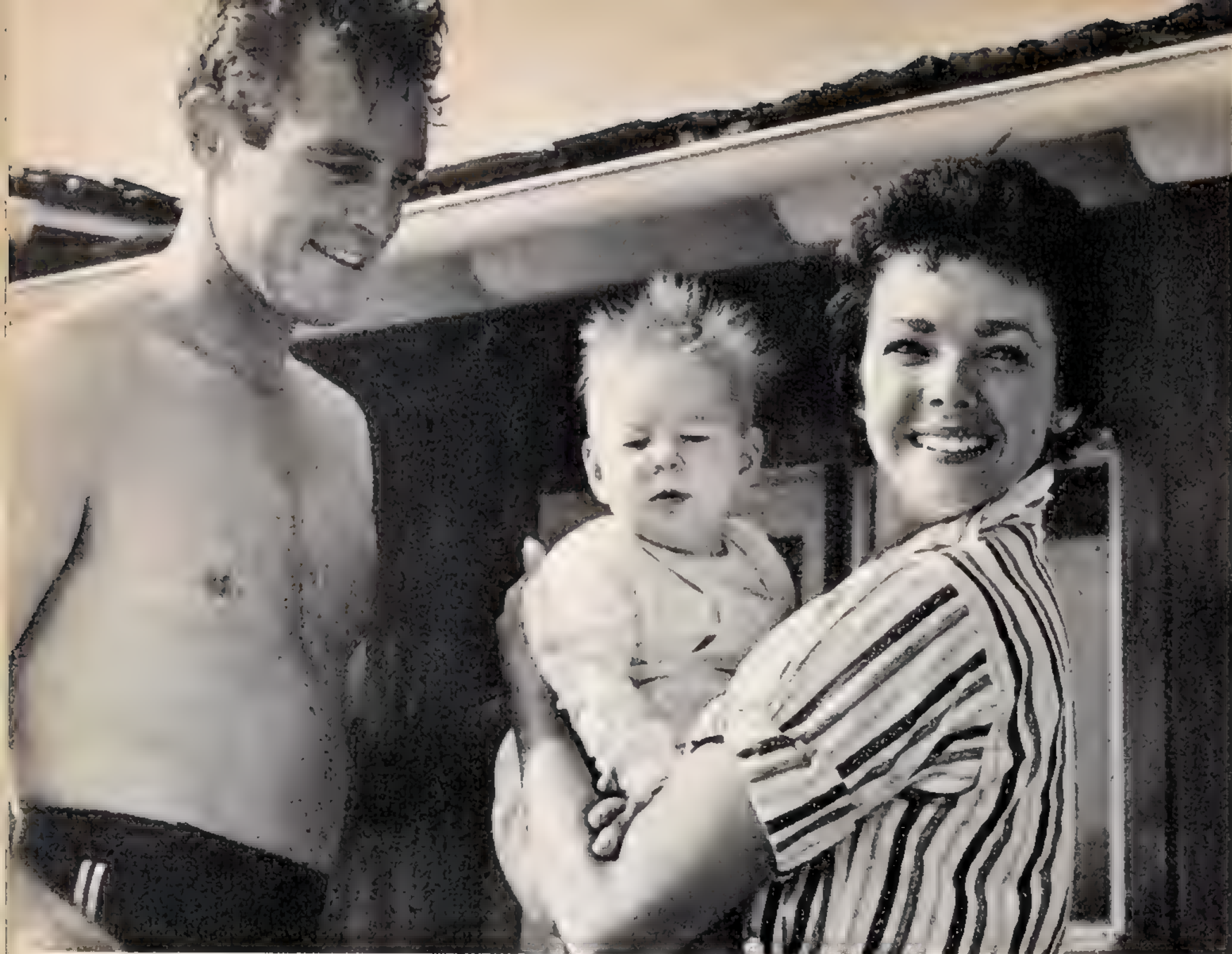
Then a brand-new bride, love-struck Mitzi told everyone, "Jack is everything I ever wanted for a husband. . . . I

didn't realize my own emptiness until I fell in love with him. I found for the first time warmth, security, a man to lean on and listen to, and the joy of loving and being loved."

But now, in her second year of wedded bliss, the mirthful Mrs. Bean knows that love is far more than a dream, for she has changed in some important ways. No longer is she painfully immature and over-sensitive. "I'm

glad I'm finally growing up," she says earnestly. Then she adds with a laugh, "If I weren't, Jack wouldn't like me, and I'd be miserable!"

During the first months of marriage, Mitzi was typically bouncy and blissful, but also often bewildered. Wanting more than anything to make Jack deliriously happy, she was haunted by the fear that she'd break the magic rules for wives. (Continued on page 118)



The quick grin flashes oftener these days. "He calls me a clown," says Sheila. But friends know that her gay Irish laughter is happy music to a Guy too serious for so long. In July, there'll be a new playmate for Bridget Catherine

THE STORY OF A HAPPY GUY



Together, Guy and Sheila Madison have built their

own private heaven.

And the key to it is love

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● A short time ago, Guy Madison experienced one of those "moments to remember." It began just about the way every evening begins in his life these days: Guy hurrying from the studio to the hilltop home he shares with his two dolls, Sheila and baby Bridget, and counting the blessings that are his.

Soon, he was sitting at the dinner table with his dark-eyed lovely wife Sheila. From the nursery came the faint tinkle of their daughter's music-box playing "Brahms' Lullaby."

A fire crackled cheerily in the living-room fireplace, casting mellow images on the beamed ceiling and the paneled walls. Yellow tapers glowed softly in the silver candelabra. Through the glass walls, beyond the swimming pool, a city of magic danced and shimmered in the distance. And today, Guy once again has a sizable stake in that sparkle.

At a moment like this, a man like Guy Madison asks himself, out of a full and grateful heart, just what else life can possibly have in store for him.

And he was soon to learn.

"Guy, I want to go to New York to see my family," Sheila said casually.

Envisioning how empty and how lonely the house would be, Guy didn't want her to go. "Now?" he asked. "Why don't you wait a little while?"

"I should go now," Sheila said.

"I wish you would wait until we're through shooting the picture. Wait a few months, then I can go with you."

"I can't wait a few months," she said, "we're going to have a baby."

There was, Sheila recalls laughingly, a clatter. "Guy dropped a knife or fork—I don't remember which."

Yes, they have that moment to remember. And more—so many more.

"I couldn't be happier," Guy beams, flashing the old infectious smile (*Continued on page 112*)

With Dean Jagger on set of "On the Threshold of Space." In tough role, Guy lost thirteen pounds making this picture

Guy is in "Reprisal" • "Hilda Crane" and "The Beast of Hollow Mountain"





Until recently, Doris was looked upon mainly as a musical-comedy queen. But within hours after screening of "Love Me or Leave Me," this Day dawned as a fine dramatic actress. She also revealed quite a figure, in her figure-hugging gowns! The first time she wore one she was so embarrassed, she crept onto the set—till she heard the whistles!



WHISTLE

She looks like Doris and she sings like Doris—but she isn't acting like the girl we've known. Now we're wondering—will tomorrow bring another DAY?



Shirtwaists, Peter Pan collars and turtleneck dresses used to be a Day trademark. Now they're being crowded out of her closet by sophisticated lower-cut gowns. "It's nice to get away from high necklines," grins Dodo. A homebody, she couldn't be pried away from her fireside. Now she and Marlon (above) are stepping out more

When Doris was photographed in Europe, wearing a Bikini, Hollywood gasped—at her pin-up figure! But she won't wear one here—only in her backyard. "I like them, they're comfortable." About the new roles she'll play in pictures, Doris says: "There comes a time when you have to make a change. Performers can get into a rut

● Those who know in Hollywood say that 1956 will be Doris Day's year. This fact was confirmed the morning it was announced that she had been signed to star in M-G-M's new musical version of "Anna Christie," the Pulitzer Prize-winning play and former Garbo film. Musical or no, the role calls for an actress of great capability and sensitivity, and everyone is saying the new Doris Day will do that role full justice.

However, those in Hollywood who know even more say that—not just 1956—but every year is Doris Day's year. For proof, they point to the record of her growth as an actress; to her emergence as one of Hollywood's best-loved citizens; and to her unlimited faith in the future.

When Doris first stepped from a bandstand onto the Warner Brothers soundstages, (*Continued on page 110*)

BAIT



Doris Day is in "Julie" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much"

I FAINTED WHEN

BY CYNTHIA LEMMON



In "It Happened One Night" with June Allyson. Film is re-make of popular 30's film when Gable, Colbert starred



HE KISSED ME !



In Central Park. Jack and Cynthia met at theatre audition. "Jack was proper and Bostonian—he waited an hour before asking for a date!"

"I didn't know I had that effect on women," Jack grinned.

and Cynthia didn't know that two bottles of vinegar would

launch them on the maddest, merriest marriage in Hollywood!



Wedding day, 1950. Jack was so sure they'd be married he forgot that a girl likes to be asked!

● The first time my husband Jack Lemmon kissed me, I fainted.

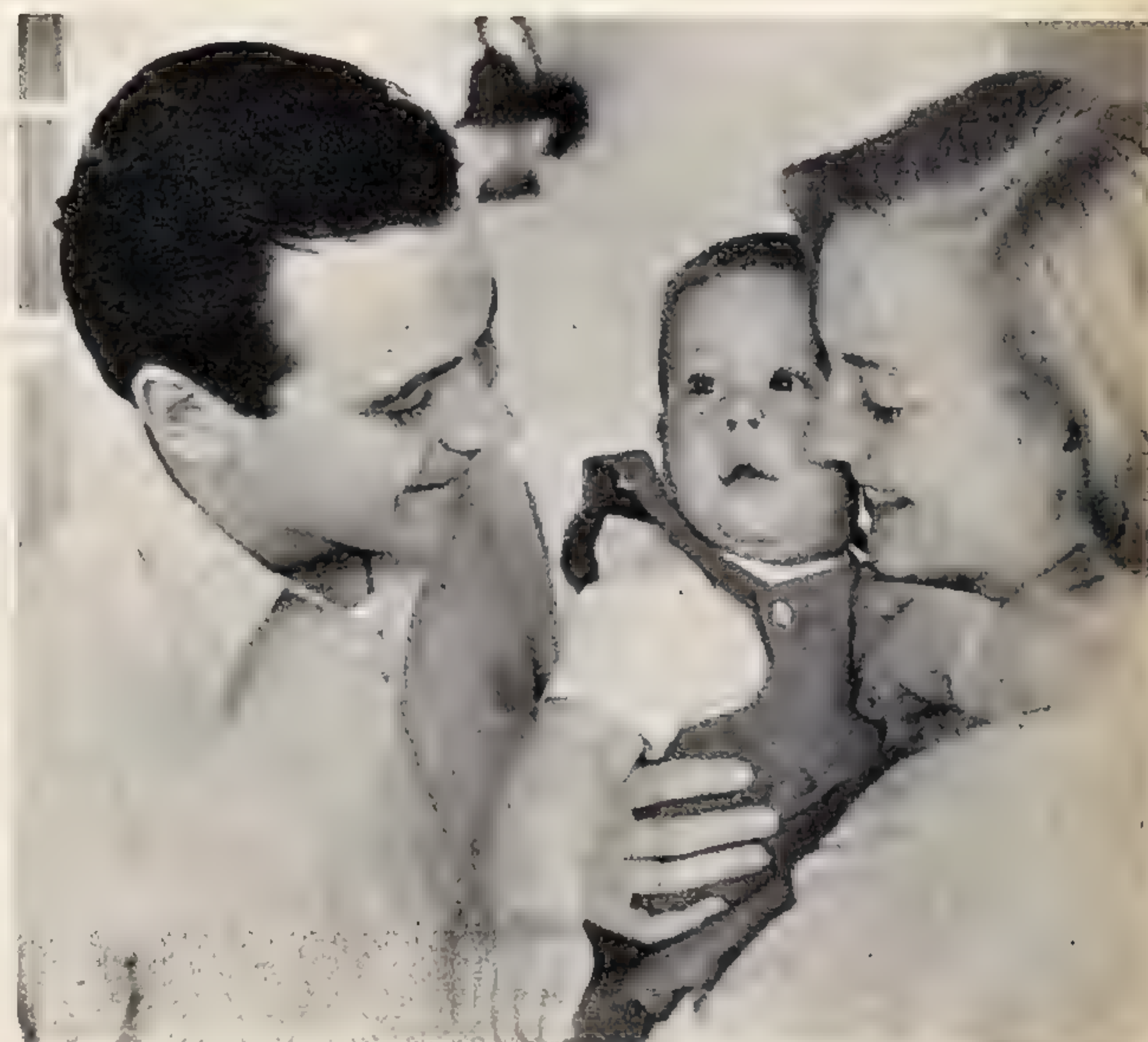
But it wasn't from love. I was simply exhausted. Our romance had been wearing me out—but maybe I had better start at the beginning. . . .

Back in the late forties, I was a model at Saks Fifth Avenue. Actually, my heart had been set on acting, but except for some summer stock and a few radio parts, I hadn't gotten anywhere. Then I heard that Uta Hagen was casting Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness."

Shortly after lunch one day, I walked to her studio for an audition. There I met not only Uta, but a most charming young Harvard graduate—probably the only actor in New York with less professional experience than I—Jack Uhler Lemmon III. As Bostonian as all that.

I didn't take a particular interest in him, at least I tried not to, because I was engaged at the time. What made it worse—in Jack's eyes anyway—my fiancé was a Yale man.

After the audition, Uta Hagen gave Jack and me the leads, and we were on the way to what I wouldn't exactly call *(Continued on page 90)*



When Chris was born, Jack filled the hospital room—with toys for baby

JANET LEIGH:

She held Faith in her



Hand



Their ordeal over, Tony's making sure that Janet gets more rest

The shining face looked down at her. "You and your baby are going to be all right." It was a prayer and a promise

BY PAULINE SWANSON

● At 1:30 A.M. last February 15th, a Cadillac convertible wheeled into the circular driveway before St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica and came to a stop directly beneath a sign reading: NO PARKING AT ANY TIME.

The tense and worried-looking young man who leaped out and hurried to open the door on the opposite side was Tony Curtis. The girl he helped from the car and gently up the flight of steps through the entrance of the hospital was, of course, his wife Janet Leigh, delicately lovely as always, although at that moment her face was pale and contorted with pain.

The hospital's marbled foyer was abandoned, except for an operator at the switchboard, a clerk waiting at the admissions desk, and a single uniformed nurse coming down the hall from the direction of the elevators.

"I have brought Mrs. Curtis," Tony blurted to the admissions clerk. "Dr. Pearl told us to come right away."

"Yes, Mr. Curtis," came the calm reply. "If I may ask you a few questions, please."

"But . . ."

The nurse approached then and, taking Janet's arm, said, "Come with me, Mrs. Curtis."

Janet looked back at Tony as she was led away, and the fear reflected in her eyes cut deep into him. Tony stepped away from the desk and started to follow her.

"You will be able to see Mrs. Curtis after a little while," the firm voice of the clerk decreed, (*Continued on page 116*)

Janet Leigh is in "Safari."
Tony Curtis is in "The
Rawhide Years" and "Trapeze"

Glamour Gab of

The human side of the Hollywood news. Introducing a new and exciting



Writer Ruth Waterbury nominates fascinating Ray Danton for top stardom

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● Ruth Waterbury, whose stories and articles have appeared in nearly every national magazine, started her writing career as a teenager, with the *New York World*, then joined the *New York Daily News*. In her early twenties, she went to work for PHOTOPLAY, next originated and became editor of Silver Screen, then returned to PHOTOPLAY as editor. She has worked with Louella Parsons in Hollywood for the last ten years, has been a reviewer for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, and is a frequent contributor to PHOTOPLAY. Starting this month, she will regularly present interesting and intimate items about America's ever-ever land.

Today's Male

There's always something new, colorful, fascinating in Hollywood, as I shall try to show you. The newest and the most this month, in my opinion, is this tall, dark and handsome fellow named Ray Danton.

It's taken Ray only four pictures to hit it big. "Chief Crazy Horse," "The Looters" and "The Spoilers" were his first three, and he played quite nasty villains. Then came "I'll Cry Tomorrow," in which Ray played a dreamboat with such masculine tenderness and understanding that you really could believe his death would drive Susan Hayward into alcoholism. M-G-M wanted to buy half of Ray's contract from U-I after seeing him in "Cry." They even tested him for "Ben Hur," but U-I wouldn't give.

Ray is fantastic to talk to. He has the quickness of mind that was so enchanting in Jimmy Dean, plus a sureness. Although he's only twenty-four, he's had twelve years' acting experience. Ray is so in love with his wife, Julie Adams, that he finds no matter what subject he begins talking about he ends up mentioning Julie. "We have monumental fights," he grins, "but on February 20th, our first anniversary, I could see how much I had changed Julie. Thought she was very improved, in fact. Then I thought she was probably looking at me, thinking how I had changed—and that she had improved me." Then he adds seriously, "I believe that to give of yourself is the greatest gift you can present." Ray's very sharp, interested in everything, handsomer than he photographs, and undoubtedly temperamental. But, personally, I think he'll go farther than anybody I've met since Jimmy Dean, and I certainly nominate Ray for top stardom. You can check me later and see how right—or wrong—I turn out to be.

Hollywood

monthly feature by a reporter who knows her stars

Date Bait

Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter came together to the PHOTOPLAY Award dinner—but don't try to make anything of this. They don't. Come July 20, Nat will be nineteen, and right this moment I think she's just about the smartest of the younger acting set. Proof: Her contract with Warners is a big deal indeed; and Nat's attitude toward her work is strictly professional. Given a scene, she knows how to send it.

But it's off-screen, in the date department, that this chick is slick.

Nat has all the sharp boys, including ambitious Tab, flocking around her, and she handles them as expertly as a page of dramatic dialogue. Two thrill males who are always jangling her phone are Nick Adams and Dennis Hopper, and a smoother, more aggressive pair of young guys you'll never find. For example, Dennis has a bit in "Giant" and, during the shoot-

ing, he spent every off-screen moment amusing Henry Ginsberg, the producer. Similarly, Nick, who does a fine job in "Picnic," saw to it that he charmed the whole company between takes with smart tricks.

So what does Missy Wood do when they, or Tab, or half a dozen others want to date her? Does she insist upon the Romanoff-Mocambo routine, which would kill their salaries for a month? Not this brainy gal.

She comes up with such ideas as the one she gave out the night "Helen of Troy" was premiered. Nat proposed that they corral their whole crowd and mingle with the lights-stars-glamour group—but with one important difference. The Wood clan would not be plushed up, but dressed down—crazy clothes, real-gone hair, wild make-up.

The gang all went for it, sitting in the bleachers outside the theatre with



Don't take Natalie Wood and Tab seriously. She charms all boys!

the regular fans. When such buddies of theirs as Rock and Phyllis Hudson, Kim Novak and Mac Krim, Tony and Janet Curtis entered, Nat's bunch really spooked them, asking for autographs, clowning around. All stellar dignity was riddled that night.

Result: fine time by all. Cost: nothing but laughs. Double result: more fun dates on Nat's calendar for every night. (Continued on page 106)

Kelly copy. Martha Hyer, at Gold Medal Dinner, featured the new Grace line!



The Kelly Look

The imitation Grace Kelly vogue which Linda Christian, of all people, was featuring at the Kirk Douglas party, was also featured by Martha Hyer at the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards party. It highlights the lily-white skin routine, the sleeked-back blond straight hair, and the unadorned, pastel-colored satin evening gown.



Behind John's quiet good looks lurks a devastating sense of humor, wicked talent for mimicry!

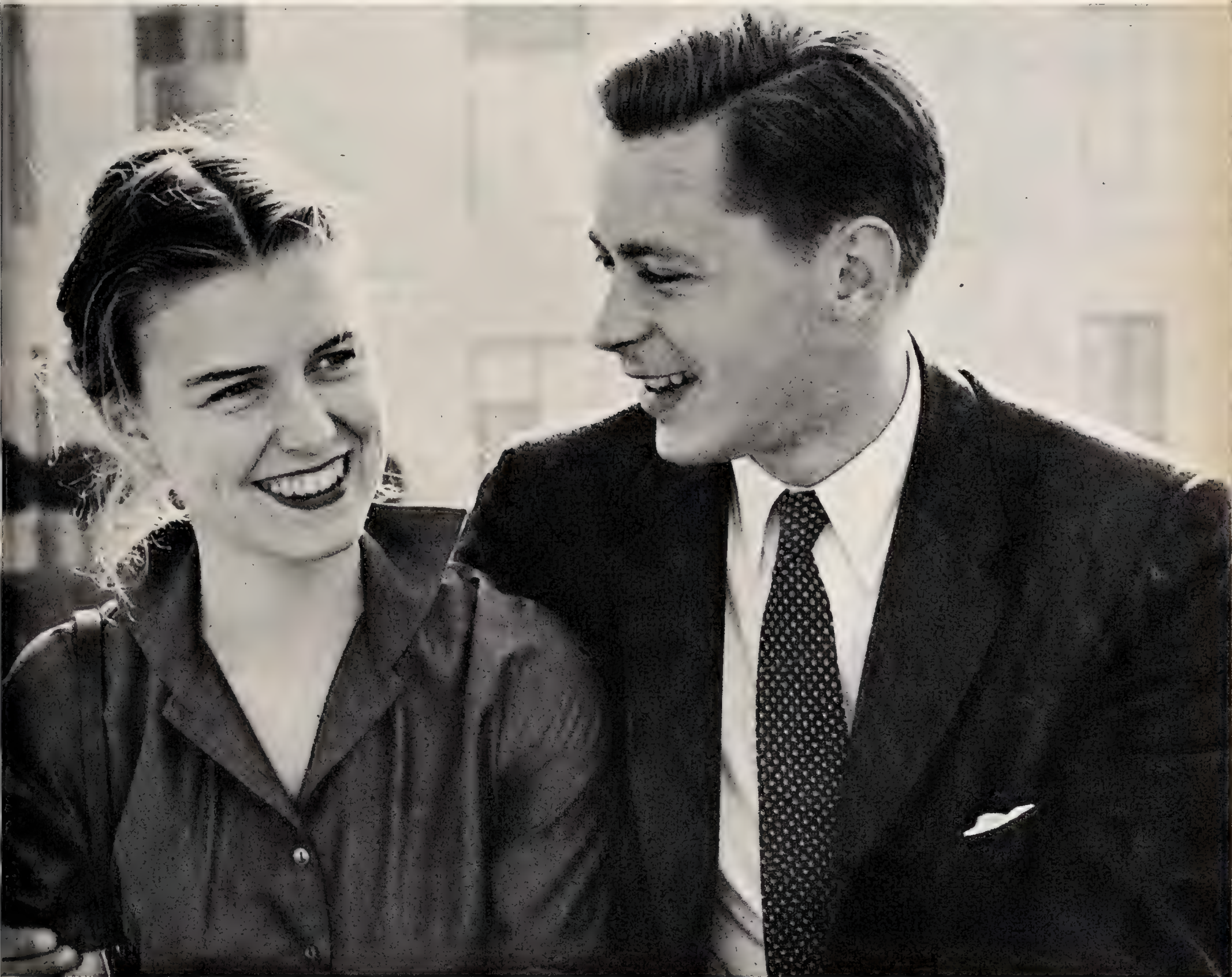


A brilliant student at Harvard, John Kerr was studying to be a teacher when fate and a certain co-ed conspired to lure him away from the paths of learning

DETOUR TO DESTINY

By Robert Emmett

John Kerr is in "Gaby"



John and pretty co-ed wife, Priscilla. Parents of twins, they yearn for big house, big family

• Every afternoon, along the streets of Beverly Hills, nursemaids promenade with their charges, most of whom are the offspring of famous parents or grandparents.

On one recent afternoon, a pretty young mother set out on an airing with her twenty-month-old twin daughters. The first nursemaid she met eyed the girls, exceptionally pretty chicks with

bright blue eyes and copper-red hair, and asked, "Whose children are those?"

"Mine," said the young mother, trying not to sound too proud.

"This," said the nursemaid, nodding toward her handsome charge, "is the son of Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer. And," said she, looking down the sidewalk, "here come the James Stewart twins."

At this point a sightseeing bus drew to a stop. Obviously, the driver knew most of the nursemaids by sight. He said into his microphone, "On the right is the Rosemary Clooney-Joe Ferrer baby, and next to him are the Stewart twins, Judy and Kelly." Then he thrust a head out the window. "Who are the little redheads?" he wanted to know.

The friendly (Continued on page 86)



BY DEE PHILLIPS

When Shirley Blows A Fuse

She switches from angel to imp with bewildering speed and when she explodes, hellzapoppin'—but after the smoke clears, Shirley's got the world in her corner

● "Every noteworthy event in my long life has been like spontaneous combustion," explained twenty-one-year-old Shirley MacLaine, who has starred in three top motion pictures within a year. "Nothing was ever planned—all spur of the moment. I'm beginning to be a firm believer in time, place and circumstance. For instance, when I fell in love with Steve Parker, I was engaged to another man. I got my break in 'Pajama Game' when Carol Haney broke her ankle. Normally, it wouldn't have meant much. George Abbott, the producer, was out of town and there was nobody to care whether I was good or bad—I thought. • But Hal Wallis was in the audience. I got a contract. Then the second time I took over for Carol I was so bad I wanted to crawl out the stage door after the first act and run down 44th Street. But Steve was there. Being a director as well as an actor, he took me home and helped me rehearse all night. I must have been better in the next day's matinee because Alfred Hitchcock's New York representative sent him a telegram that (Continued on page 94)



Candidly honest about herself, she takes praise with a grain of salt

Shirley's laughter comes easily. But if something strikes her wrong—off she blows! But she never holds a grudge



Shirley MacLaine is in "Hollywood or Bust" and "Around the World in Eighty Days"

VACATION CLOTHES

BEACH
CLOTHES
FASHION

PORTLAND

SAN
FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES
(HOLLYWOOD)

LAS VEGAS



THAT TRAVEL WEST

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

*Pack your suitcase full of
fashion, get ready for
fabulous fun, and head for
paradise on the Pacific Coast*



Opposite page:

THE EASY SUIT LOOK, far left, Shirley Jones' three-part traveler. In sky-blue silkened wool, flecked with white. Its crisp shantung blouse matched to jacket lining. 7-15. Donny Jr. \$45. Madcaps hat

THE LONG COOL COAT, left, in raspberry rayon linen—neatest costume en route. Barbara Ruick wears it over its vividly printed Chinese sheath. 5-15. Jonathan Logan. \$25. Hat by Betmar. Stetson gloves

This page:

CLASSIC SHIRTWAIST ABLOOM, a happy take-along. Pat Crowley in elegant ivory cotton, the skirt full-blown, and all splashed with rich red roses. Sizes 8-16. By Sir James. \$29.95. Coro jewelry

LUGGAGE: Newly streamlined, a handsome quartet in vinyl-covered flyweight magnesium, two-toned in heavenly colors. The golden medallion designed for initials. Beauty case, \$25*; O'Nite case, \$27.50*; wardrobe, \$40*; pullman, \$42.50*. By Ultralite-Samsonite

*plus tax

For guide to stores, see page 117

VACATION CLOTHES

continued



*Bare and beautiful social
butterfly dresses—on the town
in cosmopolitan San Francisco*

THE ELEGANT STRIPPING SANDAL, a pale blue kid shoe, vacation-bound. Light, airy and pared away to bare essentials, the draped front touched with a pretty trifle. By Grace Walker. About \$7.95

VERY SOCIABLE SEPARATES, above left, in a new thin cotton. Pat Crowley pairs the swirling gored skirt, dotted and striped, to its own shoulder-baring camisole. 7-17; 8-18. J. I. Originals. \$10.95

BLAZING WHITE PIQUÉ, center, shapes Barbara Ruick's sheath, the near-perfect kind to take anywhere. This one has deep-throated, high bosom line outlined in lace. Sizes 5-15. Mr. Mort. About \$23

COOL, STRAPLESS CONFECTION, right, Pat Crowley's belled princess dress, a white print etched on black cotton. The flattering shape held via Pellon lining, a boned bodice. Sizes 7-15. By Lanz. \$35

For guide to stores, see page 117

sweethearts in swimsuits by Catalina



On the boardwalk, or wherever you are,
 put a stop to those rumors!
 Come right out and admit you're in love in Catalina's
 matched swimsuits for sweethearts.
 Her suit is a shirred and seductive formfit—
 \$12.95. His trunks—\$4.95, shirt—\$6.95.
 The fabric is Lowenstein's Imperial Seal cotton,
 Catalina exclusive! Also in blue or gold.

For name of nearest store write: Catalina, Inc. Dept. P, Los Angeles 13

Catalina®

Creators of fine sweaters and Play-Abouts,® too!



A division of Julius Kayser & Co.



Tan by Tartan

VACATION CLOTHES

continued



AIRY MESH PLAYSHOE, cool, comfortable and open to the sun. In woven straw mesh, trimmed with a pair of bouncing pompons. White, beige. By Melody. About \$6

Left to right, below:

BIG HOODED SHIRT, a beauty in eye-stopping black poplin, \$6.95. The button-in striped hood matching Shirley Jones' drawstring playsuit, \$8.95. White Stag

BOLD STRIPES make fashion news, in Barbara Britton's flashing cowled top and lean pants mated by a sunny yellow cummerbund. 5-13. By Randol Jrs. About \$13

LEOPARD COMES TO THE BEACH, in smart printed cotton knit. Barbara Ruick's long shirt is all ease. Shorts, the briefest yet. Jane Irwill. Each about \$4

LIVELY SCOTTISH PLAID in imported cotton teams with white cotton knit in Shirley's T-shirt, \$3.95. Lined pants, \$7.95. Matching scuffs, \$3.95. By Jantzen

For guide to stores, see page 117



*Playclothes with dash—
decorating the California scene
from San Diego to Monterey*

**See the stars
who wear
our vacation fashions
in these pictures:**

SHIRLEY JONES AND BARBARA RUICK
BOTH IN
20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "CAROUSEL,"
A CINEMASCOPE 55 PRODUCTION
PAT CROWLEY STARRING IN U-I'S
"APACHE AGENT"
BARBARA BRITTON STARRING IN
"THE SPOILERS," U-I



it's time
you changed
from

POWDER to CREME PUFF

by MAX FACTOR

...the new-fashioned way to instant loveliness!

Creme Puff* is finest powder plus creamiest base in one velvety disc, created by make-up master Max Factor. It makes plain old powder, plain "old hat"!

Creme Puff alone makes your complexion look naturally perfect in seconds! No p-and-dab, no muss-and-fuss. At the *touch* of a puff, it veils your complexion with a velvet bloom—hides imperfections sheerly and surely. Stays smoothly for hours—never cakes or dries or turns "orange-y"!

Creme Puff alone is all you need for a beautifully "dressed" face, from start to finish. And you can *touch up* with Creme Puff anywhere—any time! No milky powder. No greasy foundation. No make-up problems!

Upgrade to today's beauty—*today*. Get Creme Puff—at your favorite drug store or department store. Choose from eight velvet bloom shades.



Creme Puff in this very elegant ivory-and-gold tone refillable mirrored compact, \$1.25 plus tax.

New Creme Puff Refill in this smart, usable metal case, complete with puff, just 85¢ plus tax.

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up

the girdle with a following!

Fashion smart *skippies*

No wonder Skippies is the most popular girdle in America.
For wonderful Skippies whistle-slimes you into pretty, modern lines
so *comfortably* you'll hardly know you have anything on at all.
Make sure your fashion picture is up to the minute . . .
try a new Skippies today.



Skippies Girdle No. 945
in Nylon. Front panel and
2½-inch waistband. Also
available as Pantie No. 845.
\$6.50. "Life Thrill" Bra No.
584 in Nylon. \$3.50

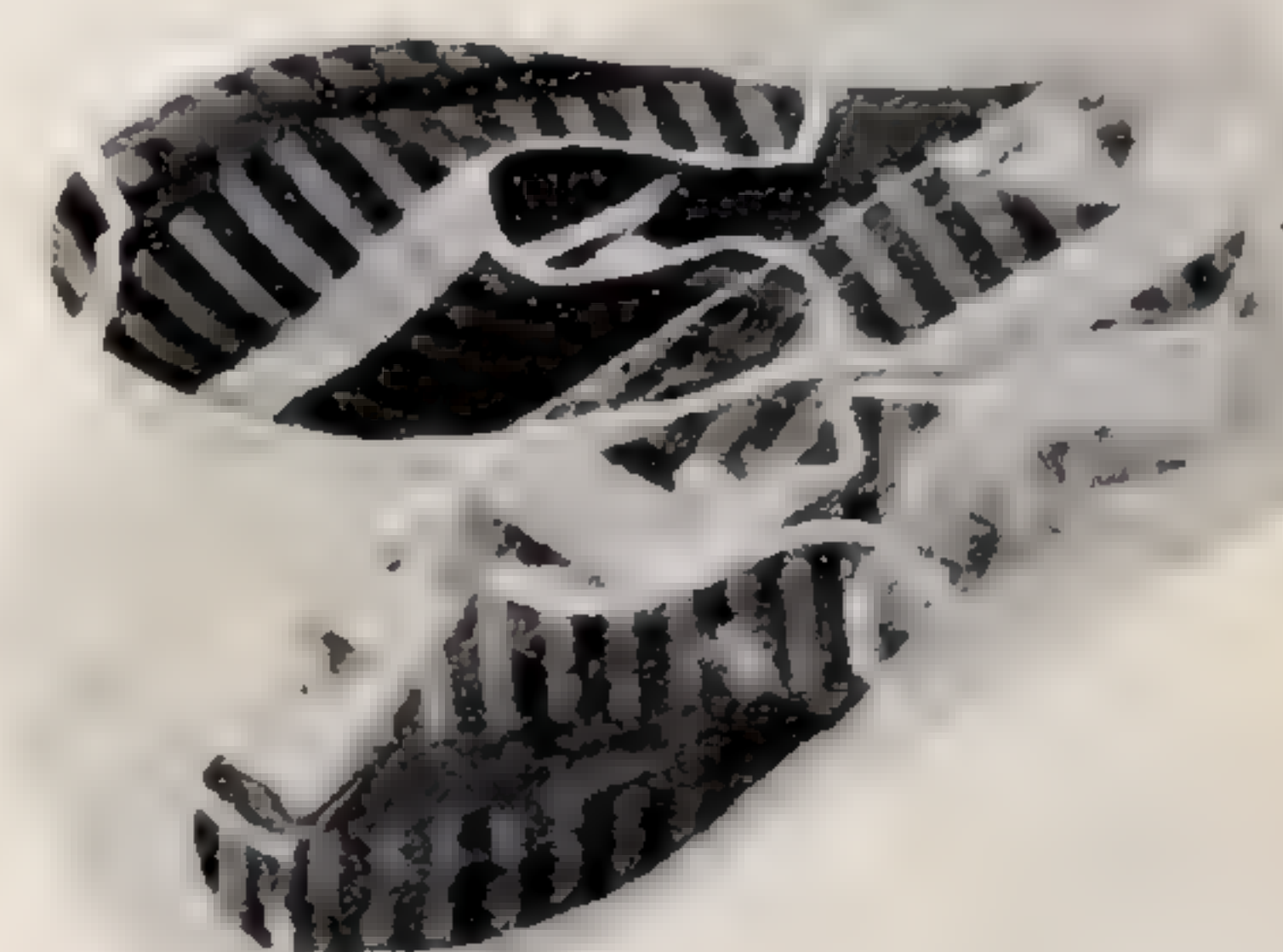
Formfit
CREATIONS

easy-going

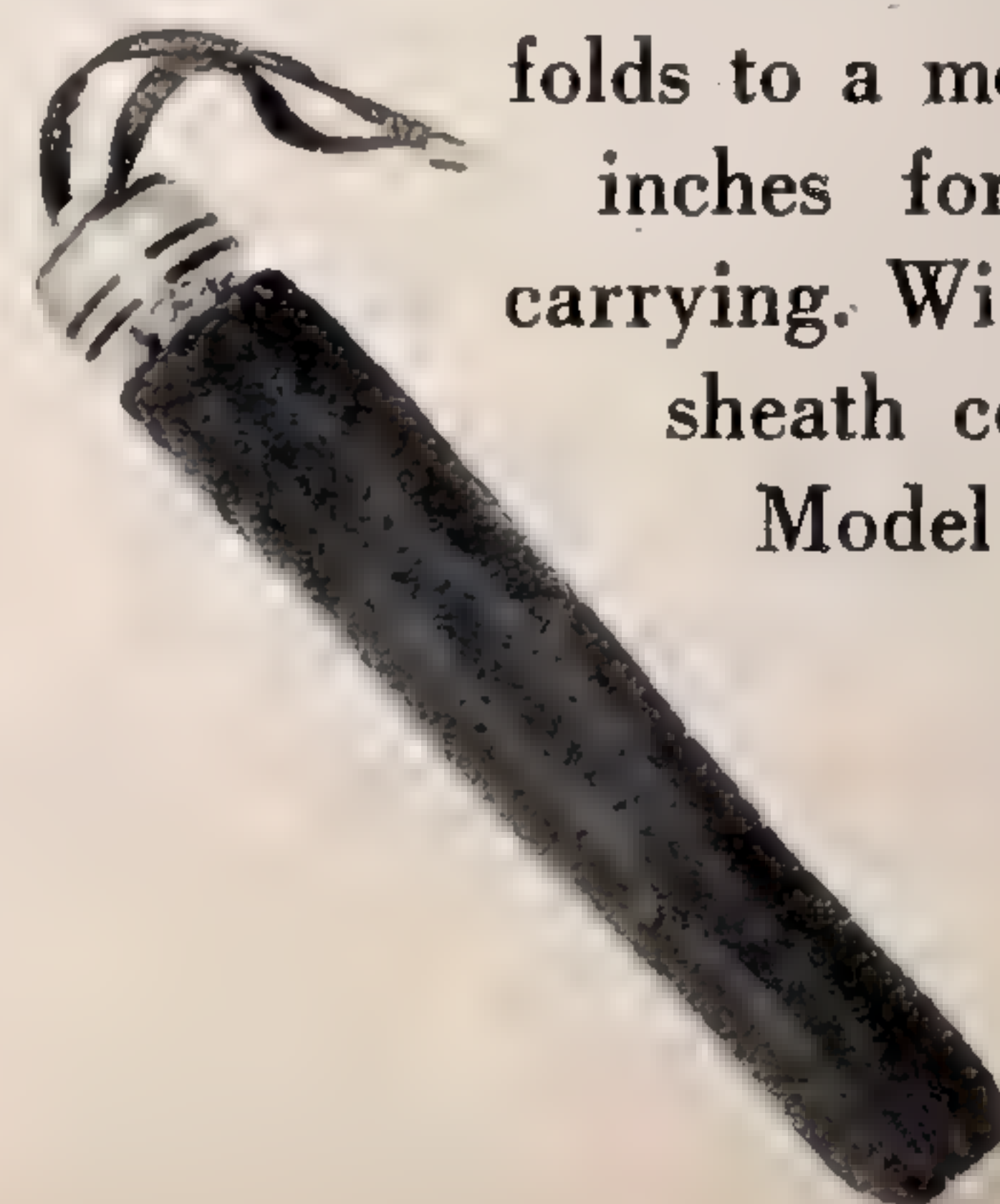
*Handy packables that
save space, time and
money along the way*



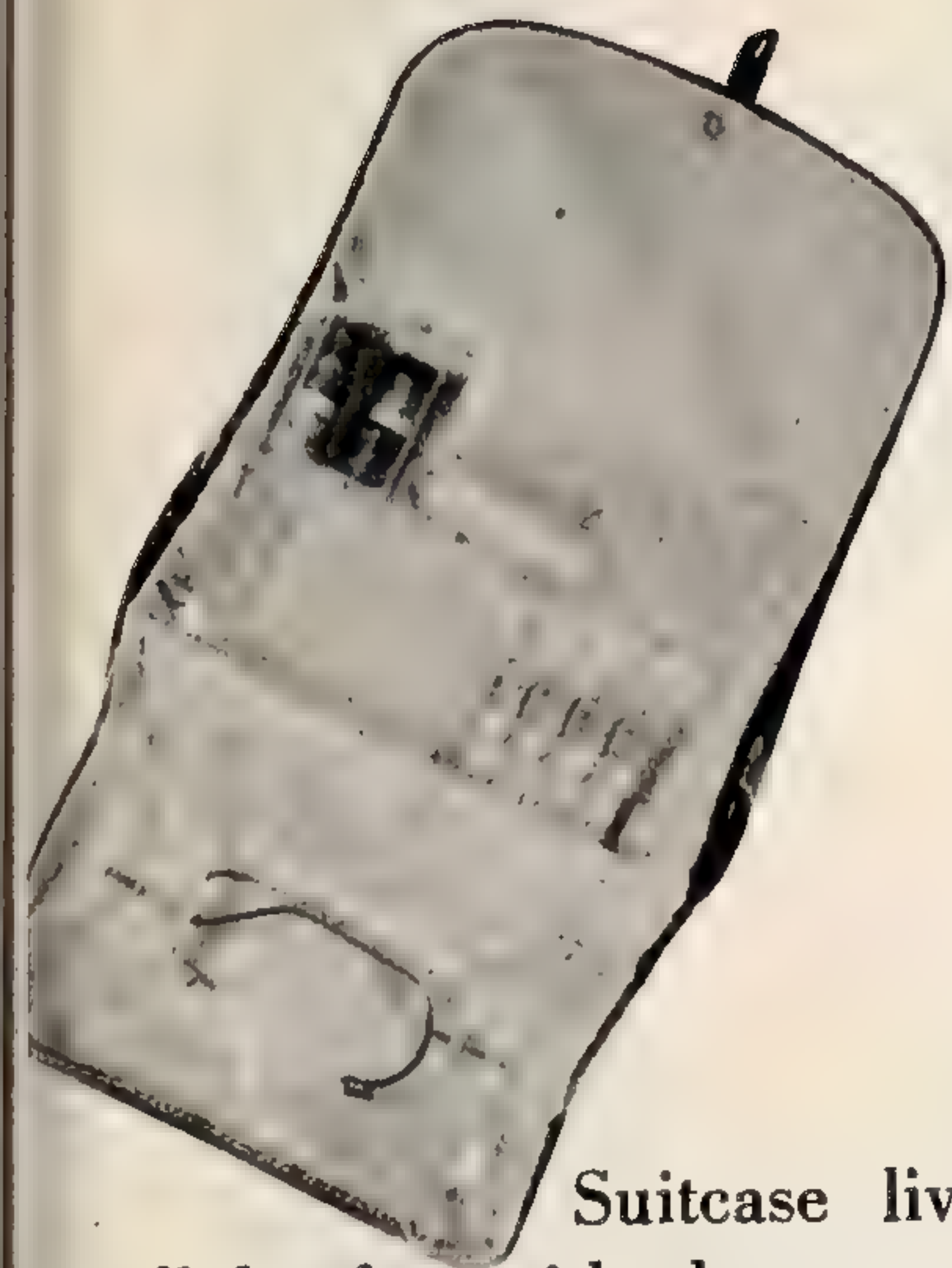
Put your best foot forward
in well-shined shoes with the aid
of this packable, plastic shoeshine kit
holding a pair of cloths, brushes
and polishes. Wren's. \$2.98.



After that quick
refreshing shower—
the tired traveler's boon—
step into these plaid rayon taffeta
water-proofed scuffs cushioned
with foam rubber soles.
In travel case. Celebrity. \$1.98.
Keep your spirits high and dry
on rainy vacation days with this
acetate umbrella that
folds to a mere 11½
inches for easy
carrying. With matching
sheath cover.
Model Jr. \$6.98



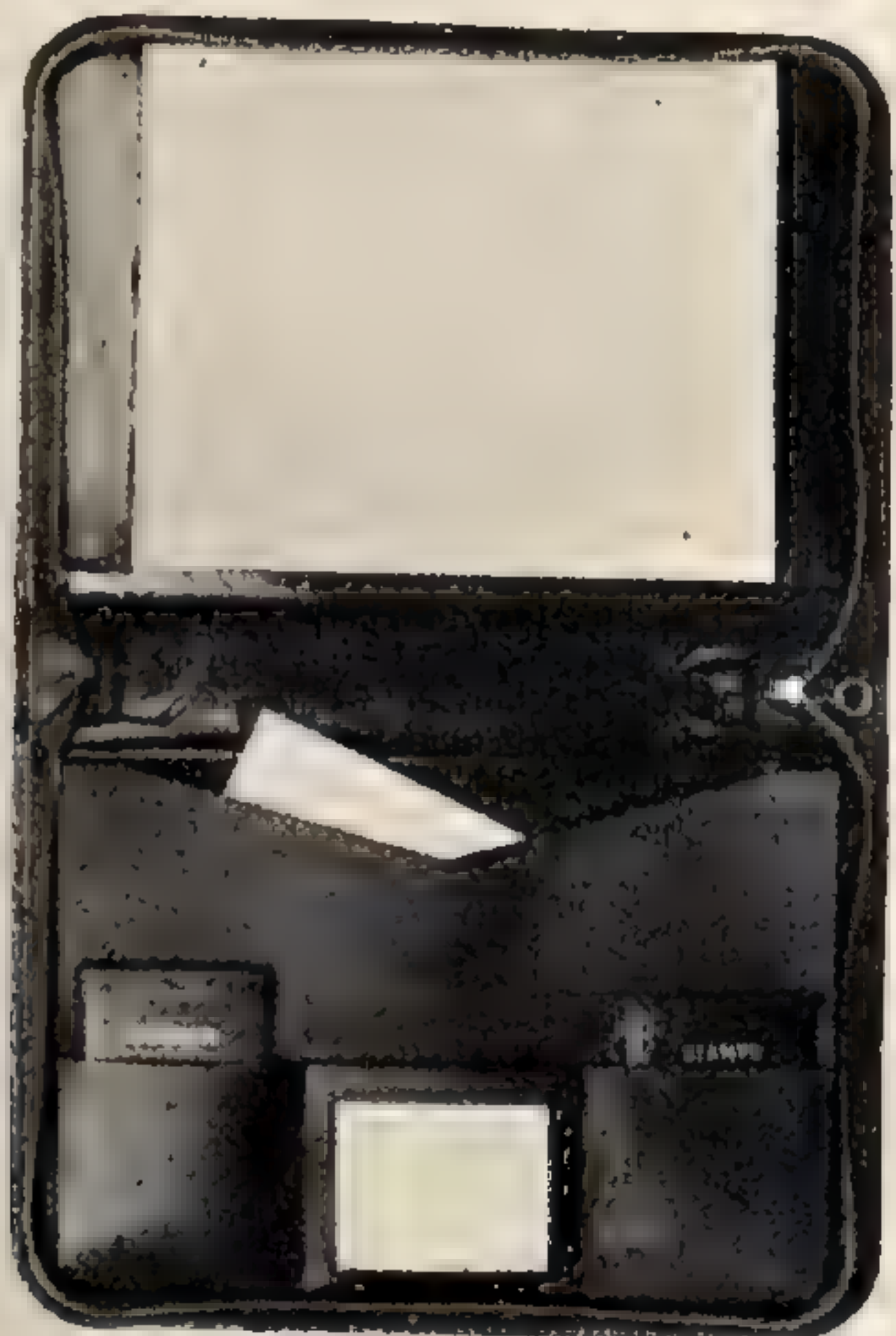
travel aids



Suitcase living will be fun with these traveler's aids helping you look pretty, pressed and polished while on-the-go. To keep miscellaneous necessities in clear view, a water-proofed case equipped with sewing kit, hanging clothespins, folding hangers, nail brush, detergent box. Celebrity. \$3.95.



Be prepared to handle those last minute touch-up jobs on your summer cottons with this slim-jim folding iron. Has fabric indicator for heat control. A.C., D.C. Durabilt. \$6.95.



For faithful correspondents, a portable desk—zippered writing case holds calendar, stamps, address book. Superior Craft. \$5.95.

All items available by mail from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. and 59th St., New York 22, N.Y.

CAREFREE... IRRESISTIBLE... IN YOUR GLAMOUROUS SEA NYMPH...



WINGED SIREN... this exclusive slenderizing striped Celaperm® lastex sheath in brilliant floral hues. Up-lift inner bra. Sizes: 32-38 about \$10

sea nymph
glamour swim suits

JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 B'WAY, N. Y. 18 • SEA NYMPH OF CANADA, 425 RIVER ST., MONTREAL

VACATION CLOTHES

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

Fanciful new swimsuits

*coloring the sunny white sands
of the Pacific Coast*



DRAWINGS BY DENNY HAMPSON

Left to right, above:

AWNING-STRIPED STUNNER, Barbara Britton's swimsuit cutting a fine figure in polished cotton. Elasticized at sides and very low back. Pink or blue. S, M, L. By Cole of California. \$14.95

WING-TOPPED SWIMSUIT, a shirred red sheath in faille lastex that considers Barbara Ruick's every curve. Inner bra, detachable straps. 32-38. By Sea Nymph. About \$9. Beach hat by Veumont.

EYE-STOPPING COTTON PRINT (cogwheels for a fashion wheel) worn by Barbara Ruick. Reverse print underscores a petaled bra, forms a slimming illusion. 10-16. Rose Marie Reid. \$13.95

RUFFLED PRINCESS, smooth through the middle, with lace-edged tiers adding spice to the figure. Barbara's color choice: white faille lastex. 30-38. By Catalina. \$17.95. Gustave playshoes.

Left:

LIGHTFOOTED GILDED SANDAL to gleam in the summer sun. Golden kid shaped into an air-cooled stripling shoe, mounted on a wafer heel. Also silver kid. Connie by Wohl. About \$6.95

For guide to stores, see page 117

READERS INC.

(Continued from page 24)

Would you please tell me who played *Scotty* in "Running Wild"?

MARGARET LELKO
Northampton, Pennsylvania
Scotty was played by Jan Merlin.—Ed.

Can you please tell me if Bob Wagner has made any movies recently? If he has, when will they be released?

BARBARA DELIA
Brooklyn, New York
Bob's fans will be seeing him in two new pictures, soon to be released, "The Mountain" and "A Kiss Before Dying."—Ed.

I have just seen "The Desperate Hours." Could you please tell me who played *Hal* and *Cindy*? I think they were terrific.

Please tell me if either of them is married.
MARY JONES
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Hal was played by Dewey Martin; Cindy by Mary Murphy. Both are single.—Ed.

I am interested in finding out who the leading lady was opposite Bing Crosby in the old picture, "Holiday Inn." Can you tell me?

MARTHA BEBEE
Elwood, Indiana
Marjorie Reynolds.—Ed.

My girlfriend and I have a difference of opinion concerning Bill Campbell. She says that he was killed about a month and a half ago. I am a great admirer of Bill's and I truly hope she is wrong.

CAROL ANN RANKIN
Brooklyn, New York
She is. Bill is very much alive.—Ed.

Would you please tell me if Joan Collins played in the picture "Moonfleet" with Stewart Granger?

MRS. HILDA BURTON
Toronto, Ontario
No, she did not appear in the picture. Joan Greenwood was the feminine lead in the movie.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie "Rebel Without a Cause." Could you tell me the name of the background music and if it has been recorded?

STEVE GIDOS
Everett, Washington
We have had many letters inquiring about this music. Composed by Leonard Roseman, it is as yet untitled and unrecorded. However, a song, "Secret Doorway," based on the music has been recorded on the M-G-M label with a vocal.—Ed.

To settle an argument between my mother and myself, could you please tell me if Pier Angeli and Marisa Pavan are related in any way? My mother insists that they are sisters, and I maintain that they are in no way related. Would you please set us straight as to who is right? Could you also tell me the next picture of each?

ROBERT RANKIN
Chula Vista, California
They are very much related, being twin sisters. Marisa is in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" and Pier's next films will be "Port Afrique" and "Somebody Up There Likes Me."—Ed.

In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY I saw a picture of Colleen Miller and thought she looked a lot like Ann Miller. Are they related?

SHIRLEY JOHNSON
Racine, Wisconsin
No, they are not.—Ed.

Continued



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Dana Wynter. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo
**Never Dries—
it Beautifies!**



Dana Wynter starring in "THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



the
Elizabeth Taylor look!
Yours with...

Woodbury

Dream Stuff
powder-and-foundation in compact form



In pretty blue-and-gold box, 49c.
In smart ivory-and-gold mirrored
compact, \$1 00.

With a mere touch of its puff, Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color... the smooth, soft look of very young skin like Elizabeth Taylor's. Clings like a foundation... flatters like a powder... stays color-true. Never streaks or dry-cracks. It's the fabulous all-in-one make-up busy women can apply in a split-minute — and get compliments all day! Neat, too — no loose powder to spill! Five dreamy new shades.

woodbury make-up glow... liquid magic smooths your skin — makes you pretty... covers tiny flaws. In squeeze bottle. 5 perfect shades, 59c. (all prices plus tax)



READERS INC.

(Continued)

I saw Richard Egan in a picture last year, and can't remember the name of it. Victor Mature and Sylvia Sidney played in it, too. Can you tell me what movie this was?

LINDA MELLUCCI

New York, New York

The picture you have in mind was 20th's "Violent Saturday."—ED.

I wish you would help settle an argument my sister and I have been having. I say there was a movie called "On the Town," with Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen. My sister says it was called "Over the Town." Who is right?

ANNA MARIE PICA

Trumbull, Connecticut

You are.—ED.

I have just seen a British movie called "Simba," and the more I think about it the more impressed I am. I am being haunted by the players—the leading lady; the man she fell in love with (who reminds me of Desi Arnaz); and the man who did such a wonderful job as the African doctor. Can you tell me who they are?

Was the picture filmed in Kenya?

FAYE JOHANNIS

Niagara Falls, New York

The leading lady was played by Virginia McKenna; Dirk Bogarde was the man she loved; Earl Cameron played the doctor. Most of the background shots were taken right in Kenya, and many of the players were natives of the area.—ED.

Would you please settle an argument I am having with my husband? Did Montgomery Clift play in "The Rope" or did John Dall?

MRS. CHARLES OHLENSCHLAGER

Buffalo, New York

John Dall played in this movie which starred James Stewart.—ED.

CASTING:

I have just finished reading *Sweet Thursday* by John Steinbeck. I think it would make a great picture with this cast: *Fauna*, Ethel Merman; *Doc*, Richard Egan; *Suzy*, Debbie Reynolds; *Hazel*, David Wayne; *Mac*, Dick York.

STUART WARSHAWSKY

Hackensack, New Jersey

A musical play "Pipe Dream," by Rodgers and Hammerstein, is based on this book and is currently running on Broadway.—ED.

I think Maureen Daly's *Seventeenth Summer* would make an excellent movie with Tab Hunter as *Jack Duluth*; Mona Freeman as *Angie Morrow*; Anne Francis as *Lorraine Morrow*; Sandra Descher as *Kitty*.

PATTY HALL

Marion, North Carolina

I have read the book *A Woman Called Fancy* by Frank Yerby and I think it would be a wonderful picture with these stars: *Fancy*, Joan Collins; *Court*, Lex Barker; *Fern*, Jane Powell; *Duke*, Robert Taylor; *Agnes*, Charlotte Austin.

DELIA PILLERNEN

Bronx, New York

After reading *Beast in View* by Margaret Millar, I am convinced that it would make a very intriguing, suspenseful movie. As a cast: Jennifer Jones as *Helen Clarvoe*; Terry Moore, Evelyn Merrick; Jeff Morrow, Paul Blackshear.

Handled correctly, this could be the drama of the year.

ALICE MICHAEL

Many, Louisiana

For 1 Lucky Woman in 400—

An Edith Head Original from Hollywood!

"The Birds and the Bees"

*Hug-me-
tight* Blouse

In *Bates* Disciplined Mist Lawn
\$10⁰⁰ original for only **\$3⁰⁰**
and 2 Dial Soap wrappers.

Inspired by "The Birds and the Bees"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color
by Technicolor—Starring **George Gobel**
in his motion picture debut



Imagine *you* wearing an original creation by Hollywood's most applauded designer, Edith Head! That's your opportunity, just for using Dial Soap. Made of Bates Disciplined Mist Lawn* (finest quality cotton), your blouse comes in Chalk White printed in the most wanted colors for Spring—Avocado Green and Azalea Pink. A bargain at \$10.00, it's yours for only \$3.00 and 2 Dial wrappers!

But only one lucky woman in 400 can own this exclusive blouse because the supply is very limited. Get mild, fragrant Dial Soap—regular or bath size—and send for your "The Birds and The Bees" Blouse today.

*Registered Bates cotton that washes easily, dries quickly, never needs starch, irons smooth with a stroke, shrinkage controlled.

**Aren't you glad
you use Dial Soap?**

(don't you wish everybody did!)



Wear it with
formals!

Wear it with
slacks or
shorts!



Wear it with a
full skirt!



Wear it with a
sheath!

CLIP AND MAIL THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK TODAY

ADDRESS Dial, P. O. Box 5707, Chicago 80, Illinois

Send me ___ blouses. I enclose \$3.00, check ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐, and 2 DIAL SOAP wrappers, either regular or bath size, for each blouse ordered. I have circled correct size below. (Please print plainly.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CIRCLE SIZE: Small (30-32) Medium (34-36) Large (38-40)

We pay the postage! Offer void where taxed, prohibited, restricted, or license is required. Allow up to 5 weeks for delivery. Offer expires June 30, 1956. Refund guaranteed when supply is exhausted.



Modern lowboy with base drawer, sparkling brass pulls. Lovely Blond Oak finish. Also in Cherry Cordovan, Seafoam Mahogany, or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6126.

How to choose your **Life's Companion**

That's a very, very important decision—selecting the guardian for your future. That's what a Lane does for you. Each one designed for *lasting* beauty, to add graciousness to any room in your home.

Every Lane is scientifically constructed to provide *lasting* safety, as no other storage method can. Blankets and wool-

ens are safe as dreams in a Lane. A Lane keeps step with you as you go through life. Before marriage, it makes a private treasure trove for your personal things. It collects trousseau loveliness. And it's exquisite furniture for your dream home.

Here are just five of the many styles at leading furniture and department stores.

Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, airtight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.



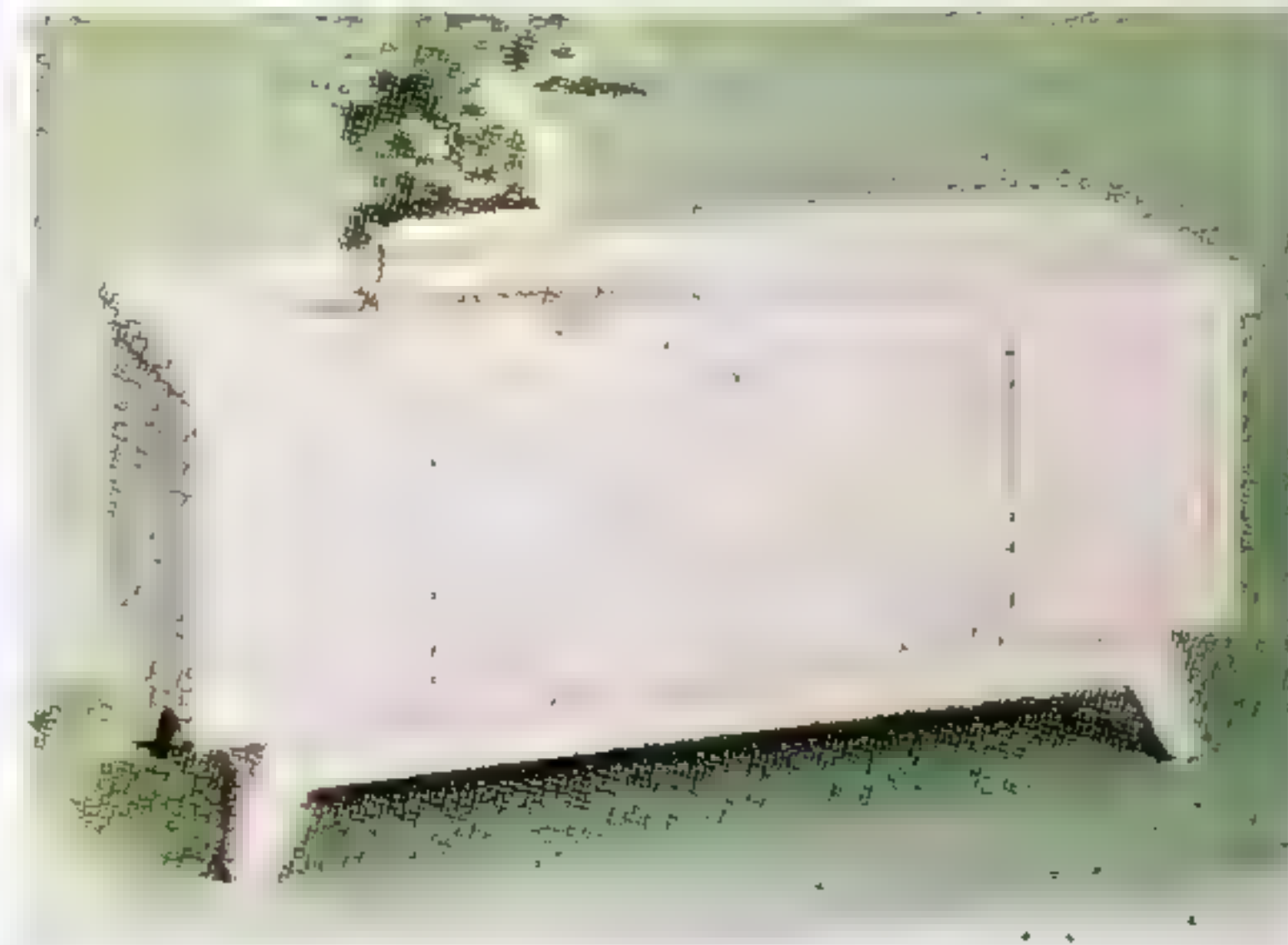
Distinguished chair-height Lane Chest with roomy base tray. Hand-rubbed satin Mahogany finish. Handy self-lifting tray. #6202.



Serpentine front on base drawer. Pearl Gray Mahogany finish. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, Cordovan or Charcoal Mahogany. #6164.



Front-opening console, tambour-effect doors, sliding shelf. Softone Walnut. Also Blond Oak, Seafoam or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6045.



Swedish base, self-lifting tray. Parquetry panel; Seafoam Mahogany. Also Blond Oak, Pearl Gray Mahogany, Softone Walnut. #6071.

LANE Cedar Chests start at \$49⁹⁵ **Easy Terms**

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables

VACATION WONDERLAND

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING



Golden beaches tempt the traveler to stop and, like Jeanne Crain and family, romp in the sun. Here, at Laguna, you'll find other stars at play

**Fun spots in the desert,
the fabulous night life
of Las Vegas,
the thrilling saga
of the studios,
await the traveler
who follows Photoplay's
trail to the stars**

● This year, PHOTOPLAY offers a vacationer's preview of the main delights to be enjoyed along the West Coast—from Los Angeles, to San Francisco and Portland.

These three cities are major highlights in the vast and varied vacation wonderland which beckons to the Western-bound traveler. The desert may be dry, but there you'll find oases of fun spots such as Las Vegas and Palm Springs. The Pacific may be wide and wet, but along its golden shores are the best beaches—at Malibu, Santa Monica, Monterey, La Jolla, Laguna. And of course there are the gigantic movie studios, the famous restaurants. Actually, there is no end to the places to be seen, the things to do.

If you travel by car, you can have your

own personal itinerary plotted for you. If you plan to go by bus, Trailways Tours offers thrifty package plans which include sightseeing and hotel accommodations. Trailways departs from almost every major city and features comfortable, air-conditioned travel, with magnificent views through their big picture windows. Or, if you want to get there faster, you can travel on such trains as the Santa Fe's El Capitan or Super-Chief, with special dome-cars which give you a relaxed view of everything from the sprawling Kansas plains to the Indian villages of New Mexico. And, if you "just can't wait to get there," you will fly and arrive in a matter of hours.

So don your best traveling cap and westward-ho for the vacation of a lifetime.

Continued



Bobby is in TV's 'Fury'; Spring Byington, in 'December Bride'

Fun for the family. Bobby Diamond, Spring Byington tour Disneyland, meet Man from Space

Los Angeles

In olden times, as the saying goes, all roads led to Rome. Today, it seems safe to say, all roads lead to Los Angeles. In recent years, this amazing city has grown by leaps and bounds, to become one of the largest, in size, in the world. It is also just about the "mostest" metropolis of them all—where you'll find the most beautiful, glamorous people, plus the most gorgeous homes and gardens, the most fabulous places to visit, and the most exciting things to do.

Vast and bustling, Los Angeles is truly a city of magic, as well as the jumping-off place to many other wondrous sites and situations along the coast and inland. Actually, this great tourist mecca is not one but a collection of cities, including Hollywood, Van Nuys, Encino and Universal City. (Hollywood became a part of Los Angeles in 1910, but it still retains its own name and Post Office with a "Hollywood" cancellation. Originally, back in 1886, it was the name of the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Henderson Wilcox, who chose that label in honor of a Chicago friend's home which had been surrounded by eastern holly bushes.) Also, while traveling from one end of Los Angeles to the other, you pass through such well-known cities as Beverly Hills, Alhambra, Glendale, Santa Monica and Burbank, which have become surrounded by the ever-growing Los Angeles.

Weather-wise, the city and its neighboring areas feature warm days and cool nights. From November until April, the temperature ranges between the middle 50's and low 60's. From May to October, the days are generally warm—in the middle 60's and 70's—although toward the end of August and in September, it can (as it did last year) approach or top 100°, but this is unusual. Consequently, packing lightweight clothes will be your best bet, but don't forget to include sweaters and a coat—or even a small fur wrap—for the cool evenings.

If you are driving, be sure to get a map of the city as soon as you arrive. In fact, even if you don't have a car, Los Angeles is so spread out, such a map will prove to be handy in showing you the distance between and location of the numerous sights to see—especially if you have any plans for a private tour of your own.

Paramount Studio



Grauman's Chinese



Marisa, Pier, at Palm Springs Racquet Club



Universal Studio



Santa Fe Super Chief



Famed Brown Derby



If you plan to rent a car during your visit, the National Car Rental System—which has offices in all major cities, including San Francisco and Portland—offers service at about \$7 per day, plus 7¢ per mile for gas, oil and insurance. The base rate quoted usually provides for use of a Chevrolet, Ford or Plymouth. When you are through using a rented car, you may turn it in at the local Car Rental office, which will arrange to have the car returned to its city of origin without extra charge. Advance reservations for cars is advisable, and can be made by checking your local office of National Car Rental System, Inc.

Because there is just too much to see and do in and around Los Angeles—unless you have a lifetime to spend there—you might as well start now to pick and choose between what you want to see and do most, and save the rest for return visits. For, once you have been there, you're bound to want to return. Without a doubt, your Los Angeles visit will be everything you dreamed it would be—and more!

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Angel's Flight: The shortest railroad on earth, a funicular in operation since 1901. Runs from S.W. corner of 3rd and Hill, daily from 6 A.M. to 12:20 A.M. Suggest off-hour trip since it carries commuters from top of the hill to downtown Los Angeles. Fare: 5¢ per round trip.

Antique Shops: Exciting shops are grouped on Los Feliz Boulevard in Glendale; on La Cienega Boulevard between Melrose and Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles; and on Ventura Boulevard from Studio City westward. Fascinating relics of Los Angeles' days of the Early West. Best reached by automobile.

Art Galleries and Museums: Cowie Galleries, Galleria, Biltmore Hotel. Good collection of modern art to see or to buy.

Dalzell Hatfield Galleries, Ambassador Hotel. On lower floor. Utrillo, Millard Sheets and others. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays.

Huntington Library, 1151 Oxford Road, San Marino Home of Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy" and other outstanding canvases. Exhibition of the development of printing. Oriental gardens. Magnificent vistas for camera enthusiasts. One of the musts of Southern California. See Tanner Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Los Angeles County Museum, Figueroa at 39th. Dinosaurs, movie exhibit of memorable gowns. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. except Mondays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. *Free.*

Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive. Stupendous collection of Indian artifacts. Authentic teepee set up for children to view. Open 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. except Mondays and holidays.

Beaches: Santa Monica: Take Santa Monica bus on Wilshire Boulevard, or if you are driving follow Wilshire Boulevard westward to the sea. At Christmastime, the Palisades Park presents an inspiring series of illuminated tableaux of the Life of Christ.

Long Beach: Take Long Beach car at Pacific Electric Station, 6th and Main St., or drive south via Long Beach Boulevard or American Avenue.

Malibu: Drive north on Route 101 from Santa Monica. The mission "ruins" you see here and there are not genuine, were erected by a real estate firm when area was developed. However, legend has it that pirate gold was buried in the Malibu hills. To north is promontory, the Serra Retreat, which was once home of original owner of Rancho Malibu.

Newport, Balboa, Laguna, La Jolla, San Diego: Take Route 101 south from Santa Monica. Balboa is favorite beach of the high school and college crowd. If your visit is in late July or August, don't miss the Laguna Art Festival, consisting of living tableaux recreating famed art masterpieces.

Beauty: Max Factor Salon, 1666 North Hollywood Boulevard. Offers special Hollywood beauty treatment, with tips on grooming and make-up direct from the glamour capital.

Bel Air: Sumptuous residential area, directly north of Sunset Boulevard between Beverly Glen and Sepulveda Boulevards. Winding streets with landscaped vistas and view of city below. If you are driving your own car, don't miss this section on your way toward the beach cities to the west and north.

Casa Adobe: 4603 N. Figueroa St. Replica of a Spanish colonial ranch of the 1800's, and so furnished. Authentic tile and adobe construction. Worth seeing after a trip to Southwest Museum. Open 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. Wednesdays and Sundays. *Free.*

Catalina: Offshore island offering swimming, dancing, riding, golfing, bird-farm viewing, beaching in general. Fun trip for anyone who has not visited the Hawaiian Islands or the pleasure islands of the Caribbean. For boat reservations call NEvada 6-2544. Boat train leaves Pacific Electric Station at 6th and Main at 9 A.M. Boat sails from harbor city of Wilmington at 10 A.M., arrives at Catalina about noon. Boat leaves Avalon, on Catalina, for return at 3:30 P.M. Adult fare: \$6.52 round trip; children: \$3.26. For flight reservations call Catalina Airways, ORegon 8-3451. Planes leave for Avalon on Catalina at 9:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. daily. Return to Los Angeles at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. daily. Fare: \$12 round trip.

Chinatown: 900 North Broadway. Can be seen from inbound Pasadena Freeway. Night visit is suggested, since area somewhat tawdry by day, vivid at night. Cantonese cooking in any of a number of restaurants is excellent and well priced. Curio shops, jade collections, Chinese furniture. Much smaller version of San Francisco's Chinatown.

Churches: For information on interesting churches in the Los Angeles area, time of services, etc., telephone Church Federation of Los Angeles, REpublic 2-0181.

Forest Lawn Memorial Park: 1712 Glendale Avenue (off San Fernando Road). Famous cemetery celebrated for its statuary; the "Hall of the Crucifixion" (America's largest religious painting); stained-glass window of "The Last Supper." Lectures daily on the hour from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. Ask for information on lectures at booth just inside entrance. The Park is also the site of three beautiful churches: The Little Church of The Flowers, patterned after Stoke Poges, in whose churchyard Thomas Gray wrote his "Elegy," the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, modeled after the parish church in Glencairn, Scotland, where Annie Laurie worshipped; The Church of the Recessional, patterned after St. Margaret's in Rottingdean, England. For tour information, check Tanner Tour #6 (under Special Tours).

Dancing: (Prices quoted do not include beverages.) Several of the major hotels have rooms for dining and dancing. These are listed under the section, *Where to Stay.*

Bar of Music: 7351 Beverly Boulevard.

Continued

Sailing, San Pedro

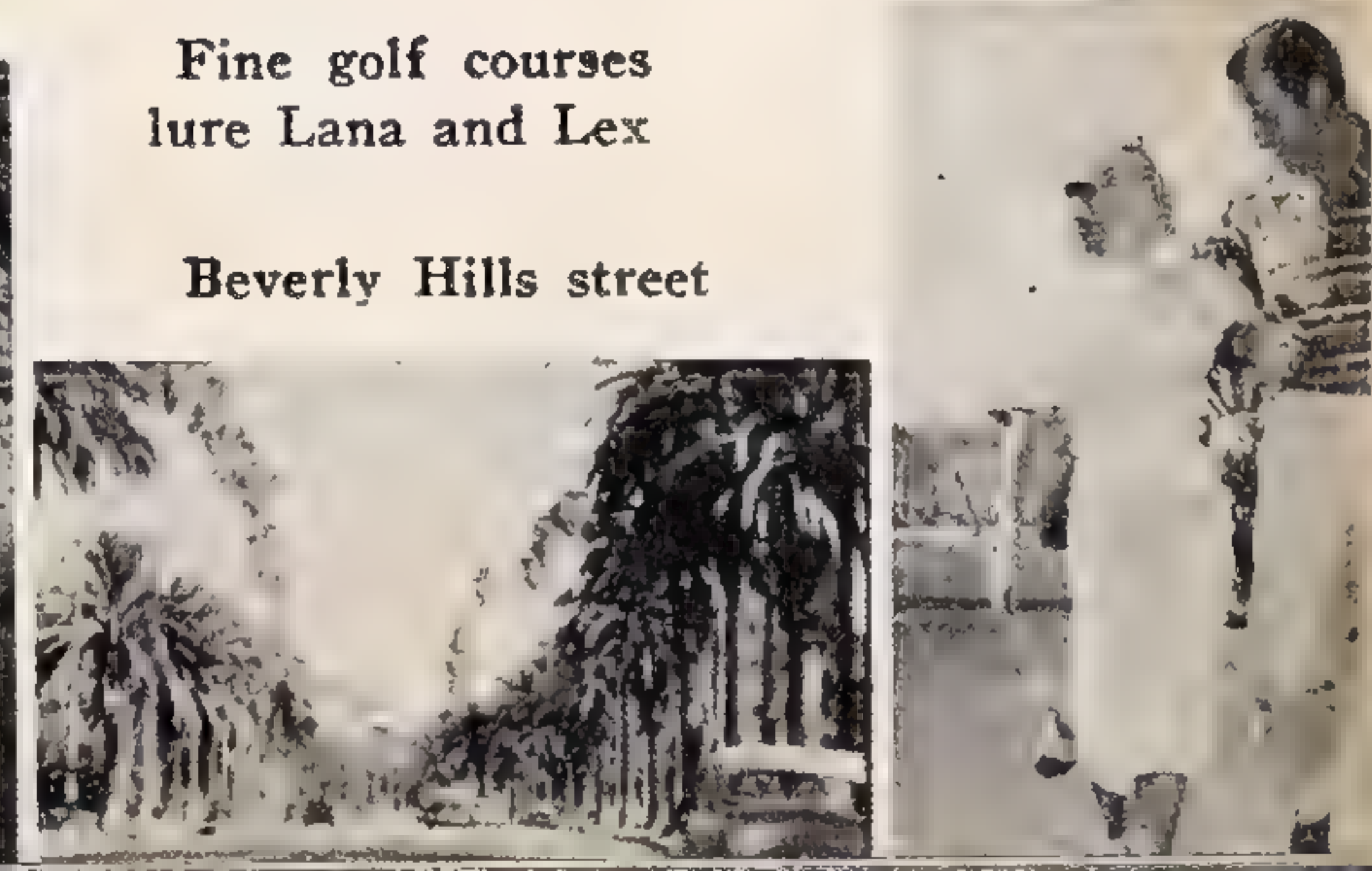
Sands Hotel, Las Vegas

Tanner Gray Line

Lake Mead, Las Vegas

Fine golf courses
lure Lana and Lex

Beverly Hills street



VACATION WONDERLAND Continued

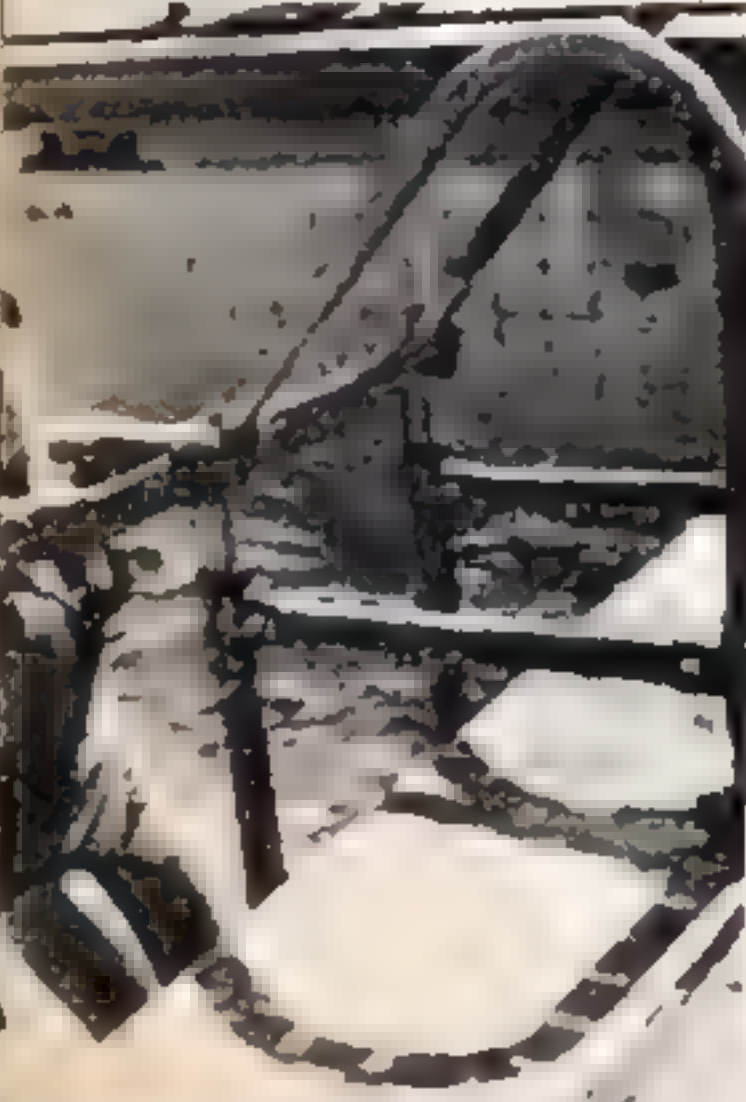
All-glass Wayfarers' Church, Portuguese Bend



Sahara, Las Vegas (Cary Grants, Ray Bolger, Grace Kelly)



Griffith Park Planetarium, Los Angeles



Even motels have pools (June Allyson)



Farmers' Market, a gourmet's paradise



Bing's catch—even fish are fabulous!



Desert oasis—Apple Valley Inn (Dean, Jerry, Janet Leigh)



See stars at preems. (Joan Collins with Arthur Loew, Jr.)

Dancing and entertainment from 9 P.M. nightly. A fun spot equally popular with big business people and the college set. Minimum on Saturdays. Better figure on at least \$10 check for two.

Ciro's: 8433 Sunset Boulevard. One of the most celebrated night clubs in the world. Floor shows at 10:15 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover charge, prices generally expensive. Reservations essential.

Mocambo: 8588 Sunset Boulevard. A movietown institution, with such talent as Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald. Reservations essential. Prices generally expensive.

Moulin Rouge: 6230 Sunset Boulevard, near both CBS and NBC studios. This theatre restaurant offers an evening of revue, dancing and dinner for \$5.50 per person. Best evening entertainment bargain in town. Decor looks like night clubs one sees in motion pictures, and revue is opulent. Closed on Mondays.

Palladium: 6215 Sunset Boulevard. Top-name bands, young crowd. Open Wednesday through Sunday nights, 8:30 P.M. on. Admission charged, price depending upon where you wish to sit. Average price for a couple, \$5.

Descanso Gardens: 1418 Descanso Drive, in La Canada. 48,000 camellias in bloom from late fall through early spring, beneath ancient oak trees. Open 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. Admission for adults, 50¢; children, 25¢.

Disneyland: Near Buena Park, just off Santa Ana Freeway to the south. All highways clearly marked with directional signs. 160 acres of fun, includes a Gay 90's street, the World of Tomorrow, Fantasyland, Frontierland, and Adventureland. Three large restaurants supply food at reasonable prices, and there are many food booths. Adjacent motel available for those who become so fascinated they want to spend more than a day in Disneyland. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. Admissions for adults, \$1, for children, 50¢. Special rides are fascinating. They include a railroad trip around perimeter of Disneyland; fare: 50¢; Riverboat ride in Adventureland; fare: 50¢; Stern-wheeler ride (10 minutes) along the river, 50¢. Also many rides in Fantasyland.

Drama: "The Drunkard": 600 North Vermont. Live dramatic production of a turn-of-the-century thriller. Audience has fun hissing the villain, beer and pretzels or coffee served during performance. Now in 23rd year of production. Performances nightly at 8:30 P.M., except Mondays. Prices: Orchestra seats, \$3.50; balcony, \$3. Admission price includes refreshments. Reservations essential.

Pasadena Community Playhouse: 39 El Molina Avenue, Pasadena. The cradle of the stars, many of whom appeared here before they broke into movies. Open nightly except Mondays. Prices: 90¢ to \$2.40.

Philharmonic Auditorium: 427 West 5th

Street, downtown. Check newspaper or hotel guide for current attractions. Light opera; concert series; symphonies. Prices: \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Turnabout Theatre: 716 N. La Cienega Boulevard. Nightly at 9 P.M., except Mondays. A two-way show. Puppets put on a lively drama at one end of the hall; then the street-car seats are reversed and the audience sees a live revue at other end of the hall. Elsa Lanchester usually starred. Prices: Tuesday through Friday, \$2.20; Saturdays, \$2.20 and \$3.30.

Farmers' Market: 3rd and Fairfax. One of the best places in Los Angeles to do your gift shopping. The food markets offer papayas from Hawaii, tea from India, biscuits from England, cheese from Scandinavia, preserves from Holland, fruits from every state on the West Coast. In the Farmers' Dell, you can buy leather purses from Brazil, Indian dresses from Arizona, silver bracelets from Mexico and Siam, bone china from England. And while you're shopping, plan to take your luncheon break in the area and treat yourself to an open-air feast at various food booths. Also in the neighborhood is the May Company, Wilshire, and the Gilmore recreation island which includes the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. Note: Farmers' Market is closed on Sundays.

Fashion Show: For a glimpse of the coming fashions, you may want to catch one of the evening fashion shows at I. Magnin (at Vermont & Wilshire). Every Monday from 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. Or if you prefer a daytime fashion show, Bullock's (all three branches) run one every Wednesday from noon to 2 P.M.

Griffith Park: Enter by turning north off Loz Feliz Boulevard at Western Avenue, Vermont Street or Riverside Drive. Largest city park in the world. 4,000 acres of ground, boasting 30 miles of roads and 50 miles of bridle paths. Park contains a zoo, section called Traveltown with miniature railway, Greek Theatre which has excellent light opera program during summer months. Also an Observatory and a Planetarium. Small fee is charged at the Planetarium for special "heavenly" trip on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights at 8:30 P.M. Matinee performances on Saturday at 3 P.M., Sunday at 3 P.M. and 4:15 P.M. Park is open 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. daily.

Hollywood Bowl: Highland Avenue, north of Hollywood Boulevard. Presenting symphonic music during July and August. Check local papers for programs and conductors. Wonderful view of the distant city at night. Prices begin at 50¢ for seats at top of Bowl, which provide music seeming to come from the stars. The Bowl is open throughout the year from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. for sightseeing and picture-taking.

Knott's Berry Farm: In Buena Park, 22 miles southwest of Los Angeles via Santa (Continued on page 79)

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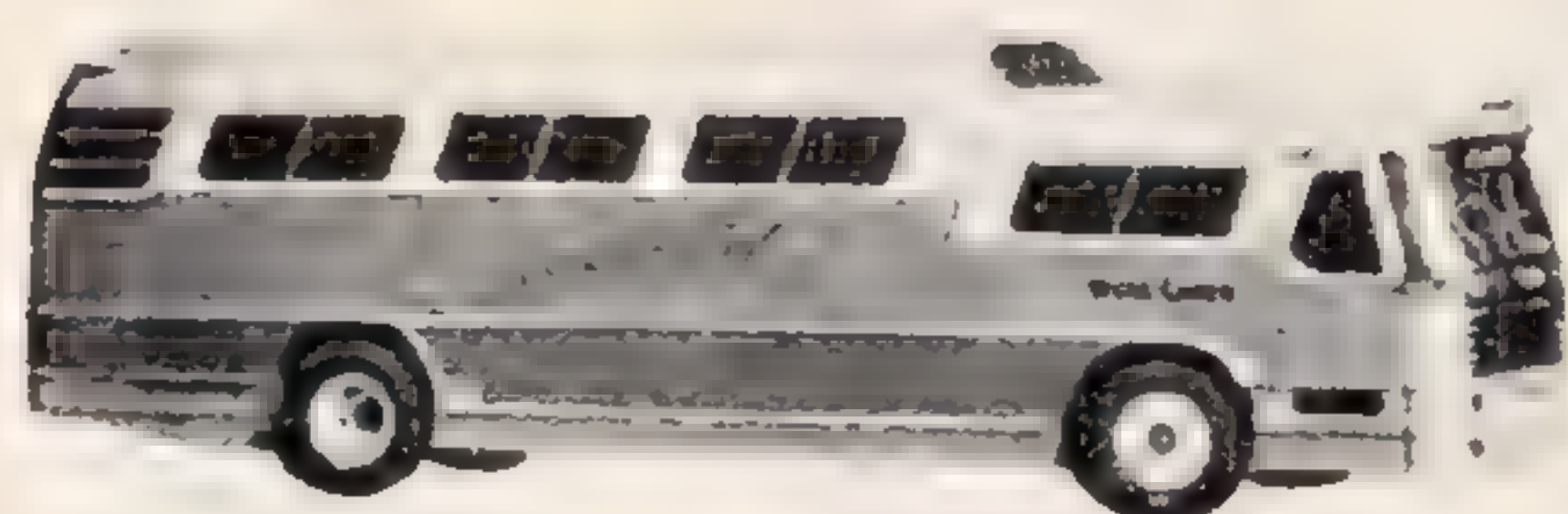
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Travel Costs: On any long vacation trip, your budget for travel is of prime importance. To help you determine this basic outlay, we present here approximate costs of individual, round-trip fares from nine major cities to Los Angeles, San Francisco or Portland. In addition, an approximate figure is given for a "triangle trip," by plane, covering all three cities for a modest additional cost. The triangle trip prices cover travel from city of origin to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco, then to Portland, and return. All prices below have been rounded to the nearest dollar, and in each case include 10% Federal Transportation Tax.

If your budget for travel seems too limited, you may wish to consult your local travel agent about the advantages of traveling now and paying later. Many good plans are available. You may also wish to investigate the money-saving advantages of "Family Plans" and 30-day excursion rates—both of which may be of great help in over-all planning.

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION		FROM ATLANTA	FROM BOSTON	FROM CHICAGO	FROM DALLAS	FROM DENVER	FROM DETROIT	FROM ST. PAUL	FROM NEW YORK	FROM ST. LOUIS
Bus	TO Los Angeles	\$87	\$118	\$78	\$55	\$44	\$91	\$75	\$112	\$3
	San Francisco	87	118	78	58	44	91	75	112	3
	Portland	92	108	73	71	46	86	61	103	3
	Triangle trip to all 3 above									
RR Pullman First Class	TO Los Angeles	\$212	\$302	\$181	\$135	\$119	\$220	\$177	\$288	\$2
	San Francisco	212	302	181	151	119	220	177	288	2
	Portland	221	287	173	173	117	206	146	276	4
	Triangle trip to all 3 above									
RR Coach	TO Los Angeles	\$120	\$166	\$99	\$76	\$67	\$120	\$99	\$157	4
	San Francisco	120	166	99	83	67	120	99	157	4
	Portland	119	157	90	90	61	111	76	148	6
	Triangle trip to all 3 above									
Plane First Class	TO Los Angeles	\$265	\$350	\$240	\$162	\$127	\$272	\$231	\$332	\$7
	San Francisco	290	350	240	205	136	272	230	332	7
	Portland	313	350	240	234	138	272	205	332	8
	Triangle trip to all 3 above	313	369	258	234	191	290	258	351	9
Plane Coach	TO Los Angeles	\$193	\$233	\$167	\$125	\$95	\$189	\$178	\$218	\$1
	San Francisco	215	233	167	147	101	189	173	218	0
	Portland	224	233	167	184	106	189	158	218	5
	Triangle trip to all 3 above	253	277	211	198	144	233	212	261	1

VACATION WONDERLAND

(Continued from page 76)

Ana Freeway. Around three million visitors had the time of their lives at Knott's last year. Delicious food, reasonably priced, is served at the Chicken Dinner Restaurant, and at the Steak House (except on Fridays). Afterward, you may prowl through an authentic frontier ghost town complete with jailhouse, printing office, assay office, saddlery, Silver Dollar saloon, serving only boysenberry punch (no alcoholic beverages are vended at Knott's), the Bird Cage Theatre where the drama is melo, an Indian village, and an old gold mine where you can pan your own. There is an authentic old train to ride, as well as a stagecoach. And an exhibit of coaches which plied the dusty trails in the old days will arouse your respect for our pioneer ancestors. Everything free, except the special rides. Children adore Knott's. See Tanner Gray Line Tour #19 (under Special Tours).

La Brea Tar Pits: Landscaped park between La Brea and Fairfax, 6th and Wilshire Boulevard. A trip through this area is free and well worth walking and camera time. Concrete replicas of the prehistoric animals who roamed the California region before Caesar ruled in Rome provide great lens material.

Marineland: Oceanarium on the Palos Verdes Peninsula halfway between Redondo Beach and San Pedro. Two four-story ocean tanks, 358 underwater viewing windows, an octopus grotto, and a 1500-seat amphitheatre where you can watch the porpoises play. Wonderful place for youngsters. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Prices: Adults, \$2; juniors, \$1; children 7 to 12, 50¢, under 6, free. Also adjacent is one of Los Angeles' most beautiful restaurants, with cocktail lounge.

Missions: The Los Angeles area contains many famous missions, of which we list here only a few of those better known. In the Mission Valley near San Diego lies San Diego De Alcala, founded on July 16, 1769. Originally this mission was in what was known as the "Old Town," but the Spanish soldiery presented such a threat to the lovely young Indian charges being educated at the Mission, that it had to be moved out of the Town. Next in order of founding is San Gabriel Arcangel, September 8, 1771, which is in the city of San Gabriel. Visitors should check on hours of conducted tours. A 35¢ admission fee is charged for maintenance purposes. San Gabriel Mission may be seen on Tanner Gray Line Tour #1 (for details see Special Tours). In the town of San Juan Capistrano lies the famous mission of the same name, founded on November 1, 1776. To this Mission the swallows return each spring on St. Joseph's Day. In the hills overlooking Santa Barbara is Santa Barbara Mission, founded on December 4, 1786. Be sure to make a pilgrimage through the old cloisters. Camera fans find wonderful views at both San Juan Capistrano and Santa Barbara. Of later date is Santa Inez Mission, founded on September 17, 1804. Situated at Solvang, the delightful Danish city north of Santa Barbara. See further details on Solvang under *Near-by Attractions*.

(Continued on page 97)

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● A girl has got to look her best when she's entertaining troops overseas. It's a pretty rugged soldier who can stand to see his favorite movie doll smudged, weary and looking like she's just combed her hair with an egg-beater. But if you don't think a heavy travel schedule can put a strain on good looks, just ask the girl who owns one, Debbie Reynolds. Between flights to remote military outposts, trips with Eddie and personal appearances connected with her own films, she's about as traveled a young woman as you're likely to find. She's also the first to admit that without a bag of special beauty tricks, it's easy to look like a wilted dust mop. As indispensable as a toothbrush, says Debbie, is an aerosol can of hair spray. Come heat, humidity or high wind—pssst! Hair to stay! Since there is rarely time for primping, she counts on creamy but long-lasting lipstick, the kind that stays on and on without drying her lips. For a shiny nose, she finds pressed cake powder gives the best coverage and puts off the inevitable a little longer. When fatigue gives even Debbie's pert little pan a slightly drawn look, she finds a dab of natural-looking, easy-to-apply liquid rouge the next best thing to a good night's sleep. Because nothing defeats a well-groomed look as do broken nails or peeling polish, Debbie cuts down on breakage by keeping her nails fairly short and filed in rounded

that's Debbie all over

BY HARRIET SEGMAN



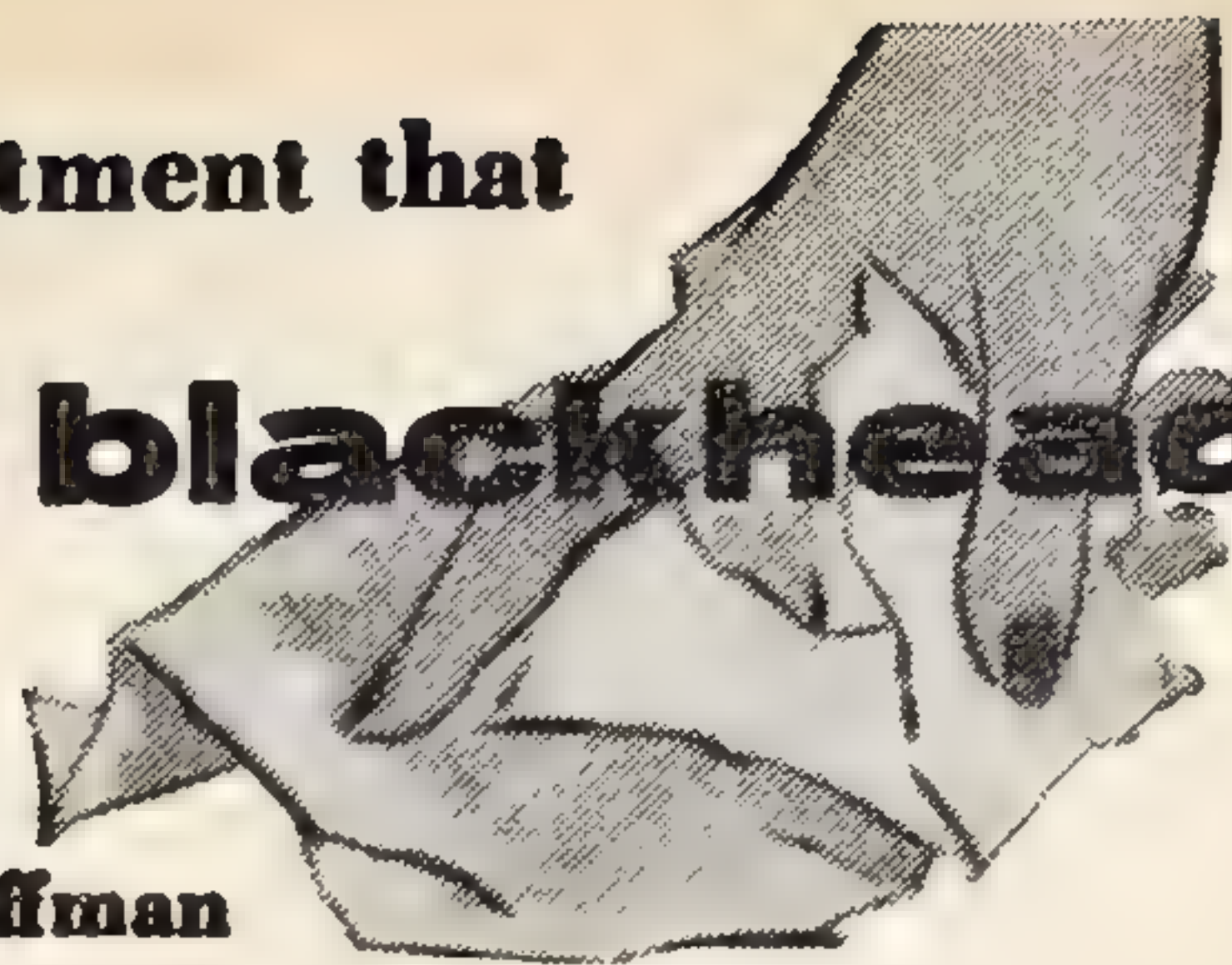
Debbie is in M-G-M's
"The Catered Affair"

ovals. Her polish lasts because she applies a base coat, two coats of polish and a protective top coat, wiping off a hairline edge at the tip of each nail to help prevent chipping. A soap-and-water fiend, she considers a quick shower a five-minute vacation for frazzled nerves. When there's time for a leisurely bath, she makes a big thing of it with fragrant soap, bath salts, dusting powder and toilet water. While your own safaris may not be as frequent as Debbie's or as far afield, her beauty hints for travelers will take you in the right direction.

*At home, abroad, or en route,
she's always herself,
neat, sweet and dainty*

Doctor develops home treatment that
rinses away blackheads
 in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman



A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and though, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw sabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *Whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissue off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more *alive*!

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*, *Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent*. The three items are sold as a complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off"
 After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment



Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue — and without squeezing or digging!

- 1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You wipe off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.
- 2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque*. As the absorbing agent, *Argilla*, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.
- 3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent*—a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.



all these items
3.98
 Plus tax
 Enough for 33 Treatments
 Economical Size
5.95
 Plus tax
 Enough for 66 Treatments

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

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- ☐ \$5.95 economical professional size (Plus Fed. tax). Enough for 66 home treatments for one person —enough for 33 home treatments for 2 persons, at less than 9c a treatment. (You save \$2.01.)

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what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

This month's column is devoted to those of you who have asked for background information about your favorite recording artists. Others will be covered in future months.

THE FOUR ACES: This group was organized in 1950 by Al Alberts. After a period of part-time work, Al—with Dave Mahoney, Sid Vocarro, and Lou Silvestri—landed a full-time job at Ye Olde Mill, near Philadelphia. There they introduced their version of "Sin," which they later recorded for Decca, and rose to fame on the strength of it. Their hottest numbers to date are "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and "A Woman in Love."

CHET BAKER: This versatile young musician was born in Yale, Oklahoma, in 1928. At Glendale Junior High School in California, he played trumpet in the marching band

and dance orchestra. Drafted in 1946, and discharged two years later, Chet then studied music theory and harmony at El Camino College in Los Angeles. After re-enlisting in 1950, he became a member of the Presidio Army Band in San Francisco. While there, Chet began sitting in with his trumpet with various jazz groups, and soon he came to the attention of the late Charlie Parker, who hired Chet for his West Coast dates in the summer of 1952. Shortly afterward, Chet joined the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, then late in 1953 formed his own group. This combo, featuring Russ Freeman on piano, gave Chet the chance to play the kind of trumpet he wanted to play. Soon after taking his place on top, Chet started to sing. He can be heard on Pacific Jazz records.

BILL HALEY: Bill's first musical instrument was a home-made guitar, which was soon supplanted by a real one. At 13, Bill got his first job, playing at an auction for one dollar a night. A short time later he formed his own band and worked whenever he could secure bookings. After years of interesting but unprofitable experience, Bill landed the job of musical director and bandleader at radio station WPAW, Chester, Pennsylvania. His group worked nights in the Philadelphia area, and began to record for Decca in 1951. In 1952, Haley's group became known as The Comets. In 1953, they recorded "Rock Around the Clock." In 1955, it was featured in "The Blackboard Jungle" as background music and became number 1 in the nation. Since that time, Bill has had quite a few hits. His latest is "See You Later, Alligator."

PAT BOONE: Pat, who is 21, started his singing career at the age of 10, performing at Saturday matinees on the stage of the Belle Meade Theatre, in Nashville, Tennessee. At 17, he had his own radio show on Station WSTX in Nashville, and at 18, he won the East Nashville High School talent contest. The great-great-grandson of Daniel Boone, Pat distinguished himself as a scholar and athlete at Lipscomb High School in Nashville. His first hit tune for Dot was "Ain't That a Shame." His latest is "I'll Be Home" and "Tutti-Frutti."

HARRY BELAFONTE: Born in New York City in 1926, Harry spent most of his childhood in the West Indies. Returning to New York, he finished high school, then enlisted in the Navy, spending two years overseas. When he returned to civilian life, he enrolled at the American Negro Theatre and later studied at the New School in New York, intending to pursue a career in acting, directing, and producing. After a try at Broadway, he gave up acting for an eight-hours-a-day job. Soon, however, he auditioned at the old Royal Roost jazz club, and wound up being held over for fourteen weeks. Later, he became a folk singer and appeared at the Village Vanguard and the Blue Angel, then signed a contract with RCA Victor. His first album, "Mark Twain," was a tremendous success. His second, "Belafonte," promises to be even greater. His rendition of "Water Boy" is terrific, as is the touching "Scarlet Ribbons."

BENNY GOODMAN: With the release of Universal-International's film biography of "The Benny Goodman Story," the younger generation has suddenly become aware that

Continued on page 85



At ease with the latest records, Barbara Britton wears downy Mazet Orlon sweater, sleeveless and high-throated—summer boon for sweater lovers. In many colors. 34 to 40. By Rovi. \$5.95. Jantzen's cotton knit striped shorts, \$4.95. The phonograph: handsome, three-speed automatic in mahogany with gilt-flecked grill. Rich high-fidelity sound is channeled in any desired direction by side panels (shown closed). By Sylvania. \$149.95.

For Where to Buy fashions, see page 117

Only Perma-lift bras with new "Magic Insets"
give you natural rounded, lasting uplift

Fashion's enchanting, new rounded look happens so naturally with "Perma-lift,"* for "Perma-lift" Bras alone are styled with the new Magic Insets that com-

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The Things She Said to Me!

(Continued from page 39)

"The Sleeping Prince," which she'll do in London—with none other than Sir Laurence Olivier, knighted for his great acting by the King of England—she plays a chorus girl with a lot of zing and zang in her walk. Sex shall not take a holiday on the Marilyn Monroe calendar which we all know so well.

"Where will you be living in Hollywood?" I dared to inquire.

"We're talking about maybe I might get a house with Amy and Milton and Josh, their baby—little Josh. He's very fond of me and I of him."

She was referring to Milton Greene—who guided her in her successful bolt from 20th Century-Fox—and his cute, 98-pound wife and their child.

"How long will you remain in Hollywood this time?"

"Probably till June 1."

"And then—England?"

"That depends," Marilyn said. "We don't know yet when we'll be doing 'The Sleeping Prince.' We think we'll get started in August, and are so delighted to have Sir Laurence Olivier as my leading man and director. He's my dreamboat!"

As a producer and head of Marilyn Monroe Productions, she had acquired from playwright Terence Rattigan the English play. As a producer it had been up to her to get the proper leading man and, in as much as Olivier was a great actor who had played the part on the London stage, and also had box-office appeal, he'd been tagged for the part.

"Who the heck is 'The Sleeping Prince,' anyway?"

"It's England, 1912," Marilyn answered. "I'm an American chorus girl. I meet this Regent. He's Acting Regent for his brother. He's older, and he's moneyed, and he's sleeping—evidently sleeping. I wake him up."

"Had you met Olivier before your and his press conference a few weeks ago?"

"Years ago. Before I was anybody. That was really years ago. Gosh! They wouldn't remember."

She got that far-away look in her eyes people get when thinking back across the years.

"I met them through Johnny Hyde," Marilyn said. By "them" she meant Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh. Hyde, who has since died, was her agent and very dear friend then.

"Will you be doing any singing or dancing?" I asked.

"Certainly! In 'Bus Stop,' I sing 'Old Black Magic' standing on a table in a bus station."

"Have you ever sung 'Old Black Magic'?"

"No, but I've heard Sammy Davis, Jr. sing it!"

Marilyn, considerably thinner now—around the waist but not around the bodice—heaved a sigh, which is a very pretty sight. With all her schedule of working and studying, she gets to be a tired girl at times, and this was one of the times. But she remained bouncy and vibrant, frequently hopping up to answer a phone, or to look up a line in a book, or just to show us a new dress and its wonderful lines.

"You scored quite a triumph in your holdout against the studio," I suggested.

"What I have settled for is a compromise," Marilyn answered.

"A compromise!" I exclaimed. "Aren't you underestimating and understating it? Didn't you win a big victory?"

Not that I had been completely taken in by the Hollywood stories of Marilyn

making an \$8,000,000 deal with Twentieth. Nor has Marilyn. She didn't know where the \$8,000,000 figure came from. She wishes she did!

"It could be a lot more than that—or a lot less," she elaborated.

"It was a compromise on both sides," Marilyn explained. "I do not have story approval, but I do have director approval. That's important. I have certain directors I'll work for and I have trust in them and will do about anything they say. I know they won't let me do a bad story. Because, you know, you can have a wonderful story and a lousy director and hurt yourself."

"What directors do you have great faith in?"

"Oh, of course Elia Kazan, John Huston, George Stevens and Billy Wilder. I love Huston for 'Asphalt Jungle' and Billy Wilder after 'Seven Year Itch.'"

With a saucy toss of the Monroe head and torso, she said, "And I love George Stevens and Kazan even before I make a picture with them!"

Quite candidly then, Marilyn revealed for the first time her financial deal with Twentieth.

"I'm working for 20th Century-Fox for \$100,000 a picture—the same \$100,000 that they said I walked out on before!" she said.

The point was that she'd never actually received \$100,000 a picture before this time.

That impression had erroneously been given. Now, however, she is to get that sum, thanks to her holdout.

"Do you have any participating interest in any of the pictures you'll make with Twentieth?"

"No."

"Then you can't make more than \$100,000 on any picture for Twentieth?"

"No—but I've got director approval!"

"What are you going to do with all your money?" I inquired.

"What money?" she laughed.

"A hundred thousand dollars a picture!"

"Well, when I get some money, I'd like to travel. To London, Paris, Rome, places like that . . . Russia."

"Will you keep the New York apartment with the all-white bedroom?"

"Not permanently. Because it's not really my apartment. It's Milton's and Amy's. I plan to buy a house in New York."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in the 60s . . . or 70s . . . or 80s . . . or somewhere."

There's been no change in Marilyn's determination to live in New York most of the time, so that she may continue her studies under the great drama coach, Lee Strasberg, and also attend the Actors Studio, which Elia Kazan and Strasberg head.

"Did you hear about that actor who gave out a statement about you not being a member of Actors Studio?" I said.

"No! Who was it?"

For a moment I couldn't remember.

"Was it a man or a woman?" she asked excitedly.

"A man."

"Oh."

Checking back, I found that actor William Smithers had said Marilyn only dropped in occasionally, that "it has become fashionable" to go to Actors Studio, and that Marilyn was one of the fashionable ones.

Swiftly, she ran over her busy New York study schedule in the months when she was "sitting out" her holdout.

Wednesdays and Fridays she had private classes with Strasberg—private in

that they were not part of the Actors Studio. There was another Strasberg class meeting Wednesdays and Thursdays.

"Tuesdays and Fridays I go to the Actors Studio. I'm not a member, but I'm one of the people privileged to observe."

"When you feel you're ready to become a member of the class," Marilyn breathed, "you do a scene, trying to make use of the things you've learned. That is what I'm working toward. I will audition eventually—but there is plenty of time for that."

"How do you like the private classes?"

"They're wonderful, but it seems to me that the other students are children, just children. I guess I'm really not a lot older than they are, but I feel like they're nice kids—just wonderful."

Marilyn looked positively bubbly with health when I saw her and she wished to point out that the laryngitis and virus she had while in New York during the winter had been nothing serious at all. A girl known for her robust good health she didn't want anybody to get the idea that she was beginning to be ill a lot.

"Of course, I could hardly talk for a while. I could only croak and whisper, but it was nothing serious," she said.

During this time, she'd gotten a penicillin shot, although she's supposedly allergic to penicillin.

"Where did you get the shot—in the usual place?" I asked.

"Sure—where else?" giggled Marilyn.

"And what was the name of the lucky doctor?"

Marilyn laughed again. Anyway, she had licked the virus finally and was back in action. This meant being called on daily after day for personal appearances and charities. If she refused, she was likely to be called a snob. If she accepted, then somebody would say she was always getting her picture in the papers. It was not such an easy life, but Marilyn, and Milton Greene, tried to steer a sensible course, doing what they considered right and proper.

Naturally, I got around to asking her about her love life.

"I haven't any," Marilyn insisted. "I wish I did!"

Then she launched into a little discussion of that. There had been talk about romance with Pulitzer-Prize playwright Arthur Miller, who had divorced his wife after fifteen years of marriage. Most vehemently, Marilyn denied there was a romance with Miller, who was an old friend, notwithstanding the gossip.

"You know," she said to me, "there was the same talk about me and—"

She named a famous American, middle-aged and attractive, also wealthy and married.

"And as I told you before, I've never even met him!" she said.

Not once during this talk was Joe I. Maggio's name mentioned by either of us. There was nothing around that hinted of Joe. The atmosphere was more scholarly and artistic, than athletic. The impression was of a girl who, despite her charming, amusing little flippancies, is trying hard to become a very serious actress—that is, a sincere actress, even though frequently an "exotic" one.

I left Marilyn, feeling—as I always do when I visit her—that this is one of the great women of our age. I regretted to hear, though, that such a beautiful, healthy girl had no romance in her life. It's a shame—when there are so many men who are so willing!

THE E

what's spinning?

continued from page 82

There is another form of music worth listening to, made famous by the King of Swing. Born in Chicago, in 1909, Benny Goodman learned to play the clarinet at Hull House and, at thirteen, was playing with local bands. In 1927, he joined Ben Pollack and remained with him for two years. Next Benny played with Arnold Johnson and Red Nichols, then he became a radio studio musician in New York. In 1934, he formed his own band, which came to national attention via the *Let's Dance* radio program. By the end of 1936, following successful engagements at the Los Angeles Palomar ballroom and Chicago's Congress Hotel, Goodman and his band were a national craze. Benny holds the distinction of having played the first jazz concert at Chicago's Congress Hotel, in 1935, and of playing the first jazz concert ever given at New York's Carnegie Hall, in 1938. There are several recordings issued from "The Benny Goodman Story," available in your favorite record shop. We recommend RCA Victor's album because of the performers featured. These recordings are the original masters cut when Goodman was at his peak, and the musicians include Teddy Wilson, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton.

for your collection:

On Capitol Records, the "sleeper" of the month is "Poor People of Paris," a lovely instrumental by Les Baxter.

A hot rock 'n' roll number on RPM records, "How Soon," by The Jacks.

"Don't Tell Me Not to Love You," a pretty ballad by Joni James on the J-G-M label.

After "Burn that Candle," Bill Haley with "See You Later, Alligator," on Ecca.

Even though it's in French, you'll love "Lullaby of Birdland" by the Blue Stars. (Mercury)

Another novelty tune by the DeJohnisters, "Hotta Chocolata." (Epic)

Lena Horne does a sensational job with "What's Right for You," on RCA Victor.

Another beautiful piano rendition by Roger Williams on Kapp label, "Beyond the Sea" ("La Mer").

Don't miss Ray Anthony doing his terrific version of "Madeira" on the Capitol label.

O. "Mr. Wonderful," done as only Sarah Vaughan can do, for Mercury.

If you are interested in obtaining pictures of your favorite recording artists, please do not write to this column, as such requests cannot be filled. However, if you write to the record company for which the performer records, they will be happy to send you the pictures upon request.



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IT'S THE PLUS IN *Lanolin Plus* THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Detour To Destiny

(Continued from page 57)

maid asked the redheads' mother, "Who's their daddy?"

"John Kerr," said Mrs. Kerr in vocal headlines.

The maid shrugged and wafted a regretful gesture toward the bus driver. "Nobody anyone knows," she said.

This ranks as one of the greatest errors made by an innocent bystander.

To anyone who knows Broadway, the name John Kerr conveys a special magic, because of his work in "Bernardine" in 1952, in "Tea and Sympathy" in 1953, and in "All Summer Long" in 1954. To anyone who knows Hollywood, the name John Kerr in the cast of "The Cobweb" and "Gaby" (his latest starring vehicle opposite Leslie Caron) proves that a sensitive and an eloquent new talent has been added to the motion-picture scene.

What is he like, this John Kerr whose name will probably become as famous as that of Tony Curtis or Rock Hudson?

His name is pronounced "car," and his appearance is deceptive. A tall (six feet), slender (165 pounds) type, John reminds one of the Boston police cars which patrol about in almost pompous fashion—but which are capable of doing over a hundred miles per hour under pressure.

Born in New York City, John was educated at Phillips Exeter and at Harvard, graduating in 1952 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Currently—in addition to everything else he's doing—John is preparing the thesis required for a Master of Arts degree. The subject? Russian literature!

Upon first meeting John Kerr, the uninitiated observer might be pardoned for thinking he is the typical Ivy League product—dignified, intellectual, modest, and extremely sensitive. But those who know John well feel that it would be a shame to stop there, because he possesses an adventurous enthusiasm and a "wicked" sense of humor.

A fine example of his come-what-may enthusiasm was shown on John's student-tour of the U. S. In 1950 he bought "at a bargain" a 1949 popular-make, one-owner, in-perfect-condition convertible. It didn't occur to John to examine the canvas top before tendering a check in full payment.

The deal consummated, John and a classmate set out for San Francisco mainly

because John's actress-mother, the noted June Walker, was appearing in a play in the Bay city.

Everything went fine until noon of the first day when a steady drizzle set in. Up came the top with the scream of tearing canvas. "Looks a little like I've always imagined the Grand Canyon must," said John, "but I think we can fix it."

Stopping at the first drugstore, he bought a large wheel of adhesive tape and a bottle of clear nail polish. John might have been a surgeon, closing a gaping wound, judging from the care with which he brought the torn edges of the canvas together and applied the tape. That done, he painted the tape with nail polish in order to make the mend as inconspicuous and as waterproof as possible.

Late that afternoon, the rain stopped and the wind rose, clawing at the tender top. Another rip developed and was soon patched with infinite care. Thirty miles farther on, a new fissure opened, and a hundred miles beyond that, another slit occurred, letting in the weather.

"By the time we reached San Francisco, eight days later," John recalls, "I had a new top constructed entirely of adhesive tape and nail polish. On that trip, I spent more on tape and polish than I did on gasoline, and I'm not kidding."

For a brief and wonderful few hours in Nevada, John thought he had hit upon a scheme that would make it financially possible for him to junk his tape top and purchase a new superstructure. He stepped up to a slot machine in Elko, dropped a quarter in the slot, pulled down the handle, and out flushed a flood of silver. Eight dollars, to be exact.

"Why hasn't someone told me about this?" John wanted to know.

His traveling companion, who had been having unpleasant experience with a dime machine, said nothing.

They drove on to Reno, and John strolled up to the nearest dollar machine. His expression was executive, and his hand on the lever was steady. Imagine finding a little old money tree—outside of Texas.

Thirteen dollars later, John said to his friend, "I see what you mean," and on the fast highway leading to San Francisco, he added, "Thirteen bucks would buy a lot of adhesive tape." At that moment he gave up gambling forever.

As John remembers it, "The trip back Boston was made in only six days and about twenty-two miles of tape. My mending technique had improved."

Equally confusing and unpredictable his cross-country trip was John's romance with Priscilla Smith. They met when John was a senior at Harvard and she was a student at Radcliffe, and the "adhesive tape" in this case was Serbo-Croatian. They were in class together.

That's right: Serbo-Croatian.

Upon learning this, a new acquaintance once asked John, "How on earth did you happen to register for Serbo-Croatian?"

"I was looking for a course in which I felt I could knock out an A," said John in the tone of a man who feels he has just been asked an idiotic question.

To anyone who has ever struggled through first-year Latin, John's considering Serbo-Croatian as a pipe course, cinch for an A, is probably unbelievable. He belongs in the isolation booth for the \$64,000 question, not in a college classroom exchanging long and meaningful glances with a devastating co-ed.

During the filming of "Gaby," a member of the M-G-M Publicity Department asked John which of Miss Smith's charms first diverted his attention from Serbo-Croatian. John mulled over the question finally murmured, "You haven't met my wife, have you? No, you couldn't have, it wouldn't be necessary for you to ask the question."

Silence hung like a storm over the scene for a moment before John burst into a sunny smile to explain, "There's too much about Priscilla that is remarkable for me to specify any one attribute."

In any case, Remarkable Priscilla and Admiring John were soon leaving the classroom together, discussing problems of Serbo-Croatian translation. John found the course as easy as he had hoped. After all, he had studied Russian and French and had always had an "ear" for languages (Leslie Caron says his French accent is near "native" as a foreign-born person usually manages. John had no trouble exchanging chit-chat with her.)

To go back into John's history a bit. Although he was preparing himself for Harvard to teach English (well fortified by other languages), he had spent much of his summers doing theatre work.

At ten, he made his acting debut as Ruth Chatterton's son in a performance of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" at the Cambridge Playhouse. During ensuing summers he became a junior fixture at the Playhouse, absorbing technique, timing, and the knack of making a line pay off or dropping flat. His unofficial tutors were the best. One of them was the late Gertrude Lawrence with whom John appeared in "O Mistress Mine," and "September Tide."

When John entered Harvard, he turned his attention to the Brattle Theatre in Cambridge, and spent his vacations taping with the drama in various capacities. Eventually, it was his appearance in the Brattle production of "Billy Budd," the Herman Melville classic, that led to his debut on Broadway in "Bernardine."

Meanwhile, it was only logical for John to take Priscilla Smith to a Brattle Theatre production on their first formal date. John still thinks they might have performed a more appropriate play than "King Lear" for the occasion, but he also recalls that it served as familiar background for an unfamiliar mood. Like falling in love during the season's wildest football game played by a pair of powerful teams, neither of which is from your college. In any matter how much excitement there is



I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about *real* people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of *True Story Magazine*.

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the field, it can't compare with your personal elation as you sit in the stands, close to your exquisite neighbor.

By Christmastime, John knew he wanted to marry Priscilla as soon as possible. To express this sentiment, he wanted to give her a Christmas memento that would be significant—short of an engagement ring—but not financially embarrassing.

Every girl in the world who has ever yearned for a sweetheart both sentimental and practical, will applaud John's choice. From the plush Georg Jensen shop in New York he selected a Danish silver brooch fashioned into a timeless love knot.

Priscilla proved to be equally resourceful. She had ordered, from Russia, a copy of Tolstoy's *The Cossacks*, knowing how much John wanted to read the work in its original language.

Priscilla's family noted the implications of these gifts, and decided to voice their feelings. They pointed out that John was barely twenty-one, Priscilla not even that grown-up. They mentioned the cost of food, clothing, housing, and transportation—plus the financial frenzy caused by the visits from that persistent caller, the stork.

Because there wasn't much else they could do, John and Priscilla decided to wait at least until after graduation. They had, they explained somewhat loftily, a number of things they wanted to discuss and settle between themselves before they married. This is a technique known as putting elders in their places when there doesn't seem to be an immediate place in the world for youngsters in love.

John and Priscilla's discussions were carried on several evenings per week until three, four, and five o'clock in the morning, both in defiance of college rules and the danger of catching pneumonia.

Much of their conversation doesn't concern us, since it consisted of the usual expressions of wonder that, in this wide, wide world they had somehow met. However, some of it reveals so much about John, it needs to be mentioned.

For one thing, John outlined to Priscilla his dream of a home and explained the reasons for his dream.

The child of theatrical parents, John knew hotels and hotel rooms intimately. As far back as he could remember, he had known how—when alone—to order a sensible breakfast, lunch, or dinner in a hotel dining room. While other youngsters his age were struggling with fractions, he was able to glance at a dining room check and correctly compute a proper tip.

Many of his Christmas holidays were spent in a hotel room around a small tree which had been sent upstairs by the hotel florist. Often it was decorated by John and one of the maids, because John's mother had to sandwich her holiday shopping between matinee and evening performances and had neither time nor energy enough to do more, much as she yearned to make much of the season for her son.

While other children were learning carols and hymns, John came to understand that at Christmas there are always the lonely and the wretched who must turn to the theatre for holiday cheer. His mother was one of those who spread cheer, for her performances gave a hungry-hearted audience an evening of goodwill.

To understand is one thing, to accept is quite another.

"I made up my mind right then," John told Priscilla, "that one day I was going to have a home of my own. A house with a huge kitchen in which there was a fireplace and a big round table surrounded by captain's chairs."

Friends would gather there for all the sentimental holidays, John continued, and eventually there would be a collection of children to fill the cozy room with



When hostessing, what's your first job?

☐ Get the party off the ground

As your guests arrive, do they have to suffer? Go through the thumb-twiddling, nice-weather-we're-having routine? To give your party a flying start—scrape the ice off its wings! Keep everybody busy. Rolling back rugs; sorting records. Even helping you with final party fixings. Another defroster:

☐ Suggest group arrivals

have couples arrive in "herds" instead of singly. You need never know an awkward moment—or a nagging care, at certain times. Let Kotex* give you unfailing protection; the complete absorbency you depend on! And remember to get a new Kotex belt; it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



If you'd keep him, better bypass—

☐ Flirty friends

☐ Fuss-budget tactics

If there's anything a hombre hates—it's getting the Mama's Boy treatment, in public. Besides, your date probably prides himself on his grooming. Why make him feel like Hillbilly Hank by adjusting his tie, re-combing his crew cut? As for your grooming (on certain days) you know you're the smoothest—when you choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent telltale outlines. And when you try Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you'll learn which size best suits you.

If you really care for your cashmere—

☐ Don't lend it

☐ Draw an outline

Better say nay to borrow-mad Sis; likewise to human fire hazards! And because you cherish your sweater, wash it with the greatest care. First, record the outline of its actual shape on paper. Make the neck stretch-proof by running a thread around it. In sanitary protection, too, it's important to have softness that holds its shape... Kotex, of course. Designed to stay soft, chafe-free. And you can't make a mistake with Kotex because it can be worn on either side, safely.

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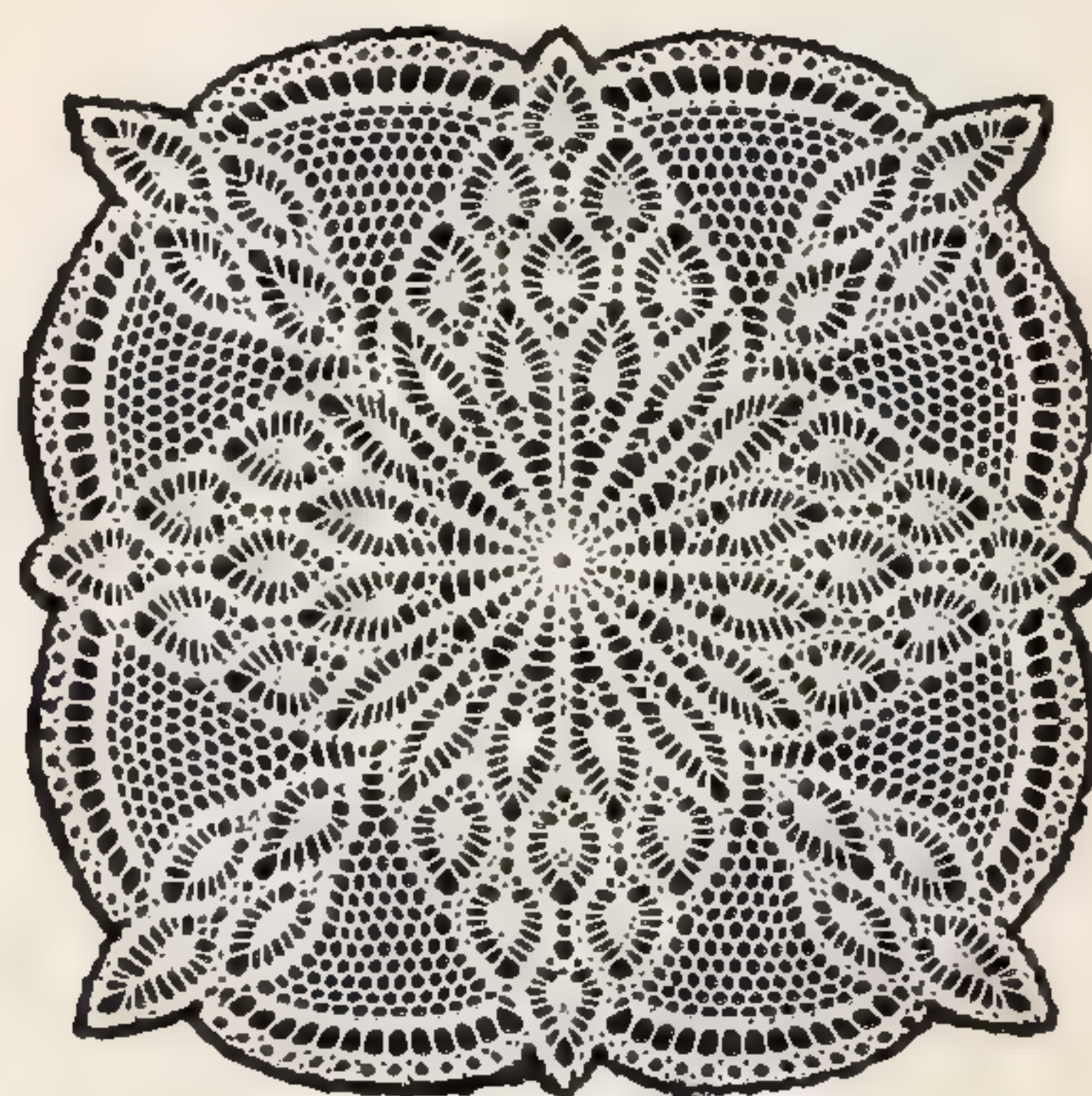
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7057—Little fabric, sewing time to make this cool halter. Wraps and ties, opens flat to iron. Easy, pretty embroidery too! Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

623—Pick this pretty "flower" for your serving apron—fashioned from remnants in shades of vivid color. Embroidery transfers, directions for apron 17 inches long.



7057
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20



891



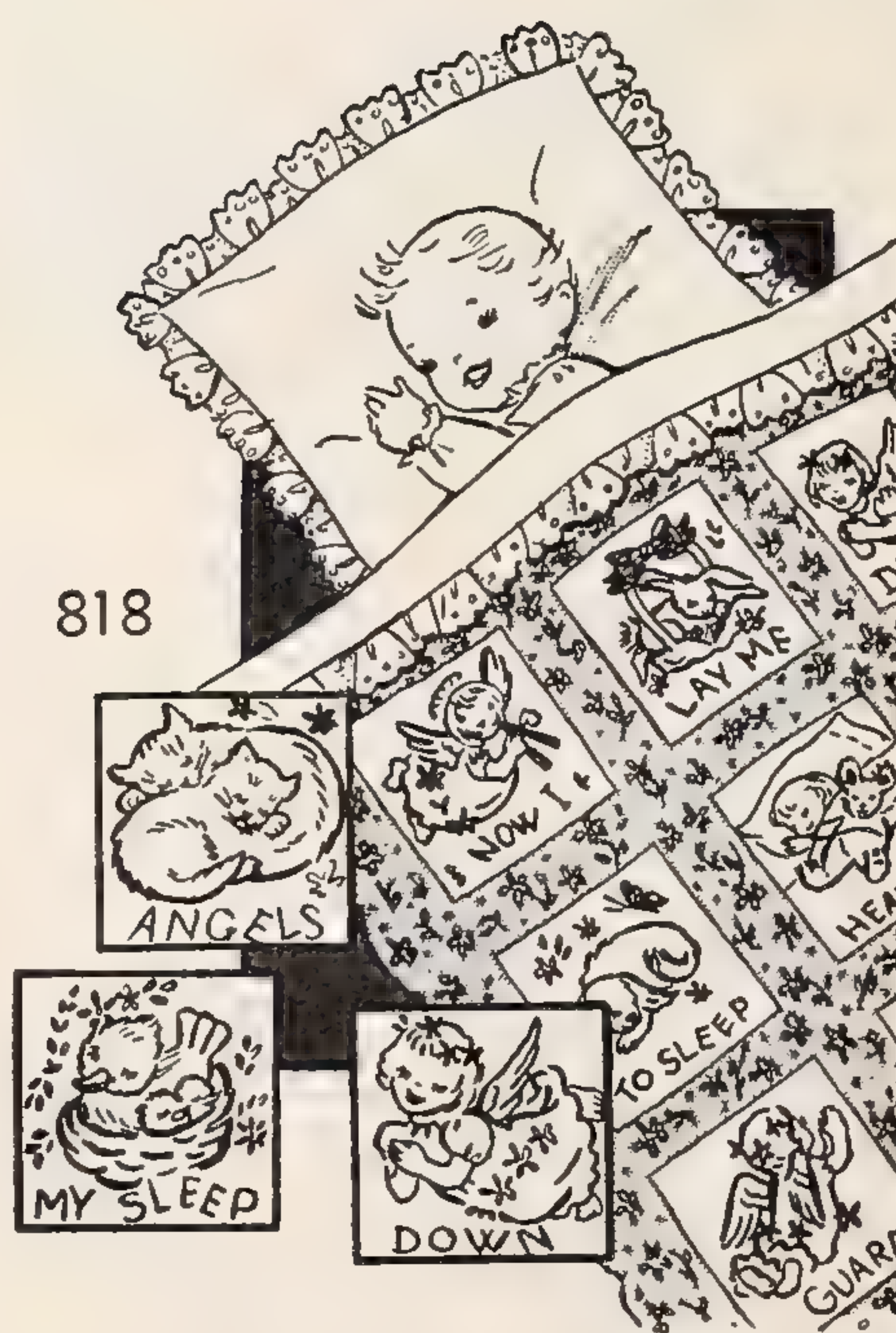
7133

891—Crochet this cover for any size TV set in your favorite pineapple design! Directions for cover 25 inches in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton.

7133—Charming scenes of an old-fashioned kitchen—captured in embroidery on this decorative panel. Easy cross-stitch—lovely in any home! Embroidery transfers, directions for wall panel, 16 x 19 inches.

818—"Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" is the inspiring theme of this embroidered quilt. Baby quilt, 35½ x 43¼ inches. Diagrams, embroidery and appliqué transfers.

818



lots of laughter and happy conversation. The kitchen would be used like a kitchen, but it would also be dining room, den, family room, library, and playroom. And near this central meeting place would be the bedrooms, to be used for sleep and discipline. It was John's idea that the only punishment likely to be needed to keep a large family in bounds would be banishment from the group.

Of course, he agreed with Priscilla, would be many years before they could have a family, but it was good to have a plan for the future. He must get a job and Priscilla intended to do the same. Then, perhaps, in a year they could be married . . . at least within two years.

As it worked out, John won a part in the Broadway production of "Bernardine" shortly after he had worn cap and gown in the Harvard commencement march, so he and Pat were married on December 2, 1952. They set up housekeeping in a New York apartment and were going the familiar routine of painting, papering, and searching for the "good" little chair at a reasonable price, when two things happened. John was voted 1952's most promising newcomer by the New York dramatic critics—and "Bernardine" folded.

For several weeks, John's dream of oak strewn acres surrounding a rambling hospitable house seemed like smoke out of a long-stemmed Oriental pipe.

However, destiny's child had been noticed too enthusiastically in "Bernardine" to suffer a permanent case of the doldrums. In the late summer, he went into rehearsal opposite Deborah Kerr (niece) in "Tea and Sympathy," and opening night was made memorable by the realization that the play was to be a smash hit—and by the news that John was to become a father the following May.

As it turned out, he became two fathers in May. That is, he became the male parent of red-haired twin girls, christened Jocelyn and Rebecca, known locally as Jossie and Little Olyn, and Becky or Backy Becky. (You know how parents are.)

One of John's first tasks, after the girls arrived, was to go shopping for a second layette—particularly infant shirts. When he explained what he wanted to the saleswoman, a grandmotherly type, she unfolded the proper size on the counter with the observation, "And there you have it."

John studied the shirt for several minutes. He had the awful feeling that anything small enough to fit into that garment couldn't be real. In a sepulchral voice he said, "It looks terribly tiny."

The saleswoman wanted to know how much John weighed when he was born. He said he thought about seven pounds.

"This is the size you wore," said the lady, "and look at you now."

John still isn't sure why he found that comforting, but he did.

If you've been worrying about the wicked sense of humor mentioned earlier as a Kerr attribute, settle down. We're getting to that. When John was asked by a Chamber of Commerce type what there was about Hollywood that surprised him, he said dourly, "The place is misrepresented," and went on to explain that any well-read person must believe that movies are made in the midst of frenzy, for two or three hours per day. The rest of Hollywood's waking hours, the country has been led to believe, is taken up by trips to Palm Springs, trips to Las Vegas, long lazy hours around one's own swimming pool, and long, hectic nights around a table at Ciro's, The Mocambo, or Romanoff's.

"What you expect is a sort of lotus eater's paradise with symphonic sound effects," John added. "What you get is Detroit with palms." Hollywood proved to be the hardest-working community John

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had ever known. Instead of maintaining a high level of energy and dynamism for the three hours required by a stage production, the astonished actor discovered that he had to sustain a mood, a characterization, and lots of energy over a period of eight to ten hours daily. "The first month nearly killed me," he recalls.

After the first month, however, John must have tapped fresh reserves of vitality, because he and Priscilla were much in demand socially. One reason may have been John's uncanny ability to impersonate his fellow players. His imitation of Lauren Bacall (including deep-well voice, down-under look, and tilted-pelvis gait) was perfected while John sat quietly—wearing an innocent expression—on the set where "The Cobweb" was shot.

Another party-popper is John's collection of Marlon Brando performances, starting with "The Men" and running through Marlon's tilts with Tennessee Williams ("Streetcar Named Desire") and Shakespeare ("Julius Caesar"). Says John, "Brando is a great actor—one of the greatest. That's why he's so easy to imitate."

Mrs. Kerr is inclined to tighten a wifely rein when these performances threaten to bring down the house. Restraint is applied only by means of a lifted eyebrow or an unobtrusive gesture. Then John, an easily contained type, promptly drifts over to a corner and becomes a sterling audience for some other party-circuit performer.

There is one additional fact to be told about this man who reads Russian novels in the original, who is as much at home in London or Paris as he is in New York, and who has, from boyhood, known most of the theatrical greats on a first-name basis—he likes to dunk doughnuts in steaming black coffee.

If John Kerr sounds good to you, you might write to M-G-M and ask them to cast him as *Peter McKenzie* in "Something of Value." He'd be perfect in the part.

THE END

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank



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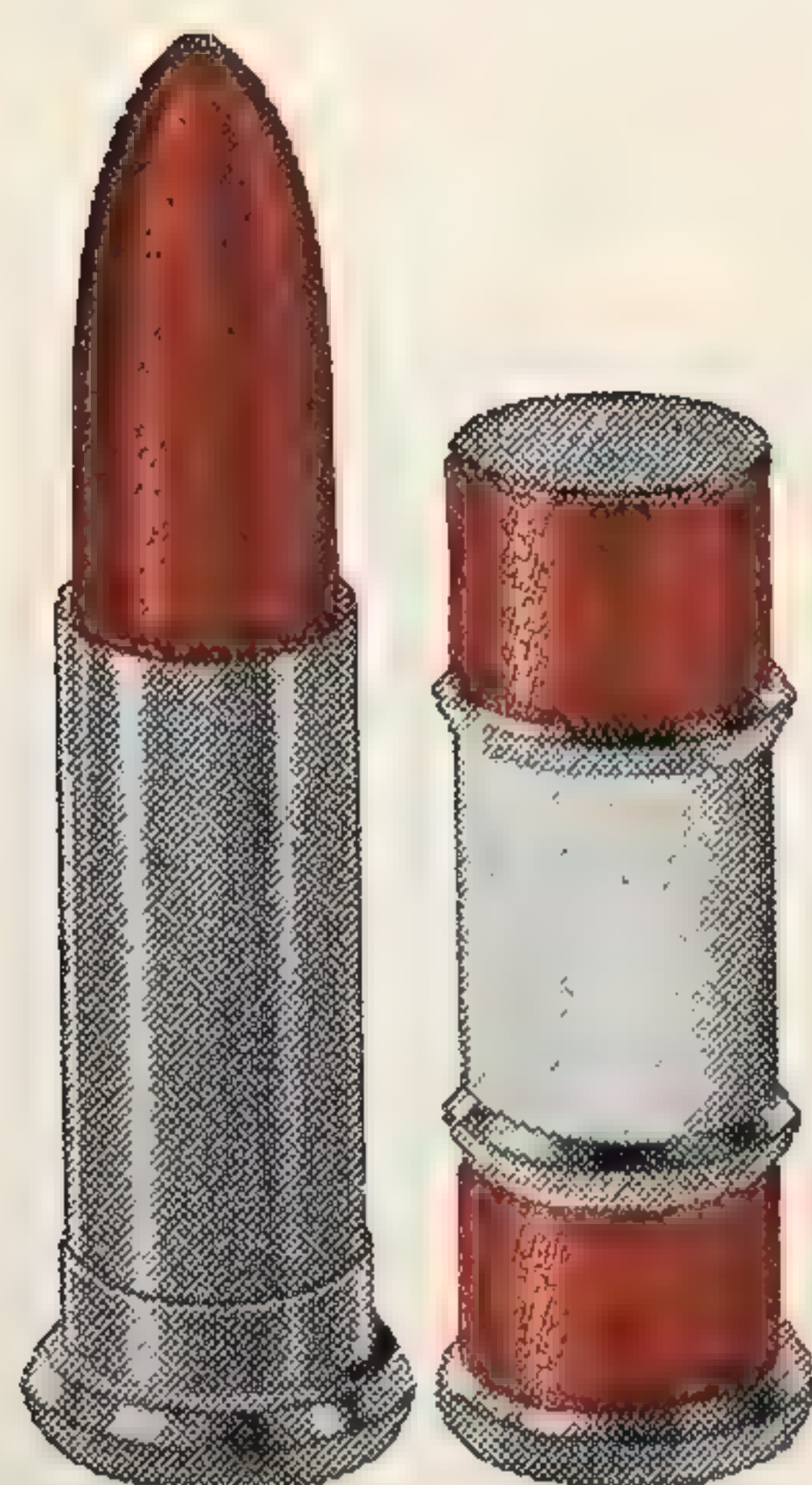
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I Fainted When He Kissed Me!

(Continued from page 51)

Academy Award-winning performances. If mine was a little better than Jack's, it was for one, and only one, reason: because of my radio background I spoke more softly—which meant that, in the actual performance, the audience couldn't hear me at all. But anyone who was there on opening night agreed this was lucky!

I soon realized that Jack was very proper, very conservative, very Bostonian in his approach. He didn't make any rapid advances. He waited for a whole hour before asking me for a date—and then in a roundabout way.

"I hope you don't consider me forward if I suggest we rehearse after hours, too," he ventured.

In spite of my loyalty to Yale, I didn't think this was forward at all—till I found out what Jack U. Lemmon III considered rehearsing.

"We'll have supper at the Automat first," he suggested. Later, I found out he had to forego his lunch to pay for it.

After supper, he suggested a walk through Central Park. My loyalty to Yale started to waver still more, and I accepted that, too. It was Jack's turn to be surprised when I recommended finishing the evening with a cup of coffee at my apartment. At last the Bostonian in him showed: "Are you sure you want me to come in?"

"Sure I'm sure. I want you to meet my roommates—Ski, Heui, and Pat."

This was proper enough even for him. He came up.

From then on, Jack and I saw lots of one another, thanks to our mutual liking for each other, the influence of our good friends, the Alpertsons, who were all in favor of a romantic union between the two of us, and the fact that I soon broke off my engagement to the Yale man.

Yet at that time, marriage was completely out of the question. Jack simply couldn't afford it. For a while he couldn't even have taken me out for dinner, if it weren't for a unique job he had.

He was employed by a chain restaurant as a checker. Every night we had to eat at a different one of their restaurants, order all we wanted and, depending on whether the service was good or bad, leave a \$5.00 tip—provided by the com-

pany—or mail a letter of complaint to the head office. This job was fine—until company officials realized that Jack wasn't very loyal in his efforts: he always left tips, never complained.

Of course, Jack didn't get paid for this service, but the free meals certainly made our courting period a lot more agreeable.

Because of my radio experience, skimpy as it was at the time, I was able to give Jack some pointers on his work. Till then he had appeared only in night clubs, before a visual audience. When he performed, he put more emphasis into his gestures and expressions than into his voice—which would never do for radio.

I still remember the afternoon we went to my apartment, and Jack started to read the longest monologues he could find.

"Now if my voice isn't right, you tell me," he requested.

I nodded approvingly.

"And don't be afraid to criticize."

"I won't, Jack." Then I got myself a chair, carried it to the window and looked out. "All right, go ahead."

"Are you kidding?" he exclaimed.

"This is the only way I can judge your voice without being influenced by your gestures," I explained.

It made sense to him, and we spent most of the afternoon and evening going through the script.

Of how much value my coaching was, I don't know, but the next day Jack had his first radio audition, which resulted in his playing the lead in a daytime serial called *The Brighter Day* for a whole year.

At that time, Jack also had a job at the Old Nick, a sort of cabaret house where he played the piano and had to sing "By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea" faster than any of the customers. If any of them could beat his time, they would win \$10, and Jack would possibly have lost his job. Neither was the case. Come to think of it, this must have been where he learned to sing, as well as talk, as fast as he can. No wonder I don't have a chance to win an argument—I can't talk fast enough to keep up with him!

Anyway, walking home one night, Jack asked me if I would like to see the show at the Old Nick. I told him I'd be delighted. However, I didn't realize that it lasted till three in the morning—and I

had to be on the job at Saks Fifth Avenue by nine. But it was fun, and we soon made a habit of it, usually having breakfast at a small place on Third Avenue afterwards. But before long, the strain began to show on me. Unfortunately, at the worst possible time—or was it?

It was close to five A.M. when we reached the lobby of my apartment building. Jack opened the door for me and, as he handed back the key, kissed me for the first time. That was when I fainted!

The next thing I remember, I was looking up at Jack's and my roommates' worried faces, leaning over me. "I didn't know I had such an effect on women," Jack grinned.

A good night's sleep and a couple of "early evenings" fixed me up again.

I guess, in a way, I knew that eventually Jack and I would get married. But I didn't want him to take me for granted to the point of not even proposing—which nearly happened.

One evening as we drove home in a cab—times were getting better—Jack casually remarked, "And when we are married. . ."

"Is this a proposal?" I exclaimed.

Jack reacted in typical male fashion. "Well, I thought you and I had an understanding. . ."

I had no intention of letting him get out of this one! I asked the driver to let us off at the next drugstore, much to Jack's surprised "What for?"

"Wait and see," I replied, heading inside and sitting down at the counter.

While the waiter brought us a couple of Cokes, I pulled a paper napkin out of the holder, and on it scribbled a marriage contract "with no options."

"If you meant what you said, sign here."

Cheerfully, Jack marked down his "X."

The next day, he spent \$150 out of his savings of \$151.27 on an engagement ring. We were married a few weeks later—on May 8th, 1950—at my home in Peoria.

Fortunately, our honeymoon was no indication of the rest of our married life, so far. Jack suffered terribly!

We headed for Miami Beach, Florida, because it was romantic, and also because it was the end of the season and prices were much lower.

I'm sure everyone at the hotel must have known we were newlyweds. It showed all over. That's why the room-service waiter was doubly surprised when at two o'clock in the morning of our third day there, I called him and asked for two bottles of vinegar.

"Are you going to fix salad at this time?" he asked disbelievingly when he delivered the vinegar to the door.

"No," I replied. "I'm going to fix my husband."

I don't know what he thought of the situation, but he almost ran down the hall. What had happened?

After three days of broiling himself in the hot sun, Jack—whose skin is sensitive anyway—had turned into a human lobster. He couldn't even let a sheet touch his skin. The doctor had diagnosed it as first-degree burns. That's why Jack had to spend the third night of our honeymoon in the bathtub, soaking himself in vinegar! Luckily, as I said before, this was no indication of our future lives together. From then on, I made sure that Jack was properly wrapped into towels or some other protective clothing whenever he planned to remain outside.

But once he recuperated, we had a wonderful time in Florida. And we've had a wonderful time ever since.

Jack has so many outstanding qualities,

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it is hard to list them all. One of the most important is his ability to keep a level head, whether times are unusually good, or bad. And believe me, we've run the gamut—from the days when we lived on beans, to the high praise he has reaped for his performance as *Ensign Pulver*, in "Mister Roberts," and other parts.

Amazingly enough, we experienced our hardest times—not in New York, after we got married—but shortly after we first came to California.

In New York, both our careers soon switched into high gear. We were then able to afford a very nice three-room apartment in an old brownstone house on 62nd Street. We had fireplaces in each room, looked out on a tree-lined street, enjoyed a homey, attractive living room. The only drawback was the closets, or what they called closets. Generously—or was he?—Jack gave me the smaller one because it was much deeper. "You can get more clothes into this one," he explained. I did, too—by hanging them sideways and having to take out practically my whole wardrobe every time I wanted a dress from the back of it. Finally I decided it was easier to put some of them into boxes and push them underneath the bed.

But we had fun in New York, thanks to our careers, and a steadily growing circle of friends that prevented us from getting much sleep. But who cared?

When we moved to California—in spite of our high hopes after Jack's first picture, "It Should Happen to You"—we went through some difficult months. Practically all our money had gone into the down payment for our house, and in between pictures, Jack didn't earn a cent. And "in between" stretched to eight months.

We survived, mostly by improvisation. Such as doing all the chores around the house ourselves, and saving on anything else Jack thought he could do himself. And believe me, Jack thinks he can do anything!

For instance, after our furniture was unpacked, a pickup trash service wanted \$15 to cart away the boxes and paper. "I'll do it for half," Jack proclaimed. He rented a trailer, brought it to the house, loaded it up, and took it out to the city dump. Total cost: \$20.

Generally speaking, however, Jack has done an excellent job of keeping the home electrical system and plumbing in operation, and only in one respect has he failed—constantly, persistently, and stubbornly. Whenever he hangs up a picture or a mirror, he refuses to measure it ahead of time. "I can do it by eye-sight," he always claims. Then he steps back five feet from the wall which is about to be ruined, squints at it a couple of seconds—and starts pounding. The first thing we did when we could afford it was to repaint and repaper the whole house. There were so many nailholes on the walls, they almost looked like a modern design. That didn't go with our Cape Cod style house and semi-formal furnishings.

Actually, I learned about Jack's stubbornness when he is convinced he can do something a few months after we married.

We have some very dear friends back East, Sam and Joanne (Jo for short) Ehre, who used to take us to auctions in New Jersey, where we bought most of our furnishings.

One Sunday, Jack and I had bid for, and gotten, a beautiful set of dishes which we planned to take back home. Sam gave the car keys to Jack, to load our dishes into the trunk, while he, Jo and I went upstairs to look around some more. "You'll have to back the car up toward the house," Sam suggested, and then a bit worried, "Do you know how the hydromatic drive works?"

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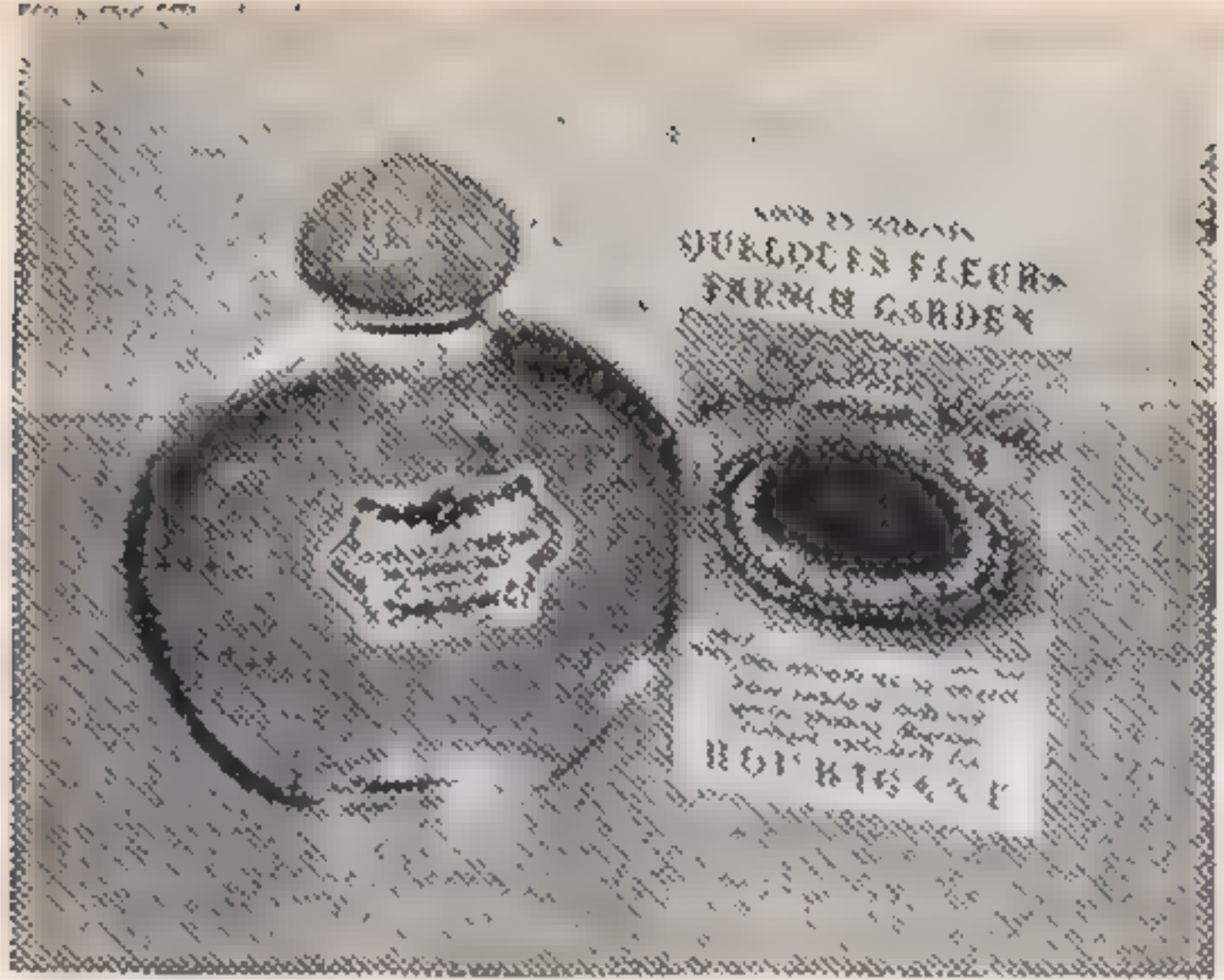
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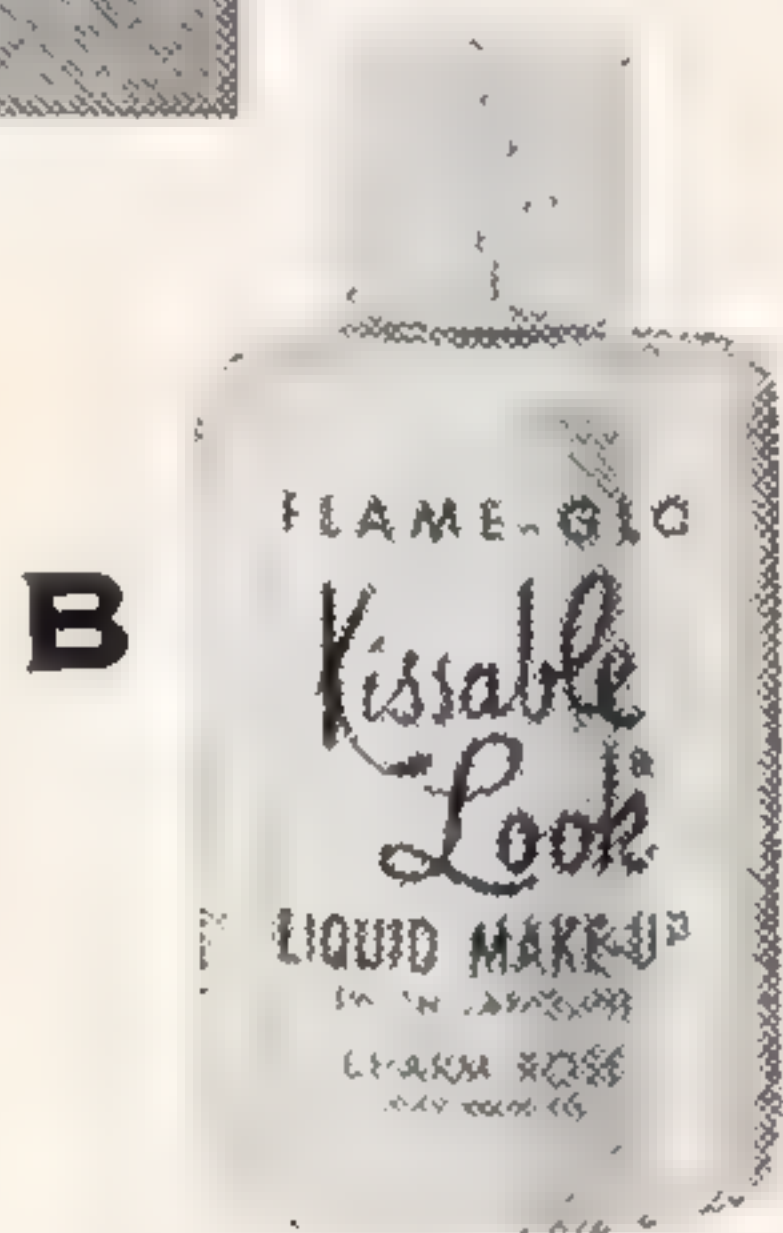
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"Sure," Jack assured him confidently. Of course, he'd never handled it. But it looked easy enough for a child to manipulate.

A few minutes later, while absorbed in some wonderful antiques, I suddenly heard a tremendous crash. I knew what happened even before I rushed to the window: Jack had backed right into the furniture, and crushed half a dozen chairs!

As he looked out of the back window to survey the damage, he put his foot on the brakes, then slipped the gear into "neutral"—so he thought. The instant he took his foot off the brakes, the car shot forward—right into a whole pile of glassware, smashing it to smithereens.

The payoff came when, in spite of Jack's insistence upon paying for the damage, the auctioneer refused to take a cent. "I'm an old friend of the Ehres'," he insisted. "And besides, I haven't laughed so hard since I was in the first grade!"

Then, to top it all, Sam let Jack drive the car back home. It took nerve on both their parts—and on Jo's and mine, too. We were riding in the back seat.

For that matter, I have seen Jack's nerves of steel in operation under much more serious circumstances.

About a year ago, after a visit to Hawaii, we were flying back to California. Just about the time we reached the point of no return—the halfway mark between Honolulu and the mainland—I noticed oil sputtering from one of the plane's engines. For a couple of seconds, I was frozen with fear. Finally, I managed to tug on Jack's sleeve. "Something's wrong with the engine," I whispered excitedly.

My husband thought this was a great joke. "You shouldn't have read 'The High and the Mighty,'" he chuckled.

"Honest, Jack. The engine's losing oil!" He still thought I was joking, but to play along with it, followed the direction of my pointing finger. "It's probably nothing," he said calmly. Nevertheless, he rang for the stewardess.

"My wife thinks we'll have to ditch the plane just because the engine is losing a little bit of oil," he laughingly told the stewardess. "Would you just look at it, please, and tell her she has nothing to worry about. . ."

The stewardess looked, turned pale, and without saying a word rushed up to the pilot's compartment. Sixty seconds later, the flight engineer came to take a look.

"Will you please tell my wife she has nothing to worry about?" Jack repeated.

He too turned pale, and like the stewardess left for the front without a word of explanation. We went through the rest of the crew, including the captain, in the same manner. After seeing their expressions, Jack knew as well as I that we were in trouble. But he tried his hardest not to show it, in order to make me feel better. And I think if I hadn't known him so well, he might have gotten away with it.

We made it all right—we even had enough fuel left for an emergency landing at Palmdale, since Los Angeles' International Airport was fogged in.

Another quality of my husband's which I grew to like is his complete honesty, and his refusal to take advantage of anyone. Like with the little foreign sports car he bought a few months after we moved to California.

At the time, Jack didn't think we could afford a new car. (Later he found out we could have afforded it far more than the used one we got.) So he shopped around till he found an MG, "in top condition, with brand-new motor; all it needs is a little tightening of the brakes and the clutch"—according to the salesman.

Also, Jack was told that we didn't have

to pay cash for it, but could have most of it financed.

Never having bought anything on time Jack neglected to read the small print, and didn't discover until too late that the financing charges alone were running up to \$400—and that was only the beginning.

When he brought the car home, he noticed that the front tire was a bit low. He decided to put on the spare but, when he opened the trunk, he found the spare had a hole big enough to shove his fist right through. And after closer inspection, he realized that the other four tires looked well only because they were newly lacquered, that there was hardly any rubber on them. Before the week was over, he had to buy a new set.

While he was at the garage Jack thought he'd better have the clutch and brake adjusted.

"What brakes?" the mechanic asked. And then, "What clutch?"

Almost another hundred dollars went into the car. By now Jack paid more than if he'd gotten a new one in the first place. After getting the car into good shape Jack drove it for almost a year, then sold it. The day after the sale, the rear end fell out of the car. My husband had no obligation to pay for it. But he did—in full. All \$250 of it.

Just as admirable is the fact that Jack didn't even lose his temper about it. As a matter of fact, he seldom ever does.

One trait of Jack's which took a while for me to get used to, is his spur-of-the-moment behavior. When he gets something on his mind, it has to be done immediately—particularly vacations.

Thus, one night at a party in New York when one of the guests glowingly described a fishing resort in Canada, Jack suddenly decided we could afford a few days off. So we promptly left for Ontario—at two in the morning.

"Are you sure you know where we're going?" I asked him twenty-four hours later, as we bumped along on a winding narrow, desolate dirt road.

There wasn't a trace of doubt in Jack's mind. "Of course I do."

Later, we found out the road was made for jeeps only.

About three A.M., we saw a dim light in the distance. To get to it we had to cross a wobbly-looking bridge—a "walking bridge" we were told, after we had crossed it. When we finally pulled up in front of a little shack, Jack got out, walked to the front door, and banged on it.

There were heavy footsteps, then the door flew open and a bright flashlight glared in Jack's face. He also saw a shotgun in the man's arms. "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?" the man burst out.

"Nous voulons. . ." Jack kept groping for words, but this was no time to recall his French. "Fish and Game Club," he finally managed.

"Oh, you are going to see Fish and Game Club," the man said. "Down the road. . ."

After we drove for what seemed like hours, I began to doubt we were ever heading in the right direction. "You don't suppose the fellow at the party who told us about it just had too much to drink. . ."

" . . . and was making it all up? Not a chance."

Just as my doubts reached the point of disillusionment, we saw the lodge. There we had to awaken the caretaker—who, of course, hadn't expected us. The lodge turned out to be one of those really isolated places where you make reservations weeks in advance. Luckily, they had room for us. Actually, we were the only guests.

We weren't as lucky last summer, when Jack suddenly decided we should go to the High Sierras.

He made up our mind, I packed, and we were ready to leave within less than half an hour. But when we arrived at Bishop, we couldn't get any accommodations—and we had to sleep in the car. We picked an idyllic spot for our first night, right next to a lake. It was romantic, cold and uncomfortable.

About four in the morning, I had to get out of the car and stretch. Wrapped up in every stitch of clothing I had brought along, I was sitting in front of the car, one hand over the fire Jack had started, the other clutching a martini which we had wisely brought along in a thermos bottle. Jack went one step further. He had a martini in one hand, too, but instead of warming his other hand, he held on to a fishing pole! He didn't want to waste a minute of our vacation! Needless to say, we didn't catch anything. Even the fish must have been too cold to bite that early.

I have listed so much on the "credit" side for my husband that to balance the score a little, I'd better mention his one habit that leaves room for improvement: his forgetfulness. He can't remember names, places, faces, to mail letters, pay bills. You name it and he forgets it.

At first, I used to be a little upset when he even forgot our anniversary. But seeing how badly he felt when I gave him a present, and he had nothing in return, I knew I was wrong. And he is so considerate when he does recall them!

On the first anniversary we celebrated in Los Angeles—which coincided with our lowest time, financially—Jack brought home a huge carton. I unwrapped and unwrapped and unwrapped, until I finally found a golf ball with a little note attached: "Happy Anniversary, from Jack."

"How sweet," I said as I handed it back to him.

I don't play golf. Jack does.

For our next anniversary, he gave me a music box that played Brahms' lullaby, a baby brush and comb. We were expecting Chris at the time.

Of course, I didn't mind. I'm happy Jack is so fond of being a father. In fact, he was so anxious, he wanted to put me into maternity clothes the day we found out we were expecting!

Nor has he changed in that respect. When Chris was born, Jack filled my hospital room with more toys for the baby than flowers for me! Since then, Jack has included the little fellow so completely in all our activities that Chris takes part in almost everything.

That's the way I've always wanted our family life to be: happy, exciting, full of fun. And the credit for it all goes primarily to Jack. He's a Lemmon all right—but the nicest, most wonderful kind in the world.

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When Shirley Blows a Fuse

(Continued from page 59)

brought him to New York to see me. In the meantime, Steve and I had gotten our blood tests and marriage license 'just in case.' When Mr. Hitchcock persuaded Mr. Wallis that I should go immediately to Vermont to star in 'The Trouble with Harry', I knew it was 'now or never' with Steve. So we were married and went to Vermont—and I was in pictures. See what I mean?

"When my agent at MCA called after I'd finished 'Artists and Models', he said Mike Todd wanted me for the lead in 'Around the World in Eighty Days'. I hadn't heard of the picture. When I protested that I hadn't even read the script, I was informed that I was crazy. So? Within four hours I was at the airport ready to take off for Durango, Colorado. Steve managed to get to the airport in time to say goodbye."

Shirley stopped describing her spur-of-the-moment good fortune and looked up as Steve ordered after-dinner coffee in the Malibu restaurant. It was obvious from the waitress' attention that the Steve Parkers were her favorite customers. As she walked away, Shirley continued, "Other things happen to me, too, you know. I can be sitting minding my own business and . . ."

The waitress was back with the coffee. "Cream?" queried Shirley. "Right here," answered the waitress. Suddenly cream was running rampant all over the table and all over Shirley. Steve got a little bit of it, too.

"That's what I mean," Shirley continued through the mopping up process. "I can be sitting minding my own business . . ."

"And a little of it always gets on me," Steve added wryly.

Shirley spent the next five minutes reassuring the waitress and somehow subtly managed to convey the feeling that she was at fault, not the waitress. That is typical of Shirley. She is deeply sensitive about others—and about herself. She is a medley of moods, strung together tightly, with overtones of possible change constantly vibrating through her beautifully controlled body and highly expressive face.

"I am very moody," she confessed. "I've been called sweet or devilish, sensitive or insensitive, full of humor or none at all. It's according to my mood—I'm all of them. I change moods in midstream. I guess I *am* a girl with a short fuse. I've got a temper, I can blow, and never know when it's coming. Something just strikes me wrong and I'm gone. Fortunately, I can't remember the bad things," she grinned broadly, "just all the good things. I'm sensitive to criticism. If it's given with the right attitude, I eat it up. If it's given with the wrong attitude, I rebel."

"As a Hindu princess in 'Around the World in Eighty Days', my make-up and sarong took *years* to get into. If I was two minutes late, Mike Todd would roar at me. He's a fabulous man and I respect him, but finally I roared back. Then one day I did a little something extra for him and he was overcome. We've been friends ever since."

Shirley's candid honesty about herself has left some of Hollywood's hardiest experts uneasy and in a mild state of confusion. Hal Wallis feels she combines the Continental charm with American wholesomeness. Hitchcock says she is a great dramatic actress, and Cecil B. DeMille has said, "Shirley MacLaine is the sexiest actress I've ever met." Yet Shirley is singularly unimpressed with herself—or Hollywood. After three top pictures, "The

Trouble with Harry," "Artists and Models," and "Around the World in Eighty Days" (which has not yet been seen by the public), she is quietly waiting to see the reaction of the makers or breakers of stars—the audience. She takes it all with a grain of salt.

Shirley and Steve rent a small furnished house at Malibu. The ocean pounding steadily at their doorstep is far more important to them than the steady pounding of social chit-chat at Hollywood parties. "We've never been invited to a Hollywood party. I guess they sort of know if you don't want to." They have just a few friends and treasure all of them. They're far enough out of town not to have drop-ins. Their landlord, his wife and brother are close friends. Over sixty years old, they are nevertheless real people and a lot of fun to be with.

"Our friends don't have to be smart, sophisticated, or intellectuals," Shirley said slowly, "they just have to be real. The best things in life are pretty simple, and simplicity is pretty close to truth. I guess that's what we look for in friends."

They have invested in a hundred-foot frontage of beach next to their rented house, and they plan to build on it. A lovely glass-enclosed home that will have the ocean practically in the living room. But they are also planning to build two rental units over the garage, for income

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purposes. Both Steve and Shirley are aware of the possibility of fleeting fame. Although young, they also know the meaning of money. They have both lived without it while working toward success. For an enchanting and fickle chanteuse, Shirley is remarkably level-headed. She has never had the urge to go overboard in the clothes department. Her dearest possessions are two cowhide jackets replete with fringe. Although she adores them, they are restricted to the beach. She wouldn't have the nerve to wear them to the studio. People might think she was trying to be different. It's true that a policeman shooed her away from a premiere because she was so simply dressed he didn't believe she was a star. She refuses to gussy up. "I feel like a bull in a china shop." At the beach, Steve has trouble getting her out of blue jeans or pants and into a skirt when they go out for dinner. They have two cars—one a tiny MG, the other a red Plymouth convertible. Shirley learned to drive with the convertible.

"While we were stopped at a light, a woman crashed into us going fifty-five miles an hour. Steve ended up in the hospital and I had a new necklace—a neckbrace. We were in the Plymouth at the time, so I had to drive the MG to Para-

mount. I'd never driven a car with a gear shift before. I stalled the engine fourteen times on the way to the studio. Steve, she said with a sudden change of thought, "drives much too fast. He got a ticket the other night on the highway for doing sixty. He was lucky the policeman caught him when he was slowing down."

Although Shirley doesn't approve of fast driving, she has driven herself at high speed since she was three. When her parents sent her to ballet school, she loved it. Dancing became an integral part of her life. It was what she wanted and her parents accepted it.

"For me, ballet was a basis for everything. It is the oldest art form in the world. And as a kid, my awareness of the physical led me to do everything. I played football and pitched and was a heavy hitter in softball. They called me 'Powerhouse,'" Shirley remembered with a grin. "I used to lose more boyfriends because I won from them. I remember one boyfriend who was quite happy with me until track season. I made the horrible mistake of jumping higher than he did and he wouldn't go on the hayride with me after that. I was five-feet seven when I was twelve and then I shrunk. It's true—I'm now five-feet six. I guess my feet got bigger."

"But actually I didn't date an awful lot anyway. When I did, it was one at a time (I'm the marrying kind). I didn't mind sacrificing dates, parties and social life, because dancing was really more important to me. I was president of my high school sorority, The Sub-Debs, but," she sighed with mock wistfulness, "they kicked me out of office because I never showed up for meetings. When I lived in Arlington, Virginia, I did have one rather peculiar passion. I loved geometry. In my spare time I worked problems. I also loved to study the stars, and thought I might be an astronomer. I liked being a leader, but didn't like to be loaded down with responsibility. When I felt the burden coming on I managed to wiggle out."

All this time Shirley was dedicated to dancing. When she studied with Lisa Gardner and her assistant, Mary Day, in Washington, D.C., Shirley took two lessons a day, spent an hour and a half in traveling each way, then rehearsed all night. She was an avid pupil. Any dance—Spanish, folk, modern—Shirley was finding new expressions for her great belief that body was the basic art.

"It was when I danced with the Washington National Symphony, in things like 'Cinderella' and 'Hansel and Gretel' that it began to dawn on me that ballet was limited. I suddenly wanted to expand, to express in words and music. So when I was fourteen, I started spending every summer in New York, studying and going to school. I used to stay at a girls' club. I'd study all day and half the night and go back to the club to sleep, then get up and do it all over again. I didn't even think of dating. I was bitten by the musical bug and I was learning to get the same kind of expression I'd found in dancing through lines and music."

When the revival of "Oklahoma!" hit Broadway, Shirley, at sixteen, was in the chorus. At the end of that summer the entire company was invited to the Berlin Arts Festival. Shirley refused. She went home and finished high school. She never regretted that decision. Behind her provocative freckled face and bright blue eyes lies determination and strength. When she makes a decision, it has been wisely thought out and carefully followed. After she graduated from high school, the road

to fulfillment was strewn with television commercials, peanut butter sandwiches, modeling, no sandwiches and study. Every dime she earned went to study. If she was careless with her bodily comfort, it was because study meant more to her. Finally she landed in the chorus of "Me and Juliet" as a dancer.

"I was engaged to a graduate engineer then," Shirley said quietly. "We were planning on marriage, and yet something worried me. He treated my work as a hobby and though we never spoke of it, I knew he'd expect me to give it up. When I was with him I couldn't discuss my work and a part of me felt lost. Then, I went across the street from the stage door of the Majestic with a girlfriend one night and she introduced me to Steve Parker. He was an actor-director who knew theatre and he stimulated me professionally. He took me home. After that he coached me and helped in every way. Finally he shocked me into reality. Steve had the same loves, same interests. He loved me and understood what I had to do. We lived in the same world. It was so jerky," Shirley said with an embarrassed, pleased smile. "He kept after me and finally broke down the door and I knew I loved him."

Steve, on the other hand, has an entirely different point of view. Yet with the same conclusion. "I fell madly in love with her when she looked up from the table and I saw those eyes. But when we got up from the table I gulped. I'm just five-feet nine and I felt she was towering over me. I realized she was wearing very high heels and a great big hair-do, but she seemed taller than me. I took her home and called every day after that. I gave my services as a coach, counselor, director, and what have you just to stay there. My professional interest was definitely second to my emotional involvement. When I went

to see the show, I knew she was an extremely talented girl. When she got her break in 'Pajama Game,' the stage manager called me and I watched her from the wings in a T-shirt and blue jeans. Then we went to her place and worked the rest of the night. It was pretty hard," Steve grinned, "to work night after night, with my emotions coming out at the seams. But I finally wore her down."

"We fought like cat and dog the first two weeks we were married," Shirley said complacently. "I don't understand all this talk about adjustments. After we both blew our tops I guess we both adjusted—but I don't know who did what. I don't really care. Steve works with me on my scripts now and acts as my personal manager. He's also planning to start a real theatre out here. We both cook, and when he gets in the kitchen, I can't. We both love animals. We have Caesar, the boxer pup, and Bolo, the cat, a house and an ocean—and plans."

Shirley's plans are a little unorthodox but completely in keeping with her keen perception and steady, instinctive wisdom. Her candid searching eyes are old for her years. At this point in her life, she is planning to do many of the things that she had to forego while concentrating solely on getting a firm foothold in the theatre.

"I'd hate to live in New York," Shirley said soberly, "but I love New England. I'd like three or four children while I'm young enough to enjoy them. Yet I've been lucky, and I don't want to throw the timing off by not being able to work when I should. But I want the kids and fifteen assorted animals and a house that's not too big, in a town that has four seasons. I want to run a little general store and restaurant (I've always wanted to work in a store), and Steve can be mayor of the

town. I really feel that's what I'd like and Steve goes along with me.

"After my five-year contract with Mr. Wallis ends, I don't want to be bound to anyone. There's so much to learn, I want to be able to do it when I want to. I want to be free in the way I live, the way I work, and the way I learn. I've missed so much by being dedicated. Although I didn't have any fierce burning desire, I was at it all the time. Studying all day long and half the night. I've missed good books and travel and all the fine things that others take for granted. If we go to Europe, I want to take the time to live there—know the people, and not just sight-see like a tourist. I want to travel a lot and I want to read a lot. I want to catch up.

"It may sound odd from a twenty-one-year-old," Shirley concluded, "but I've given my whole life to study—seventeen years of work. I think it's enough to have a couple of years of reaping what you've sown."

At this time, Shirley means what she says. But she is in the unique period of waiting on the threshold of stardom. With three excellent pictures within a year, she has still to feel the full impact of public acceptance. Producers, critics and directors have nothing but raves for the provocative minx with her own built-in do-it-yourself kit. Perhaps her careful appraisal is a subconscious crossing of the fingers 'just in case.' It is difficult to believe that a talented girl with seventeen years of work and study would settle for only two years of success.

As Shirley said, "Every noteworthy event in my life has been like spontaneous combustion." And the next explosion may very well be when this girl with the very short fuse gets a bright green light from the public.

THE END

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Dean Martin was Lori Nelson's date at Gold Medal dinner. Separated from wife at time, Dean is now back at home with Jean

Dinner guests were greatly moved when late Jimmy Dean's grandmother stepped up to receive Photoplay's posthumous Award to her grandson for outstanding acting. At left, Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood, Dick Clayton greet Jimmy's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean. Far left, are Jimmy's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean

an exciting reason: He's suddenly discovered he has an excellent singing voice, and until he makes a trial recording, he refuses to miss his daily vocal lesson. There's also another new interest in Bob's life, and her name is Natalie Wood. They met at a publicity party both of them had wanted to skip. Now they're glad they didn't, because it was a case of "like" at first sight.

Behind The Camera: Out of respect for Cecil B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments," Charlton Heston—who stars as Moses—turned down three roles because he didn't want to play unsavory characters. . . . Rory Calhoun returned from making "Flight to Hong Kong" in China and gifted pal Jeff Chandler with—a shrunken head! On his note, Rory wrote: "Now you know what happens to Hollywood producers!" . . . Lana Turner doesn't want to make "My Most Intimate Friend" unless Ava Gardner (she's perfect for the co-starring role) is in the picture, too. But Ava loves her life in Spain and doesn't want to do it.

Inside The News: William Campbell, turning down part after part at U-I, hopes they'll cancel his contract. Hotter than hot at the box office, Bill wants to produce pictures with his talented writer-brother Bob and share the wealth! . . . The part called for an American boy in Doris Day's first personally-produced film "Julie," but Doris wanted to work with Louis Jourdan. So they rewrote the role to fit a Frenchman! . . . Tony Curtis did a great deal

of praying after Janet Leigh was rushed to the hospital with a kidney infection. Apparently, however, her illness will not affect the baby expected in July. Trouper Tony also substituted for Janet on several TV shows.

For The Record: Hollywood agents should relax—Pat Wayne *isn't* going to sign with any of them, and for a very valid reason. "My son is only sixteen," says his beautiful mother, Josie Wayne. "His father and I both want him to finish school first and then decide what he wants to do in life. Every boy likes to make extra money. Director John Ford is Pat's godfather, so saying a few lines in his pictures was like working for one of the family. But that's as far as Pat's career goes—for now!"

Bedside Manner: The Eddie Fishers may put a registered nurse on their personal payroll! They're vacating their house by the sea, because the fog keeps Debbie in a constant state of sniffles. Added to this, four impacted teeth put Deb in the hospital and the surgery sent her into shock. In the meantime, what with his TV shows, benefits and commuting to New York, Eddie came down with shingles. "As soon as we can spare the time," laughs Debbie, "we're going to find a nice quiet place to enjoy a breakdown!"

Heady Stuff: That pigtail braid Marisa Pavan wore at PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards dinner is being copied by every glamour gal in town. Inci-

dentally, those stories of Marisa's "secret" engagement to Jean Pierre Aumont really embarrassed her, but she definitely does have a crush on the man. . . . Personal to you fans who wonder why Susan Hayward and Janet Leigh still wear long, out-moded hairdos. "If short hair was becoming," they both say, "I'd wear mine short."

Hollywood Is Worried About: The painfully thin Ann Blyth, who hasn't been able to regain her weight since the birth of her second baby. . . . The withdrawal of Gene Tierney and the rumblings of her complete collapse, supposedly caused by the unhappy ending of her romance with Aly Khan. . . . Jennifer Jones' nervous tension and defensive attitude, which practically prevents her from making public appearances. . . . The air of depression surrounding Elizabeth Taylor, who still insists her marriage is as it should be.

Making Movies: Ben Cooper looked longingly at Marla English for seven weeks, when he was at Paramount making "The Rose Tattoo." But they never met. So now they're working together in Republic's "White Nightmare"—and making up for lost time! . . . Inimitable and amusing Van Johnson tells it about himself: "While I was making '23 Paces to Baker Street' in England," he grins, "I wore a Burberry coat and Homburg hat on the street. When no one recognized me, I parked the hat and coat and put on my red socks. It was wonderful getting mobbed again!"

(Continued from page 79)

Movie Studios: Do not plan to drop in at a studio. The best way to see the inside of a studio is to take Tanner Gray Line Tour #5 or #5A. (See under Special Tours.)

Olvera Street: A Mexican market place which is a restoration of the first street in El Pueblo. You can buy a serape, one of their bright woven blanket shawls, a string of bright pods and gourds known as "Ramona's Charm Strings," huaraches (woven slippers), or cactus candy. You may have your handwriting analyzed, or your portrait done in pastels. You may buy hand-made candles, or sip chocolate at La Golondrina. You should visit the Avila adobe (Admission, 50¢) with its four-foot thick adobe walls, its patio in which stands a wishing well. On an evening visit, romance is in the air like perfume.

Radio and TV Shows: Order tickets by mail at least a month in advance of your California visit, since competition is terrific. If advance request cannot be made, you can try for tickets at the Information Desk at NBC or CBS on Sunset Boulevard, and take your chances on what programs are available at the time.

Will Rogers State Park: 14253 Sunset Boulevard. Park established at the old Will Rogers ranch. Good for camera fans. Open daily from noon until 4:30 P.M., except on Mondays and Tuesdays. Admission to ranch house, 25¢. Children under 6, free.

Santa's Village: On Highway 18, above San Bernardino, and between Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear. In close competition to Disneyland as a favorite with the youngsters. In the "Welcome House"

you are greeted by Santa's Chief Gnome, who will tell you what to see, such as the Mill Wheel Toy Factory, Santa's Souvenir Factory and Post Office where violins, pottery, knitwear are being made. Mail cards postmarked "Santa's Village" to any place in the world. Have a snack at Mrs. Claus' food house, where the tables are gigantic toadstools. See the Reindeer Barn and take a sleighride drawn by real reindeer. And see the Chapel of the Little Shepherd, in which a Nativity scene reminds one of the true meaning of Christmas. Open the year around, the admission is \$1 for anyone over 18; 40¢ for those between 18 and 11; children under 11 welcomed free.

WHERE TO STAY

Ambassador: 3400 Wilshire Boulevard. Heart of the Wilshire District, convenient to Bullock's Wilshire and I. Magnin (two of the country's great stores) on direct route to downtown Los Angeles or Beverly Hills. The Ambassador has 5 restaurants, the world-famed Cocoanut Grove, tennis courts, pitch & putt course, heated pool, and terrific shops. Room rates: \$12 up for two. The famous Cocoanut Grove: great floor shows, good dance music; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday, show at 10:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, 9:30 and midnight. \$15 average check. Friday night, traditionally, is college night. Real neat young crowd. Reservations recommended. Member of Diner's Club.

Beverly Hilton: 9876 Wilshire Boulevard and Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills. Southern California's newest hotel. Rooms on west have balconies. *Bali Room* is the supper club, *The Traders* is the

Polynesian room, *L'Escoffier* is the super-drooler room and unpriced menu (or order your own hummingbird wings in Ecstasy Sauce). There is also a coffee shop where prices are modest. Heated swimming pool. Room rates: \$16 up for two. *The Bali Room*, dancing from 9:00 P.M.; floor shows at 10:00, Monday through Thursday, at 9:30 and midnight, Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sunday. Cover charge. This is the newest, smartest of the supper clubs. Wear your best cocktail suit or dress, bear in mind that you pay for what you get. After all, Lana and Lex may be at the next table.

Beverly Hills Hotel: 9641 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills. A charming, rambling well-loved (by seasoned travelers) hotel in a garden setting. Pleasant coffee shop on lower level, main dining room one of the most beautiful anywhere. Room rates: \$20 up for two. *The Persian Room*, very chic. Minimum always, but \$12 will cover dinner and dancing. Closed Monday. Diner's Club member.

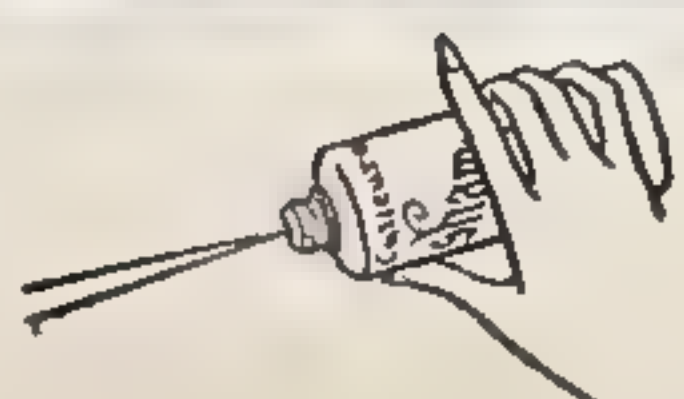
Beverly Wilshire: 9514 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills. Catty-corner from the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, within walking distance of Saks, Robinson's. The views from the rooms are breathtaking. There is a heated swimming pool, a charming dining room, a supper club, and excellent shops. Room rates: \$16 up for two. Diner's Club member.

The Biltmore: 5th Street at Olive. Big, bustling, busy—fun. Within walking distance of entire downtown area, across from Philharmonic, Biltmore Theatre in same building. Room rates: \$10 up for two. *The Biltmore Bowl*, in the Biltmore Hotel.

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Next—Cuticura Ointment. This emollient does more than help clear up externally caused pimples. Along with modern, scientific medication it contains effective softening elements—goes after hateful blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine—softens and stimulates as it helps heal. Do try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.



Cuticura

Closed Sundays. Otherwise, shows at 8:45 and 11:45 P.M. Type of crowd varies with headliner. Helen Forrest brings out older citizens; Joey Bishop and the Double Daters bring out a young crowd. \$10 will take care of the check. *Biltmore Rendezvous*, a luncheon and afternoon spot during the week. Open from noon until 8:00 P.M.; open Sundays from 5:00 P.M. until midnight. Closed Mondays. A fun spot.

Chapman Park: 615 S. Alexandria, in the Wilshire district. Main building rejuvenated, cottages set in walled garden. Room rates: \$10 up for two. Diner's Club member.

Garden of Allah: 8152 Sunset Boulevard. Newly renovated, newly redecorated, this has become one of the smart new showplaces of the town. At the beginning of the Sunset Strip, it has a glamorous history. Room rates: \$12 up for two.

Hyatt House: 5547 West Century Boulevard. Very new, very modern, excellent coffee shop, dining room and lounge. Excellent for motorists, but expensive for visitors who must taxi into town to see the sights. Room rates: \$10 up for two.

Knickerbocker: 1714 Ivar Avenue, in the heart of Hollywood. Four blocks from NBC, five blocks from CBS, easily accessible to everywhere. You are likely to meet musicians, etc. in the public rooms. Room rates: \$10 up for two. Diner's Club member.

Plaza: 1637 N. Vine Street, in the heart of Hollywood, opposite Hollywood Brown Derby. One block from NBC, two blocks from CBS. Great location for strolling "The Boulevard." Room rates: \$8 up for two. Diner's Club member.

Hotel Roosevelt: 7000 Hollywood Boulevard. One block from Grauman's Chinese, Paramount's Hollywood. Pool, many dining spots, several fascinating specialty shops in area. Room rates: \$10 up for two.

Statler: Figueroa between 7th and Wilshire, downtown. Los Angeles' second newest hotel. Beautiful lobby, *Café Rouge* fun for breakfast; *Terrace Room* perfect for dinner and dancing. Room rates: \$12 up for two.

Sheraton-Town House: 2961 Wilshire Boulevard, Wilshire District. Chic, smart address. *Cape Cod Grill* informally cheerful. *Zebra Room* a social rendezvous; *Garden Room* and *Terrace* pleasant for luncheon, dinner or supper-dancing. Room rates: \$16 up for two.

RESTAURANTS

Listed below are only a very few of the thousands of remarkably attractive restaurants in the Los Angeles area which combine excellent food with handsome decor. Those listed are included because of their association with the motion picture industry, or their unique right to a gourmet's patronage. The symbol "D" after a restaurant indicates that Diner's Club privileges are extended by that restaurant.

Barney's Beanery: 8447 Santa Monica Boulevard (near La Cienega). No fancy decor, but food is excellent, prices are modest. Tradition says that if you sit in Barney's long enough, you'll see everyone who is anyone in Hollywood, but the late hours are the richest in reward. Open 5 P.M. to 5 A.M. or thereabouts.

Brown Derby (D): The original Derby is located at 3377 Wilshire Boulevard, opposite the Ambassador Hotel; the Beverly Hills Derby is at 9537 Wilshire Boulevard, opposite the Beverly Wilshire. The Los Feliz Derby is at 4500 Los Feliz Boulevard, and the renowned Hollywood Derby keeps zooming at 1628 North Vine. All are open

for breakfast, lunch and dinner. There's also a brand-new Derby on Stocker, between Crenshaw and Santa Rosalia, which is open 24 hours daily. Food excellent, prices honest, fellow diners are the greats of the entertainment world. Reservations essential for luncheon or dinner.

C. C. Brown's: 7007 Hollywood Boulevard. For the world's best hot fudge sundae. Open 11:30 A.M. until midnight.

Captain's Table (D): 301 South La Cienega Boulevard. Seafood house that serves airborne Maine lobster, steamed clams, crabs, oysters. Open from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M., expensive.

Chasen's: 9039 Beverly Boulevard, near Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills. Celebrity rendezvous and a great restaurant. Prices in accordance with food and decor, which is to say expensive. Open from 6 P.M., except Mondays. Reservations essential.

Don, The Beachcomber's: 1727 North McCadden Place, Hollywood (2 blocks east of Highland Avenue). If you've ever dreamed of Hawaii, and if you love Cantonese food, this is for you. Romantic, dimly lit in a Pacific Island manner. Celebrity favorite. If you are over 21, have a Beachcomber's Gold—pure nectar. Opens at 5 P.M. Expensive. Reservations essential.

Fox and Hounds (D): 2900 Wilshire Boulevard in Santa Monica. An Old English Tavern which serves superb food. Steaks a specialty. Expensive. Dinner from 6 P.M.

Jack's at the Beach (D): On the Ocean Park Pier, Ocean Park. Unforgettable view over Santa Monica Bay, if you're there at sunset time. Prices in line with other top restaurants. \$10 will cover a meal for two, without drinks. Open from 5 P.M., except Tuesdays.

La Rue (D): 8633 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). Hollywood glamour, ultra chic decor. Prices high, but worth it. Open from 5:30 P.M., except Mondays. Reservations essential.

Luau (D): 421 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Decor Hawaiian. Your choice of Kansas City steaks or wonderful Cantonese food. Try a Rumake or Bali Miki along with a Dr. Fong. Prices high, but worth it. Dinner from 6 P.M. Telephone for reservations for luncheon.

Lucey's (D): 5444 Melrose Avenue, about 8 blocks west of Western. Italian cuisine. Their Eggs Benedict are memorable, and so is the Sunset salad. Luncheon reservations necessary because place draws many people from RKO and Paramount. Dinner also crowded, but not so hurried. Prices moderate to expensive, depending on your tastes. Closed on Sundays.

Patio: 3077 Wilshire Boulevard (opposite Bullock's Wilshire). Entrance looks small, but if you walk through you find walled garden with rustic chairs and umbrellas. Superb hamburgers, 6 inches in diameter, 85¢; one pound of ham in a sandwich, \$1. Have a *Café Mélange* as beverage, 35¢. Open from 11:30 A.M. until 4 P.M.

Perino's: 4101 Wilshire Boulevard. Decor, service, culinary delights are celebrated. Luncheon from 11:30 A.M.; dinner from 6 P.M. Reservations suggested. Prices high, but worth it.

Romanoff's (D): 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Presided over by HRH Prince Michael Romanoff, this spot has everything: gobs of glamour, marvelous service, delectable food. Expensive, and worth it. One can visit the bar and view the sunken dining room in transit. Open daily for luncheon and dinner, except Sundays. Reservations essential.

Scandia: 9131 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). A small but charming place. Menu posted on blackboard. Such delicacies as Mahi-Mahi flown in from Hawaii, and traditional Scandinavian dishes make up a brief but alluring menu. Again, the prices are high. Open for luncheon and dinner, Tuesday through Saturday. Sunday dinner served from 5 P.M. Closed on Mondays. Reservations essential.

Tail of the Cock: 477 South La Cienega (on Restaurant Row). Gay, lovely place for luncheon or dinner. Social crowd. Fairly expensive, thoroughly worth it.

Villa Frascati (D): 8117 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Belgian cuisine. Favorite of motion-picture people. Fairly expensive, but you'll never have a better dinner or more things to gaze at. Open from noon daily on weekdays; open from 5 P.M. on Sundays.

SPECIAL TOURS

The following bus tours are offered by Tanner Gray Line. You may wish to confirm hours of departure and fares with Tanner Gray Line office.

Tour #1: Huntington Library Trip. Daily, except Mondays, at 2 P.M. Time required: 3½ hours. In addition to the Library, tour permits you to see the Los Angeles Civic Center, Sycamore Grove Park, the Rose Bowl, California Institute of Technology, and San Gabriel Mission. Note: The Huntington Library is closed during October and every week on Mondays. Children under 10 are not admitted to the Library. Fare: \$3.25.

Tour #2: Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the Beach. Daily at 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. Time required: 3 hours. You see movie stars' homes, Grauman's Chinese with the footprints in forecourt, University of California at Los Angeles, Will Rogers Memorial Ranch, Santa Monica. Fare: \$3.25.

Tour #5: Movie Studios and Hollywood. Daily except Sundays and holidays at 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. Time required: 3 hours. You will see Universal-International Studio, Angelus Temple, Griffith Park, Disney Studio, stars' homes, Columbia Studio's ranch, Hollywood Bowl. Fare: \$4.50.

Tour #6: Forest Lawn Cemetery. Daily at 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. Time required: 3 hours. See text on earlier pages (under *Things to See and Do*) for description of Forest Lawn. Fare: \$3.25.

Tour #9: Tour of the city by night. Daily at 7 P.M. Time required: 3½ hours. You will see Olvera Street, Chinatown, Griffith Observatory, Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevard. Fare: \$3.25.

Tour #17: Lake Arrowhead. Wednesdays only. Departs at 8:30 A.M. in the season from June 15 to September only. You will see Rim o' the World Highway, Lake Arrowhead itself, Santa Anita, Pomona College, San Bernardino. About 90 miles northeast of Los Angeles. Fare: \$8.25.

Knott's Berry Farm: All-day trip departs at 8:30 A.M., on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the season from June 15 through September. On the way you pass Hollywood Race Track, Hermosa Beach, San Pedro, Fort McArthur, Los Angeles Harbor, Long Beach oil fields, before you reach Knott's Berry Farm (see text on Knott's under *Things to See and Do*). Price of food not included. Fare: \$5.75.

NEAR-BY ATTRACTIONS

Apple Valley: Six miles beyond Victorville, North and East of Los Angeles. A desert community, its hotel, Apple Valley Inn, is a superb resort oasis. Heated swimming pool, steak fries, square dancing, horseback

riding, golf, lots of informal fun. Price varies by season, but \$20 per day for two should do it.

Death Valley: Approximately 300 miles from Los Angeles, and recommended as the experience of a lifetime between October 15th and April 15th. The rest of the year, it is intolerably hot. Furnace Creek Inn is the great hotel, American Plan (meals included), and rates start at \$32 for two. Children less, of course. Furnace Creek Ranch is European Plan, a cabin hotel, with rates starting at \$7.50 for two. Amargosa Hotel is European Plan. Rates start at \$6.50 for two. Best touring bet: take an all-expense guided two-day trip through the Valley, with one night spent at Furnace Creek Inn. Cost: \$50.00, excluding beverages (alcoholic) and tips. Warning: Never take pets of any kind into Death Valley.

La Jolla: About 90 miles South of Los Angeles, this resort town is utterly charming. Excellent summer theatre featuring top casts starring Hollywood stars, and an attractive new hotel. White Sands of La Jolla has three hundred feet of private beach, heated fresh-water swimming pool, 170 delightful rooms, each with private veranda. Rate: \$15 up for two.

Lake Arrowhead: About 90 miles North and East of Los Angeles on smooth mountain highway. Skiing and snow sports, swimming, sailing, boating, golf and climbing in summer. See Tanner Gray Line Tour #17 (under Special Tours).

Las Vegas: About 300 miles North and East of Los Angeles in the Nevada desert. In addition to legalized gambling, there are a multitude of other attractions: sunbathing or swimming, horseback riding, steak frying, golfing, night-clubbing to view the best of Hollywood singing, dancing and revue talent. There is also nearby Hoover Dam to visit, plus boating on Lake Mead. Western Airlines provides a fabulous three-day tour for \$56 for two.

Mount Palomar: Inland from San Diego, it is the site of observatory housing the world-famed Hale telescope, 200 inches in diameter, weighing 20 tons. Observatory is open from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., and there is an interesting near-by museum.

Palm Springs: If you are in the Los Angeles area between November 1st and June 1st, don't miss Palm Springs. During the height of the season—roughly from December 15th to March 15th—the days are sunny and temperatures range from 50° to 80°, and nights are chilly. In the spring, the thermometer may leap up to 90°, late in May to nearly 100°, but it is a dry heat providing cool shadows, and there are thousands of swimming pools available. Nights are divinely cool. Rates for hotel or motel space range from \$7.50 per day to \$50. Excellent restaurants are Don the Beachcomber's, The Dunes, The Doll House, The Steak Ranch, the dining rooms at El Mirador, and the Chi-Chi.

San Pedro and Wilmington: These are Los Angeles' harbor cities. If you are in Los Angeles during the latter part of September or the first of October, don't miss the blessing of the fishing fleet. And don't miss a departure of the Lurline for Hawaii from the Matson Line dock.

Solvang: North and 30 miles inland from Santa Barbara, Solvang is one of the picturesque little cities of Southern California. A Danish settlement, the architecture repeats that of Denmark, and their pastry is exquisite. Early in August a festival is held. Try to visit Solvang on a weekend, so you can partake in a Saturday morning breakfast, Danish style, and colorful folk dancing Saturday night.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

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\$100-\$400 MONTHLY Possible, preparing envelopes, postcards, from mailing lists at home. Longhand, typewriter. Detailed Instructions only 25c! T. Economy, Rowley, Mass.

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MAKE SPARE TIME money preparing and mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513C Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, California.

\$50.00 THOUSAND POSSIBLE, Preparing Envelopes, at Home Sparetime, Instructions—\$1.00. Fisher—WC, Box 4044, San Francisco, Calif.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Items From Your Newspaper! Write, Newscraft, PW-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

EARN \$40. WEEKLY Sewing Babywear! No canvassing! Send stamped, addressed envelope. Babywear, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable. Hanky Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Ark.

EARN SPARE TIME Cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

FREE SAMPLE, "MAKE scented Orchids." No canvassing. Boycan, Sharon 41, Penna.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED! GUARANTEED Pay! No Selling. Wallace, Box 3-W, Boston 22, Massachusetts.

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GUARANTEED HOMEWORK! IMMEDIATE Commissions! Everything Furnished! Hirsch, 1301-12 Hoe, New York City 59.

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EXTRA MONEY PREPARING mailing postcards, Gul, 2419 Thomas, Chicago 22, Illinois.

LADIES: PREPARE MAIL Postcards, Easy, Profitable. Alfred Hasemann, Beecher, Illinois.

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BORROW \$50 TO \$500. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan. City National Bldg., Dept. WD-5, Omaha, Nebraska.

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San Francisco sight—turning of the famed cable car

San Francisco

Take it from those who have traveled far and wide: San Francisco is one of the cities of the world. When it comes to atmosphere and enjoyment, this hilly metropolis is in a class by itself. (Call it "wonderful," call it "out-of-this-world," but don't ever call it "Frisco." If you really want to be in the know, call it "The City.")

Everyone talks about the weather, but in San Francisco they go overboard, and for good reason. The city may be shrouded in fog downtown, while just a matter of blocks away the sun may be shining in a cloudless sky. It seldom gets very cold or very hot in the Golden Gate city because it is the meeting place of the cold winds from the North and the warm winds from the South. The coolest months—averaging 48° to 53°—are from November through March, when there is also a good deal of rain. From April till September the days are mild, averaging from the middle 50's to the middle 60's. The warm season arrives in September and extends through October. However, in San Francisco, natives say it is "hot" when the temperature reaches 85°. For the most part the nights are cool, and often it "mists," as residents say, meaning anything from a heavy fog to a light rain. So your best bet is to take a topcoat and/or raincoat, plus sweaters.

Anyone who has heard anything about The City, knows—or should know—that it features some of the steepest hills to be found anywhere. In fact, some even have steps built into the sidewalks. So when packing your shoes, better include some sturdy ones for San Francisco. If you are driving, be sure to have your car brakes adjusted. And, one of the prime laws when parking—especially on those steep hills—is to block your wheels (i.e. turn the front ones in toward the curb).

If you have occasion to take a taxi, you'll find that San Francisco cab drivers are in a class by themselves. Just about all of them are courteous and gallant, and they know the city so well that they will get you where you want to go in a hurry.

One final tip: The moment you arrive, stop at the desk of any of the major hotels and pick up a copy of "San Francisco Hotel Greeters' Guide." This monthly is a comprehensive guide to the city, and will be invaluable during your stay.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Alcatraz Island: Situated in the Bay between San Francisco and Sausalito. May be viewed from any of the city's promontories. Site of Alcatraz Federal Prison. Legend has it that only one man has ever

escaped the prison, and he was pounded to pieces by the beating tides.

Bridges: The Bay Bridge is 4½ miles long, passes over Yerba Buena or Goat Island. The Golden Gate Bridge is the longest and highest suspension bridge in the world, hurtling 4,200 feet from the San Francisco peninsula to scenic Marin County across the Bay. To traverse the bridges, check Gray Line Tours #17 and #21 (noted under Special Tours).

Cable Cars: Don't leave San Francisco without riding a picturesque cable car. Two lines are still operating. Easiest to catch is the Powell Street line which goes from Powell and Market Streets to within a few blocks of Fisherman's Wharf. A non-rush-hour trip is advised. Fare, 30¢ round trip.

Chinatown: San Francisco's Chinatown is the largest Oriental community in America, but as war veterans from the area discovered, they are regarded as Americans by Orientals living outside the U. S. One of the sights to see in Chinatown is Ping Yuen, a huge modern housing project for American war veterans of Chinese extraction. Chinatown also contains the site of the first building erected in The City in 1836.

You are lucky if your visit to Chinatown coincides with Chinese New Year, which begins with the new moon nearest January 20. The colorful celebration lasts for two weeks (until the moon is full). The area is sheer heaven for gift-buyers. See Gray Line Tour #3 (under Special Tours).

Coit Tower: Atop Telegraph Hill, the tower is a memorial to San Francisco's early-day Volunteer Firemen. The walls are decorated with paintings, and the view from the top is incomparable. In olden days a lookout was kept on this site on Telegraph Hill to announce approaching ships as their sails rose over the horizon. Coit Tower is open to visitors 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. weekdays; until 5:15 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Elevator fee for adults 25¢, children ride free.

Embarcadero: The dock area of The City, where you may watch all the busy harbor activities—from the departure of ocean-going vessels to the busy white ferries which ply between San Francisco and the Bay cities.

Fisherman's Wharf: A photographer's paradise. Wharf is easily reached by the Powell Street cable car and a few blocks' walk, or by taxi. The Wharf contains many small curio shops. The area is especially vivid at night. Restaurants on the Wharf are uniformly excellent. A daytime walk along the quay will let you see the picturesque fishermen at work on their nets, or preparing boats for the next day's fishing.

Golden Gate Park: Over a thousand acres, with enough amusements to justify several trips. The Park houses a children's playground, a conservatory of rare plants, the DeYoung Museum, the Fleischhacker Zoo, the Morrison Planetarium, the Simson African Hall, the Steinhart Aquarium. Food is served in the Japanese Tea Garden (open from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., weather permitting).

Nob Hill: So called because the "nabobs"—the wealthy families of yesteryear—selected this particular promontory for their homes. The only great mansion left is the Flood home, a massive brownstone building now occupied by the Pacific Union Club (exclusive, gentlemen only). The area also contains several of the major hotels of The City.

Portsmouth Square: At Kearny, Clay and Washington Streets. The square is named

for the sloop Portsmouth, commanded by Captain Montgomery, who laid claim to the area for the United States and raised the American flag in 1846.

Wild West Museum: Memorabilia of the Old West occupying ground floor of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company at the corner of Market and Montgomery. Includes resplendent red stagecoach from Wild West days.

WHERE TO STAY

San Francisco offers hundreds of good hotels. Those listed below are the celebrated hotels located in the heart of The City.

The Cliff: Rates from \$7.50 up, for two

The Fairmount: Rates from \$10 up, for two. On Nob Hill. The Fairmount's supper club, the *Venetian Room*, offers top talent. Oper. 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. every day except Monday. Dancing also available in the *Cirque Room* from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M. every night, and on Friday from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. No cover charge or minimum. Also you may enjoy the *Tonga Room* for dancing. Cantonese cuisine. Hawaiian floor show and romantic decor. Orchestra floats on barge which circles authentic lake in middle of the room. Open daily from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. No cover charge or minimum. Diner's Club member.

The Mark Hopkins Hotel: Rates from \$10 up, for two. On Nob Hill. Home of the internationally famous cocktail lounge, *Top of the Mark*, with magnificent view of The City. For dining and dancing, the *Lochinvar Room*. Open daily from 7 A.M. to 12:30 A.M. (except Sundays when it closes at 10 P.M.). Dancing from 9 P.M. nightly except Sunday. No cover; minimum Saturdays.

The Plaza Hotel: Rate from \$8 up, for two. Faces Union Square. Home of *El Prado* restaurant. Magnificent cuisine. Reservations essential.

The Saint Francis: Rates from \$10 up, for two. Faces Union Square. A Monday fashion luncheon is patronized by San Francisco's best. For dining, the *Orchid Room* open daily from 11 A.M. to 1 A.M. Dancing nightly except Sunday from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M. No cover or minimum.

The Sheraton-Palace: Rates from \$10 up for two. For dining and dancing the *Palace Corner*, open daily from 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. No cover charge.

Sir Francis Drake: Rates from \$8 up, for two. Powell Street near Union Square. New skyscraper hotel. Dining and dancing on the *Starlite Roof*. Monday through Saturday until 12:30 A.M. Spectacular view of The City.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants listed here offer both fine food and romantic atmosphere, as San Francisco is justly known as the gourmet's paradise. \$10 per couple would be average check in any one. The symbol "D" after a restaurant indicates that Diner's Club privileges are extended.

Alfred's: 886 Broadway. Basically Italian cuisine. But steaks are so wonderful that they serve about two tons daily.

Blue Fox (D): 659 Merchant. "Across the Street from the Morgue" is the legend emblazoned on their cocktail napkins. Expensive food, but incomparable. Excellent bar.

Cliff House (D): At Seal Rocks. San Francisco attraction since the turn of the century. Food reasonably priced. Sublime view.

DiMaggio's (D): At Fisherman's Wharf. Seafood grotto owned by Joe DiMaggio. Reasonable prices. Excellent food.

Domino Club (D): 25 Trinity Place. Often called a "restaurant art gallery." The "art" is feminine—especially "Gloria" who seems to breathe. Go see for yourself.

Ernie's (D): 847 Montgomery. Exquisite food. Impressive decor. Atmosphere of Old San Francisco. Specialty for dessert, a banana fritter with whipped cream.

Forbidden City (D): 363 Sutter Street. Chinese night club. Excellent Cantonese food, and the view from a window table is fascinating. Dancing and an exotic floor show.

Goman's Gay 90's: In the International Settlement. Appropriate decor. Open every night from 6 P.M. until 2 A.M. except Monday. Shows every hour on the hour. Specialty: ham and eggs and Southern-fried chicken.

Hungry I (D): 599 Jackson. Primarily a night club. Authentic atmosphere of Bohemia. Fascinating floor show. Good steaks.

Julius Castle (D): 302 Greenwich, on Telegraph Hill. View and food unforgettable.

Little Sweden: 572 O'Farrell Street. Superb Swedish Smorgasbord.

Moars: 33 Powell. Cafeteria with curio shop added. Home of the world-famous "Bufano Murals."

Papagayo: In the Fairmount Hotel. Wonderful Mexican food, gay atmosphere.

Ritz Old Poodle Dog (D): 65 Post. San Francisco's oldest French restaurant. Superb food.

The Shadows: 1349 Montgomery, on Telegraph Hill. Candlelit tables, open fire, matchless view. A place for lovers. And magical food to match.

Skipper Kent's (D): 1040 Columbus Avenue. Superb Cantonese, Malayan and East Indian dishes. Tropical island decor.

Three Little Swiss: 530 Broadway. Fine French-Italian menu. Dining and dancing.

Vanessi's (D): 498 Broadway. Italian cuisine and a famous place to dine. Don't miss it.

SPECIAL TOURS

Bay Cruise #1: One-hour tour by boat of the Bay area. On tour one sees the Embarcadero (the dock areas); the Marina (elegant apartment house area); the Presidio (old fort overlooking Golden Gate); Golden Gate Bridge; Bay Bridge; Alcatraz; Treasure Island; view of San Francisco skyline. Leaves Fisherman's Wharf every 45 minutes, March 16-October 31, 10 A.M. through 5 P.M.; every hour, November 1-March 15, 11 A.M. through 4 P.M. Fare: Adults, \$1.25; Children 5-12, 65¢.

Bay Cruise #2: Two-hour tour by boat. All of above points, plus Marin County and other points. Leaves Fisherman's Wharf daily at 2 P.M., March 16-September 30. Leaves 2 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays only, from October 1 through March 15. Fare: Adults, \$2.50; Children 5-12, \$1.25.

The tours noted below are bus tours via Gray Line. Telephone YUkon 6-4000 to confirm departure time and place.

Tour #1: Scenic Tour of The City. Time required: 3 hours. Visit to Twin Peaks, homes in St. Francis Wood and Sea Cliff, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, the Golden Gate from Land's End. Fare: \$3.35, plus additional 10¢ for visit to Mission Dolores (and San Francisco industrial section which grew up around old Mission).



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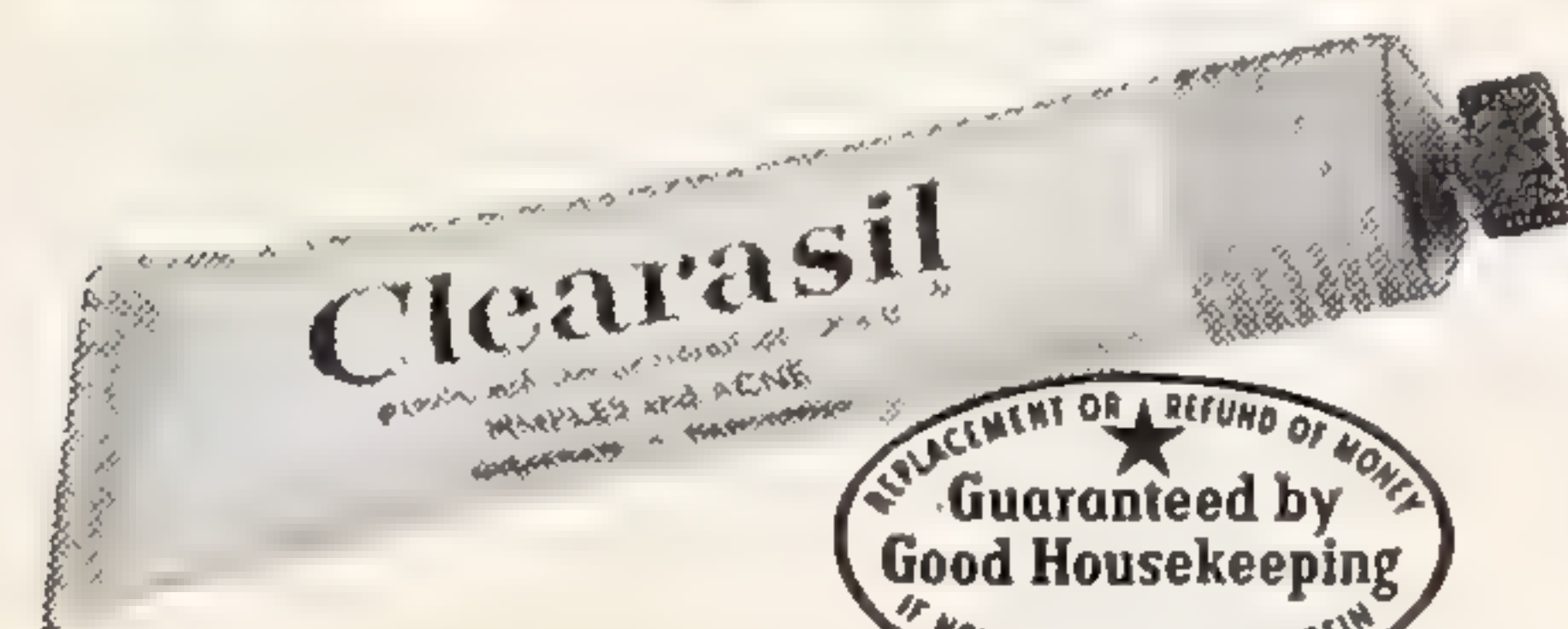
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 5880 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

Tour #3: Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf by night. Time required: 2½ hours. Departure at 8 P.M., June 16-September 15. Wonderful night view of neon-trimmed Chinatown. Visit to a Joss House (Chinese temple of worship), art studios, shops, old Barbary Coast (amusement zone); Telegraph Hill (for view of The City); Fisherman's Wharf, and over Nob Hill on return. Fare: \$2.65.

Tour #17: Trip across Bay Bridge and through downtown Oakland. Time required: 1½ hours. Fare: \$1.90.

Tour #21: Trip across Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito. Time required: 1½ hours. Fare: \$1.90.

Tour #16: The Oakland area. Time required: 7½ hours. Tour goes out over Bay Bridge, visits Lake Merritt. Lunch at the Claremont Hotel. Visit University of California campus. Take ferry boat to Point San Quentin. Prowl Redwood glades in Muir Woods. Return to City over Golden Gate Bridge. Wear low-heeled shoes for this trip. Fare: \$6.70, luncheon price not included.

Night-life Party: Tour of three night spots. Starts at 8:45 P.M., runs until 2 A.M. This includes visit to three night clubs (best for the week selected by tour officials). One beverage available at each club, included in price of tour. Tables are ready at each stop, orders promptly taken, no tips necessary. Usually includes the Forbidden City (see under *Restaurants*), Italian Village. Patrons of tour are taken back to their hotel at evening's close. Good travel bargain, especially for unescorted women, and it's a lot of fun, too. Price \$9.50.



Portland, Oregon, where roses bloom all year round and distant Mt. Hood never loses its frosting of snow

Portland

Scarcely more than a century ago, Portland was only a clearing in the forest on the banks of the Willamette River. Today, it is a beautiful city—Oregon's largest and busiest—of fine homes and gardens, which is surrounded by some of America's most spectacular scenery.

"For you a rose in Portland grows," is the city's slogan, and it reflects the charm of its atmosphere. Throughout most of the year there is something "doing" in Portland—fairs, festivals, pageants, rodeos, dog races—but the biggest event of all is the traditional Rose Festival, in early June, which is comparable to New Orleans' Mardi Gras and Pasadena's Tournament of Roses.

Although it is located well to the North, Portland's climate is never too cold or too hot. In spring and summer, the weather is cool, averaging between the high 50's and low 70's. Autumn is an invigorating season, and the temperature hovers between the middle 50's and 60's, while in winter, although it snows, it seldom gets much below freezing, and never for long. Since a vacation in and around Portland usually includes side trips to some of the many scenic wonders, you will definitely want to pack a good supply of warm and casual clothes, in addition to your dress-up wear.

Your best bet for securing information is the Visitors Information Center, 1020 SW Front Ave., or call ATwater 9411. And if you have a camera, you should concentrate on taking color pictures. If you don't, you'll never forgive yourself. If you do, you'll understand why they promise "You'll remember Oregon."

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Art Museum of Portland: On Southwest Park Avenue, between Jefferson & Madison Streets. Open daily through Sunday, noon to 5 P.M.; Wednesdays, noon to 10 P.M. Permanent collection includes the

Mary Andrews Ladd collection of Japanese prints, 20th Century painting and sculpture, the Rasmussen Collection of Pacific Northwest Indian Art, and a 2300-volume reference library. Temporary exhibitions are among the best in the U. S. Free.

Auditorium: SW Third Avenue & Clay Street. Capacity, 4500. This auditorium is one of the busiest in the West, offering performances during the year of the Portland Symphony, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (in season), Arthur Fiedler and The Boston Pops, Grand Opera, the All-City Band Festival, and the Portland Chamber Orchestra.

Bonneville Dam: The first of a series of gigantic hydro-electric power projects on the mighty Columbia River, it is located 42 miles east of Portland. Named for Captain Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville, an early Western explorer, this great dam cost 100 million dollars to construct. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Churches: There are 425 churches in Portland. For Protestant Church Information, call Council of Churches, BEacon 6161; Catholic, 9066 SW 6th Avenue, Capital 2321; Christian Science, American Bank Building, BEacon 8119; Jewish Community Center, 1636 SW 13th Avenue, BEacon 7241; Mormon Temple, 1975 SE 30th Avenue, EMpire 1974.

Columbia River Gorge: Home of the famous Columbia River, 1215 miles long, the second largest in the U. S. There is a magnificent scenic route through the gorge, revealing colorful palisades, dashing waterfalls, lush evergreen forests and numerous state parks. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Dog Races: Greyhounds may chase the mechanical rabbit legally in Oregon, and the track at the Multnomah Civic Stadium is highly esteemed. There is pari-mutuel betting every summer evening, except Sunday.

Fish Ladders: Each year, hundreds of thousands of salmon and other fish soar upward some 60 feet into the air, as they swim upstream to spawn and die. You may see this unique phenomenon at Bonneville Dam. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Grotto: The Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, located at 85th and Sandy Boulevard, covers 60 acres on two levels adorned with sunken gardens, overshadowed by a towering cliff. The lower terrace of 20 acres contains the bronze Stations of the Cross, St. Philip's Grotto and the statue of the Cross-bearing Christ. In the center of the Sanctuary stands the Grotto of Our Sorrowful Mother. On top of this cliff stands a life-size bronze statue of the Virgin Mary, which was erected in 1933, the year marking the 700th anniversary of the founding of the Servite Order, which has provided the Sanctuary. From the upper terrace, you may visit the Chapel of St. Anne, view the wood carvings of the seven Sorrows of Mary, the Monastery, the Way of St. Joseph carved in marble, and finally, the breathtaking panorama of the Columbia River Valley.

Lambert Gardens: At 5120 SE 28th Avenue. A delightful spot for the camera bug. There are ten gardens, in bloom from April until the first frost. Each year, the Rose Festival Queen's footprints are recorded in concrete in the sunken rose garden. Other highlights include the pansy garden in the Italian Court, and the ghost tree in the Spanish Garden. Open daily from 7 A.M. until dark, there is a small admission fee.

Log Cabin: The world's largest, on NW Wardway between NW 27th and NW 28th. Open daily from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., this indoor forest primeval was built in 1905 to commemorate the centennial of the Lewis & Clark Expedition. Fifty-two massive Douglas firs form the columnar central hall. Interesting exhibits include a miniature sawmill which operates by push-button control; a slice of Douglas fir—over nine feet in diameter—which is hundreds of years old.

Mount Hood: This perpetually snow-capped mountain, 55 miles from Portland, gracefully dominates the city's skyline as the Eiffel Tower presides over Paris. Hood, the magnificent, isn't exceptionally high (11,245 feet), but it has character, and at the 6000-foot level stands the popular Timberline Lodge, a hotel and pleasure center which offers year 'round recreation. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Multnomah Falls: Thirty-three miles east of Portland, the Columbia River cut itself a jumping-off place through the Cascade Mountains. The result is the 620-foot Multnomah Falls, second highest in the U. S., and a permanent delight for the

photographers. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

Rose Festival: In 1888, a visitor attending an Episcopal convention observed that Portland was a city of roses. This statement spurred the imagination of Frederick V. Holman, and he decided to turn the rose into a Portland tradition. The first public rose show was held in 1889, and the first rampant rose (still the official flower) was introduced in 1890. It was planted so enthusiastically by Portlanders that soon rose hedges of the vigorous "Mme. Caroline Testout" lined most of the city's streets. But it had one drawback: it produced thorns as hostile as its blossoms were beautiful. Eventually, the "Mme. Caroline Testout" was removed to the rear gardens and climbers and other less-spiked varieties were planted. In 1912, Bill Hoffman instituted the "Order of the Royal Rosarians," a group of 100 prominent businessmen, who established the Rose Festival, with the selection of a Queen from among the city's high school girls, and supervised the preparation of floats featuring thousands of roses and other flowers which abound in the area. The Festival is held yearly in early June.

Rose Gardens: These are located in 103-acre Washington Park, near the center of the city. Because of Portland's capable climate, roses are tested from developers in this country as well as from rosarians of more than a dozen foreign countries. This is another excellent place to expose a roll of color film.

WHERE TO STAY

Below are some of Portland's leading hosteleries, most of which are conveniently situated in the heart of the city. Writing for reservations in advance is strongly recommended.

Multnomah Hotel: SW 4th Avenue & Pine Street. Portland's largest (600 rooms), priced from \$6.50 to \$9, double. Excellent dining room, coffee shop, cocktail lounge. Portland's meeting place.

Benson Hotel: 309 SW Broadway. Conveniently located (200 rooms), priced from \$7.50 to \$14.50, double. Excellent dining room, coffee shop, cocktail lounge.

Imperial Hotel: 410 SW Broadway. In the heart of downtown Portland (170 rooms), priced from \$5.50 to \$9, double.

Heathman Hotels: Twin buildings at 712 & 731 SW Salmon Street. Modern (530 rooms), priced from \$6.50 to \$8, double. Their *Aloha Room* is celebrated. Also excellent dining room and coffee shop.

Mallory Hotel: SW 15th Avenue & Yamhill Street. Away from traffic noise, but convenient to shopping and theatre. Features king-size beds (160 rooms), priced from \$5.50 to \$8.50, double. Excellent dining room and handsome supper club called *Driftwood Room*.

King Tower Hotel Apartments: 901 SW King Avenue. In a residential district, King Tower (212 apartments) offers housekeeping accommodations for those who want a home away from home. Excellent coffee shop and delicatessen.

Timberline Lodge: This year-'round resort spot is located at the 6000-foot elevation of Mount Hood. The Lodge itself was built by the Federal Government in 1927 and serves as a permanent example of the area's pioneer construction. The Lodge is run on the American Plan (meals included with room rates), and the rates run from \$21 a day, single with twin or double bed and private bath, to \$42 for three persons in a deluxe fireplace and alcove parlor suite. Also available are



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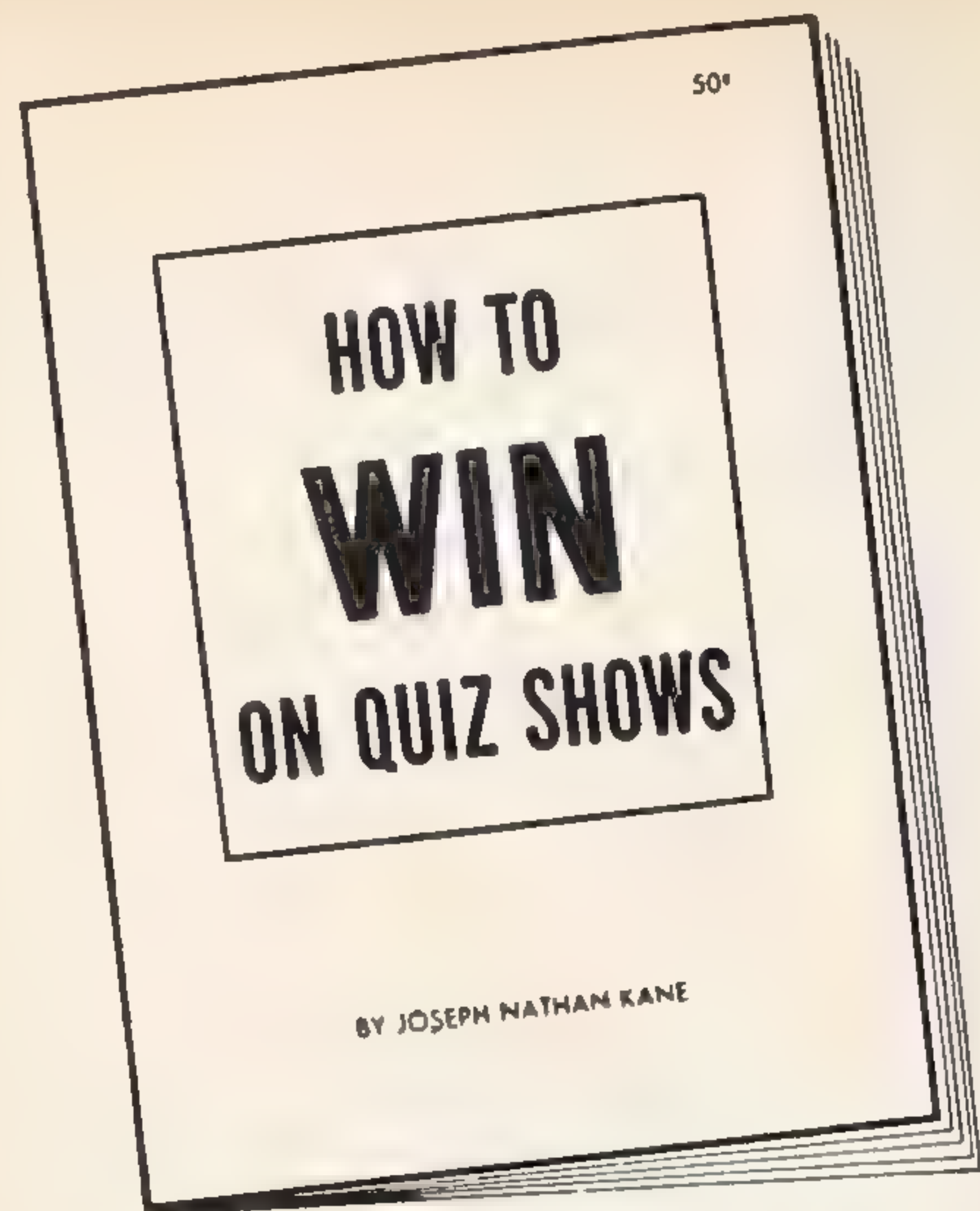
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dormitory rooms (European Plan), accommodating four to fifteen persons per room, according to size, at \$2.50 per person, Sunday through Thursday; \$3 each, Friday and Saturday.

Lodge services include: *Cascadian Dining Room, Ski Grill Cafeteria, Silcox Mountain House* (luncheonette at top of chairlift); *Ram's Head Cocktail Lounge & Blue Ox Rathskeller*. Skiing: \$3.50 for one day, \$9 for three days; equipment can be rented. Horseback riding: July through September. Dancing: Saturday and Sunday night. Folk dancing: Friday night. Free movies nightly. Also, see *Gray Line Tour #1* (under Special Tours).

RESTAURANTS

There are hundreds of excellent restaurants in the Portland area, and adventuring is recommended. Some places are mentioned under *Where to Stay*. These, as well as the following, are representative spots:

Amato's Supper Club: 706 SW Main. A dine-and-dance spot; member of Diner's Club, in case you carry Diner's credentials.

Berg's Chalet: 741 SW St. Clair Avenue. Celebrated for German-Swiss cooking, or anything else you might crave. Diner's Club member.

Encore: 512 SW Broadway. Well known for chicken and steak dinners. Diner's Club member.

Hilaire's: 622 SW Washington. Steady customers swear by it. Diner's Club member.

SPECIAL TOURS

The Gray Line in Portland offers a series of tours and touring accommodations. Listed below are three which every visitor should try to take.

Tour #1: The Mount Hood Loop and Columbia River Highway. Time required: 8:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. Service daily. Includes entire scenic length of the Columbia River Highway to Hood River, with stops at the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, Crown Point, Vista House (750 feet above the Columbia River), Latourell Falls, Waukeena Falls, Multnomah Falls, Horsetail Falls, Bonneville Dam and the Salmon Hatchery, the Mount Hood Loop Road, with a stop at Timberline Lodge, and a return trip through Mount Hood National Forest. Tours run June 1 to November 15 or longer, depending on snow. Fare: \$11 per person, not including lunch.

Tour #1A: Time required: 8:30 A.M. first day to 7 P.M. second day. Includes all of Tour #1, and arranges for a one-night stay at Timberline Lodge, enjoying breakfast and lunch there, plus a trip on the mile-long chair-lift to the glaciers. Fare: \$30.50 per person; \$55 for two.

Tour #5: Deluxe City Tour. Time required: 4 hours. You may elect to do it in two sessions—covering half the city one morning, and half the next morning, or touring only in the afternoon. Service daily. Includes the Rose Gardens, the Forestry Building, the Sanctuary, Harbor Drive, Mount Tabor Park, the business and residential districts. Fare: \$5.50 per person.

Tour #2: Columbia River Highway to Bonneville Dam and return. Time required: 5 hours. There are two tours daily during the summer, one daily during the winter. Includes stops at the Sanctuary, Crown Point, Vista House, Multnomah Falls, and Bonneville Dam and Salmon Hatchery. Return trip via the new water-level highway along the Columbia River. Fare: \$5.50 per person.

NEAR-BY ATTRACTIONS

Agate Hunting: The Pacific Ocean lies just 90 miles west of Portland, and there you will find lovely secluded coves, numerous state parks for picnicking, and colorful resort beaches such as Cannon, Garibaldi Rockaway, Wheeler, Gearhart and Seaside. In the old days, these beaches abounded in agates. Nowadays, agates aren't so numerous, but a determined gem-collector can still amass a necklace of the semi-precious stones.

Crater Lake: Located in Southern Oregon this blue, blue beauty lies in the cone of the extinct volcano, Mt. Mazama. A peaceful stay can be had at the lovely Lodge by the lake, and it's a pleasant day's drive around the lake, over good roads with superb scenic views.

The Oregon Caves: Discovered in 1874 by Elijah J. Davidson, after his dogs had chased a bear into the caverns. Located in the Southwestern part of Oregon, the caves are an exciting example of what nature can do with marble and a few centuries of gentle erosion. Tours through the caves are well-planned—no more than 16 persons are included in each party. There is a small fee for guide service.

The Pendleton Roundup: Held each September in Oregon's Northeastern city of Pendleton, the Roundup features an Indian promenade in full pow-wow regalia. An unforgettable spectacle for eye and camera.

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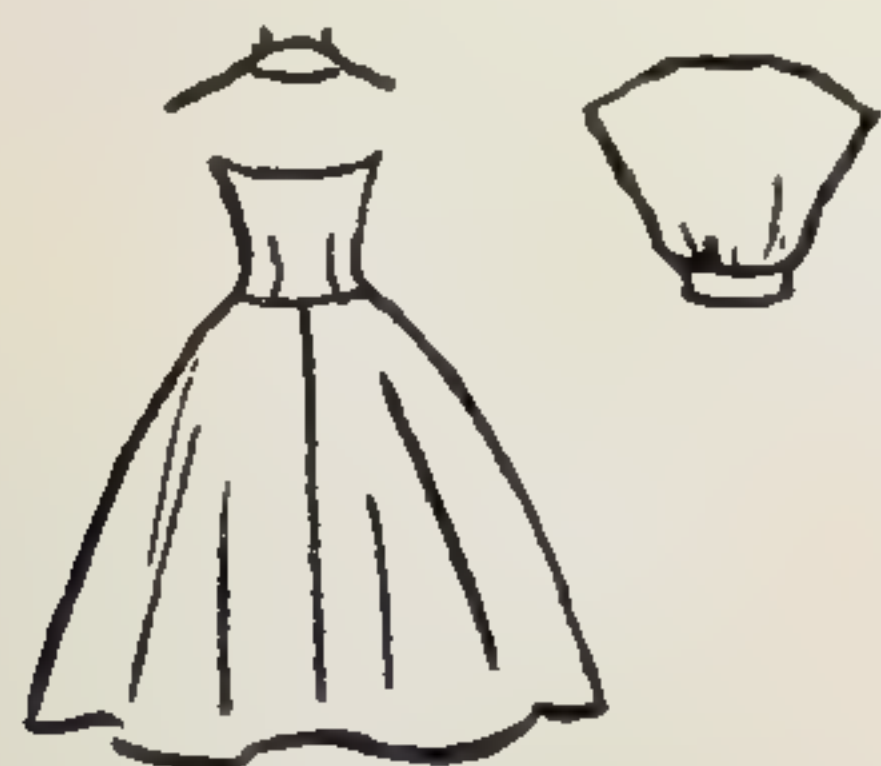
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4678—Make a grand entrance in the little glamour hat! Three styles in one pattern (two are illustrated) are the newest shapes of fashion! Pattern comes in one size, Medium. Use white piqué for pretty summer frosting. See pattern for yardages.



9120

9120—Juniors! This dress has the most flattering of necklines—cut to enhance the shoulders, frame the face. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrast. Jacket, 1 yard.



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CHERAMY PERFUMER

(Continued from page 55)



Be The Best Dressed Girl In Town With This Original Ceil Chapman Creation—So Easy To Make Yourself

World famous designer CEIL CHAPMAN created this exciting new model, in one of her prettiest uses of bodice drapery. The front waist is cut on a true bias with figure flattering results. The tiny sleeves look draped but actually are made with a series of bias folds worked on an under sleeve for easy handling. The skirt, which is slim and straight in front, has an exciting exit line in its center back treatment, consisting of a godet of released pleats flanked on either side with a folded box pleat. Most effective in plain or printed silks, novelty cottons, taffeta or peau de soie, it is easy to make because the pattern is accurately perforated and measured.

This quality pattern is custom-made (not printed) retail-sized by designers' own measurements (not standard size). It means better fit—better style—less alterations—less work to assemble. Saves time and money since no tracing wheel or carbon paper is needed that may injure pattern or fabric.

Use chart to order your size.

SIZES	BUST	WAIST	HIPS	NAPE OF NECK TO WAIST
10	34"	24"	35"	16 1/2"
12	35"	25"	36"	16 3/4"
14	36 1/2"	26 1/2"	37 1/2"	17"
16	38"	28"	39"	17 1/4"
18	40"	30"	41"	17 1/2"

Size 12 requires 4 yds. of 50 inch fabric and 3/8 yd. of 35 inch material for interfacing. To order Pattern #1251, state size; send \$1.; address P.O. Box 535, G.P.O., Dept. PH, New York 1, N.Y.

Whodunit?

Apparently the Purdom thing is over with Linda Christian. This girl has courage: She dares to come to Hollywood parties alone. The air was a little cool around her at the Douglas party, held in honor of Favre LeBret of the famous Cannes Film Festival.

It was a brilliant crowd, yet Anne Douglas was the center of attention when she told about the robbery of hers and Kirk's home. The looters escaped with all Kirk's suits, all Anne's evening gowns, hats and furs. But, curiously enough, they didn't touch her lovely French slippers or the two dozen gossamer evening stockings which Kirk had bought her as a gift, only the day before.

It was this omission that gave the police the tip-off. "There's been a woman in on this job," they said, "but there is something the matter with her feet." With that clue, they finally tracked down a girl with a wooden leg. She had once worked in Kirk's office, and she was part of the gang who had also robbed Ginger Rogers' home. On her list were the names of a dozen other movie celebrities whose homes she was planning to invade next. Now doesn't this all sound just like something the great Alfred Hitchcock would dream up on a rainy Monday?

Hollywood Spectaculars

I've always taken a dim view of Hollywood's contention that it originates important fashions. Because the clothes worn in movies must, above all, always be becoming, no Hollywood designer can exhibit the daring of a Dior of Paris or a Simonetta of Rome. However, when it comes to an entire ballroom of the most beautiful women in the world wearing the last word in style—here Hollywood is supreme.

For example, it was genuinely exciting merely to walk into the Screen Producers' Dinner, honoring Cecil B. DeMille, or the PHOTOPLAY Awards dinner, and note how magnificently our glamour dolls wore their fabulous duds.

Big moment at the Screen Producers' affair came after the speeches when, all over the room, stars who had appeared in DeMille pictures—starting with 1913 and continuing to 1956—stood up in the spotlight. Forty-four personalities, yet, going all the way back to Winifred Kingston and Kathleen Williams, through Bill "Hop-along" Boyd, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Susan Hayward, and on up to Charlton Heston, Yul Bryn-

ner and Anne Baxter, who are the stars of DeMille's latest, "The Ten Commandments."

To me, it was very touching to see Babs Stanwyck clutch Fredric March's hand and beg him to stand up with her when her name was called. With her silvery hair, she looked very chic in a pink ball gown, its bodice made of the sheerest chiffon, and the skirt of voluminous pink satin. But her loneliness stood out as much as her costume.

Incidentally, it was raining the night of the DeMille dinner. Therefore, I really flipped when I saw Anne exiting. Over her black satin dress she'd donned a floor-length coat of cream-colored satin. She was with her constant escort, manager and director Russell Birdwell. When their car pulled up, Anne swept grandly out to it, her cream satin coat dragging through the puddles.

That's nonchalance for you. Also cleaner's bills.

When Millionaires Meet

Whether or not Prince Rainier knows it, while visiting Hollywood, he saw the most charming side of Glamour Town—one not usually revealed to visitors, not even to one of his importance and charm.

Take, for example, the dinner given by Director William Seiter and his lovely wife, Marian, in honor of Grace Kelly's parents. This occasion provided a perfect illustration of Jerry Lewis' crack at the Screen Producers' dinner, when Jerry said, referring to the speaker's table, "Anybody up here can buy anybody up here."

This was even more true of the Seiter affair. Everybody in the room could buy everybody and everything, but they were all there, very old friends, honoring an old friend whose daughter was making a particularly brilliant and romantic marriage. Bill Seiter has been a friend of handsome Jack Kelly for ages. Both are self-made men of means, and practically every guest present was in the same class, including Marian Seiter, who in the old silent-film days, was pretty little Marian Nixon. Among those present for the Kelly dinner was a very quiet oil millionaire, and a very quiet millionaire architect, and an equally quiet millionaire realtor.

And who was the one top Hollywood personality present, besides exquisite Miss Kelly? June Allyson—naturally, with Dick Powell, who seldom points out that he, too, is in the million-dollar category. Little June is always busting out all over rich



The Irving Manheimers meet Jody Lawrence, singing star Oreste at Ruth Waterbury party

groups like this. Personally, I salute her for it.

It is a rare girl who knows in her teens just what she wants, gets it in her twenties, and in her early thirties still looks much too girlish and naive to have attained it. Not only by marriage either—it's a bad year when bouncy little Mrs. Powell doesn't bring in at least a half-million.

Grace Kelly's Trousseau

A similar type of clear-thinking smartness got Prince Rainier's bride-to-be out of an embarrassing diplomatic spot that might well have floored such an expert as the Duchess of Windsor.

Every dress designer in the world wanted to make Grace's trousseau. It would cost her nothing. In fact, the coutouriers wanted to pay Grace handsomely for the privilege.

Grace listened with her unfailing politeness and then gave the nod to Helen Rose of M-G-M. Miss Rose, who has designed Grace's screen clothes ever since she made "Mogambo," is certainly a great artist, and she knows that Grace prefers what she calls "pretty colors," which means soft pinks, blues and yellows.

However, this had nothing to do with Grace's choice. Miss Rose is under contract to M-G-M, just as Grace is. Consequently, she cannot design for anyone not under contract to the studio, as Grace will not be after her marriage. Therefore, there could be nothing commercial about these designs for the most solemn moment of Grace's life. No vulgar money would pass hands. And there was no possibility of a follow-up, when Grace would be a reigning royalty.

It was "right"—as Grace always is.

Spencer Tracy, of all people, hearing about this decision, came up with the best nickname to date for Grace. With witty affection, he tagged her "Snow White"—also a cool girl, you remember, who found her Prince.

Glamour Gatherings

The newest and most charming additions to the ultra-ultra social set of Hollywood are the Jacques Sernases. They belong to the very chic young group—they live elegantly, speak several languages, have a beautiful baby, and always appear to be having a wonderful time.

The "going-out" crowd is a very different one from the "stay-at-homes," though both sets include top names. The James Masons, Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Kirk and Anne Douglas, the Jack Bennys, Greg Bautzer and Dana Wynter, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman—this group you encounter at almost every party. Beautiful, dark-eyed, Italian-born Ma-

ria Sernas, and blond, gallant Jacques fit into this group as perfectly as diamonds on a slender debutante.

Lately, at such gatherings, everybody has been noticing that Bing Crosby continually turns up with a very sweet little girl, Kathy Grant, who is usually dressed in a quiet little dress of untrimmed black, wearing no jewelry except a tiny string of pearls.

Other nights, Kathy turns up at an unimportant little dine-and-dance place in an unfashionable section of Los Angeles, where the younger crowd goes to hear an extra-good jazz pianist. And who escorts here there? Philip Crosby!

Hollywood Who's Who

Crazy, the way Hollywood's third generation is approaching prominence. For example, looking at Jennifer Jones with David Selznick, and remembering that David is the only descendent of Hollywood's first generation who has made good in a terrific way (his father was Louis J. Selznick, one of the earliest film producers), I thought how wild it is that his stepson, Robert Walker, Jr. is Alana Ladd's favorite escort.

It's like the new game Hollywood is playing these days. One person asks, "How is Lili Damita related to the Aga Khan?" The answer is: Lili was married to Errol Flynn, who was married to Nora Eddington, who was married to Dick Haymes, who was married to Rita Hayworth—who was married to Aly Khan.

All of which reminds me of the two stellar children who met at a Hollywood school. Since they didn't know one another very well, they decided to pick a quarrel.

"My father can lick your father," said one.

The other was very scornful. "Don't be silly," he said. "My father is your father."

Star Styles For You

At glamour-do's, Marisa Pavan wears her hair in a long braid, with pearls braided into it. It's very severe, but also very chic, and it's a hairdo you can easily manage yourself.

At the Palm Springs Racquet Club, guests are presented with tote bags, on the side of which, in sequins, is the motto: "Remember, happiness doesn't buy money."

Joan Crawford has her name embroidered on the tops of her sports shoes—Joan on one shoe and Crawford on the other.

And there really is a married couple in Hollywood, though not in the film industry, who have two swimming pools—one marked "His" and the other marked "Hers."

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(Continued from page 41)

registration line of the Pasadena Playhouse when a handsome young man tapped me on the shoulder. "Is your name Barbara?"

I thought he was just trying to strike up an acquaintance. "Yes," I said coolly, "but I'm busy right now."

He was persistent. "I'm George. How about a cup of coffee after class? Maybe I can help you out in some way."

Now there's a novel approach, I thought. But my conclusions had been quite wrong.

"I guess I should explain. I'm related to the Kublys, with whom you're staying. They asked me to—"

"George Nader!" I burst out. "Now I know. They told me about you. I'm so sorry."

I really wasn't—not after I noticed the envious glances I received from almost every other female on the campus!

From the very beginning, George took a sort of big-brother interest in me. He made sure that I registered properly, gave me advice on classes and instructors, and met me for coffee fairly regularly, "to talk things over."

But we didn't date in those days. With both of us, concentration on our work came first. And besides, I didn't have the time to go out. To help pay my way, I baby-sat most nights, and during the day—in addition to classes—I worked in the Playhouse office as a switchboard operator, typist, and general Girl Friday.

After George left the Playhouse, two years before I did, I didn't see him again till both of us had been signed to long-term contracts by Universal-International.

I'll never forget the day I was having lunch at the commissary, and again someone tapped me firmly on the shoulder. "If you need any help with your registration, Miss . . ."

Thinking it was a studio representative who helps employees get their new automobile license plates, I shook my head. "No, thanks, not this year. I already have—" By then I had turned around and faced him. "George Nader!" This outcry was becoming a habit.

Now, everyone at the commissary knew we were old friends. I also had the feeling that quite a few of the girls were wishing they could have been in my place—just as they did at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Since that time, George and I have seen each other a lot—and not just over a cup of coffee, as during the first year of our acquaintance.

I soon began to notice that, while in many respects he is still the same old George, in other ways he has changed considerably. Take, for example, his attitude toward his work.

George is just as ambitious as ever, but today he possesses an ability for which every actor strives, and very, very few ever succeed. No matter how hard George works, how involved he gets in a scene, or whatever problems confront him during the day, he can forget all about them the moment he leaves the studio.

Recently, at the studio, I watched him in a scene from "Away All Boats," in which he has one of the leads. For over four hours I saw him dive beneath the water, coming up for air only when he could stay under no longer. It was one of the most grueling scenes I'd ever watched.

Remembering that we had a dinner date that night, before I left I suggested we postpone it to another day.

"Oh, no," George protested. "I have tickets for the theatre."

"But you'll be too tired!"

"I'll be all right," he promised.

When we had dinner before the show, I did notice that his usual bearlike appetite had disappeared, obviously from exhaustion. But after three cups of coffee, he perked up again and was an enjoyable escort for the rest of the evening. And not once, during all this time, did he mention how hard he had worked that day. To him, this was just part of his job.

Contrary to what might be expected, George and I seldom talk about our careers. Maybe that's why we get along so well. We don't try to tell each other what to do, or what not to do. We don't criticize each other, at least not in a negative way. At the same time, we are one hundred percent serious in our efforts to get ahead.

Talking for George—and I believe this holds true for myself as well—I'd like to stress that his ambition is not of the "I don't care whose feet I step on to get ahead" variety. His is a much more adult, businesslike approach which has only one drawback: He tries to do too much himself, doesn't delegate enough of his obligations to someone else.

For instance, take his attitude about his fans.

George has regular meetings with the local presidents of his fan clubs, which, I agree, is a fine idea. But till recently, he also answered every one of his fan letters personally, by hand. With the volume of mail George receives, this is indeed a time-consuming job.

Only recently did he change to a system used by many stars, in that they read their letters, and answer them personally, but not in their own handwriting. Instead, they dictate their replies to a secretary, thus saving themselves many valuable hours each week. Reluctantly, George finally switched to this, but only after it became physically impossible for him to answer all his correspondence by hand.

One of George's greatest assets is his self-assurance and preciseness. These are obvious not only in his phone calls but in every phase of his life.

George is the only man I have ever dated who has never asked me where I wanted to eat, or what I wanted to do. He makes the selections, figuring no doubt that if I objected, I'd let him know!

He is just as specific about ordering a meal. Once we had dinner at a little Viennese restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. When the waiter brought us the menu, I got lost in a maze of Sauerbraten, Schnitzel, Klopse and Bratwurst. Finally, I looked at George helplessly, and he wasn't even studying the menu!

"Do you have any suggestions?" I asked.

"I do. Would you like me to order for you?"

"I'd love that."

When the waiter came for our orders, George rattled off a bunch of German dishes that made my head spin. And apparently he named them with perfect pronunciation, because when he finished, the waiter said to him in amazement, "Sie sprechen Deutsch, nicht wahr?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked George.

"I said you speak German, don't you?"

"I'm afraid not," George laughed. "Before we came here I checked with a friend of mine who was born in Germany. He suggested what to order and taught me how to pronounce the dishes."

Typically George, once again. He'd thought out the whole evening from Wiener Schnitzel to Apple Strudel.

I hope that, after what I've said about George so far, no one draws the conclusion that he's too serious to have a sense of humor. While he's by no means the giggling, laugh-at-every-joke type of char-

acter, he has a healthy appreciation for a good joke, and can dish it out as well as take it.

Once he took me to a Christmas party, where the hostess asked for four volunteers for a game—which she wouldn't describe till after she had secured them. George happily raised his hand—then found himself being blindfolded, and told that his partner, a girl who was also blindfolded, would feed him cereal with a spoon. They were to try to beat the other couple in this speed contest.

George and his partner won, but by the time they had finished, he had cereal in his hair, all over his face, suit, even on his socks. I've never seen him laugh so hard.

As I said before, George can turn the tables, too.

One day I again visited the set of "Away All Boats." In one scene, Jeff Chandler is supposed to man an anti-aircraft gun, aim at the sky (inside the studio) in search for enemy planes, and fire.

I knew something was up when I noticed George walk over to the propman, Bobby Murdock, and whisper in his ear.

When the director called the cast for the final rehearsal, George was eager, much too eager for the scene. Everything went according to the script, until Jeff aimed the gun into the sky, and started firing. All of a sudden—plop, plop, plop—three birds fell down from the ceiling, almost on Jeff's helmeted head! On instructions from George, Bobby Murdock had rigged them up so they'd come down the moment Jeff started firing. The whole cast and crew went into hysterics.

But I played an even worse trick on George.

In spite of his control, I knew that at times George can lose his temper, and I was just the girl to achieve this.

Actually, this was not what I had in mind the night it happened, when he was driving me home from a party.

Both of us have a tendency to be a little on the dogmatic side. That's what caused the ruckus when he claimed, "You are one of the few girls I know who is never uncertain about anything. You know exactly what you want out of life."

"George!" I protested unhappily. "You make me sound like a calculating machine. You know that isn't so." And as an afterthought, "I think you are the one who is calculating."

He winced a bit at that reply, and I knew instantly that this was my opportunity to heckle him. And what a game I made of it! I kept needling him about it all the way home, till I feared if I went any further, he'd tell me to walk the rest of the way. Just at the point where he really started to lose his temper, I began to laugh, and then he laughed, too.

I don't think George and I would get into these predicaments, if we weren't so very much alike in our outlooks on life. What we believe in we are ready to argue about to the last breath.

George and I are alike in another way, too. From time to time we have to get away from people, be completely by ourselves in order to regain the perspective and peace of mind which is so easy to lose in a profession as hectic as ours.

When I get into one of these moods, I usually throw a couple of suitcases into my car and take off for La Jolla.

George told me he finds more solitude in the mountains. When he finishes a picture, he usually drives up to Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear, or if he has enough time, into the High Sierras, where he rents a cabin, cooks his own meals, sees no one for at least two days—or longer, if he can stay away. By the time he gets back, he is relaxed and at ease.

Undoubtedly, this has helped him to

stay as level-headed as he is. With his success in films, and the fact that he is one of the most sought-after, most eligible bachelors in town, it would have been easy for him to become conceited. George isn't. On the contrary, he makes a very special effort to be a nice person.

Take, for instance, the day he found out that one of the crew members on "Lady Godiva" had a birthday. No one knew about it till five o'clock, when the fellow let it slip out. By then everyone thought it was too late to do anything about it—everyone but George.

He sneaked away from the set, rushed home, picked up a set of glasses and dishes, stopped at a bakery on the way back for a huge cake and at a liquor store for a couple of bottles of champagne, and by five-forty-five, had arranged a birthday party right on the set. It's this awareness of people and situations that makes him so well liked. It would also make him a good husband.

Although he is thirty-four and has had his share of romance, George doesn't talk much about women, except the ones who have made a tremendous impression on him—and not in a romantic way.

One of these is Joan Crawford, whom he first met when he was still an unknown in Hollywood. She had seen George on a television show and wanted him to appear in a TV pilot film she was planning to make. But, as George says, "I couldn't have been more flattered—and it couldn't have happened at a more inopportune time!" For then he was making a picture called "Miss Robin Crusoe," for which he had to maintain a week's growth of beard. When, in the elegant MCA offices in Beverly Hills, George met Miss Crawford for the first time, "She looked like a dream," he told me, "wearing all-black, pearls and sables—and I looked like a bum!"

Because he was still tied up with "Miss Robin Crusoe," George had to turn down Miss Crawford's offer. And then, when she was preparing to make her second pilot film, she sent for George again. But this time, he couldn't do it because he was signed to do six pictures for Loretta Young's TV company. "But," says George, "Joan still put in a great plug for me with U-I. They tested me eventually, and signed me. That was the turning point in my career."

Another lady George will never forget is Helen Hayes, whom he first met at a dinner given by Joan Crawford. When he found himself sitting elbow to elbow with the great Miss Hayes, George says, "I really felt like a trespasser. But she was so gracious and natural, she put me at ease immediately. When we discussed acting," he recalls, "I told her I envied people like herself who weren't nervous when they performed. She gave me an amused look and said to me, 'When you stop being nervous, you don't try as hard—and then you're really in trouble!' When," George has said, "Miss Hayes admitted she still shook before every performance, I decided there was hope for me!"

Although George and I have seldom discussed marriage in general, I know that he wants to wait until he is financially more secure. He once said, "I want to be ready for marriage when the time comes. It's an important responsibility, and if you really love a girl, you want to give her the best. To do this, you first have to be in a position to afford the best." So, being realistic about it all, he's been concentrating on getting his career well-organized. But even if he fell in love with a girl tomorrow, George just isn't the type who would do anything head over heels. In marriage, as in everything else in life, George knows what he wants—including the proper time to do it.

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Whistle Bait

(Continued from page 49)

her now-famed modesty about her ability undoubtedly stemmed from the fact that she was three years old when she first had a try at acting, and she could hardly have been considered a qualified judge of talent at the time. However, if she'd been another Sarah Bernhardt, she would have been sadly miscast in her first motion picture, "Romance on the High Seas."

The script called for a pretty, peppy young girl who could trade quips with Jack Carson and put over a song or three. For good measure, Doris seemed so at ease on the screen you'd have thought she'd spent her life making movies. The critics liked what they saw, and it was Doris Day's year. The following January, she officially began another—the year in which she solidly established herself as a star.

In one respect or another, since her arrival in Hollywood, each year has been an important one for Doris. Possibly because she's not a girl for sitting on top of the world when she can stand—the better to view new horizons.

As proof that *this* is her year, there's her M-G-M contract—one that any star would envy. There is also the busy office of Arwin Productions. This company was formed by Doris and her husband Marty Melcher to produce pictures, and they have one coming up, "Quality of Mercy," that should be a real winner.

Most important, there is still another organization. Located on a quiet, neighborly street in the San Fernando Valley, it might be called Melcher, Melcher & Son. This one produces nothing but happiness for shareholders Doris, Marty and Terry—plus anyone else who happens to drop in. Officially, they have been in business for five years, as of April 3. On this day the Melchers celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary.

Throughout the rest of this year, you'll be hearing a lot about the new Mrs. Melcher as well as the new Doris Day. In fact, at times you may think she arrived in a box which someone has just unwrapped—that is, if you believe those who vow that the changes occurred overnight.

Take the case of "Love Me or Leave Me." At the beginning of one evening not so long ago, Doris was looked upon by the world at large as a musical-comedy queen. Later that same evening, after a lapse of the two hours it took to screen the picture, she was being hailed as a fine dramatic actress.

The suddenness of the discovery made it seem almost as if Doris had stepped off the Warner lot a sunbeam-like singer, then up and acquired ability of Academy Award caliber while driving across town to M-G-M. Just like that.

Actually, the ability had been there for quite some time. It was just that a script which afforded the opportunity to show it had been missing. "As Marty says, the timing was right," Doris reflects. "When the picture came along, I was ready for it."

In the future, there will be far fewer "On Moonlight Bay" parts for Doris. "I've always liked them," she says, "but there comes a time when you just have to make a change. It's the same as with records. If the trend's toward rock 'n' roll tunes, you do those—or ballads, or whatever. You do what the public wants.

"Picture-wise, as far as a personality is concerned, many people never see beyond what is on the screen. That's only natural. But performers can get into a rut. For instance, everyone said for so long that I was the girl next door, but after a while the time came for me to change."

The changes carry over into Doris' personal life, and she was ready for these, too. This year you're going to hear about the Melchers' new social life. How they're stepping out quite frequently where once they couldn't be pried from the family fireside. You'll hear that Doris has completely redecorated her home, that she's mulling the thought of moving from the comfortable neighborhood in which she has lived since she became a star. And you may wonder exactly what has happened to Doris Day.

Simply this: she has added new dimensions to her life. The resultant changes have come quite naturally as a part of happy, progressive living—although some of them have startled folks a bit.

For example, if you were Doris' dressmaker, you might have come close to swallowing your straight pins the day she dropped by to talk over new designs. "Yes, I know what you want—collars up to here," said the dressmaker, pointing to her chin.

Miss Day's own chin tilted a bit. "Not this time," she replied firmly. "I believe I can wear scooped and low-cut necklines as well as anyone else. And I'm tired of always wearing the same thing."

She got what she wanted. "It's nice to get away from Peter Pan collars," Doris grins. "And I really don't think that 'Love Me or Leave Me' had anything to do with my decision. I just wanted more variety in my wardrobe."

This is highly possible, but not so probable. The first morning Doris walked onto the set wearing a figure-hugging, down-to-there gown—well, she didn't walk. To say she crept would be more like it—as if maybe no one would notice. She admits that she was downright embarrassed, in the absence of her usual turtle-necked outfit. However, she spent the day good-naturedly taking the whistles in her stride. "By the second day of shooting," she laughs, "I loved every minute of it!"

If you were a guest at a recent dinner party, you might have found yourself settling down for home movies following the meal. You would have heard the hostess—a beauty famed for her figure—explaining the film she was about to show: shots taken on her recent visit to the French Riviera. "I'm not the Bikini bathing suit type," she remarked. "But now you're going to see someone who is."

You might have gasped in surprise, as the others there did. There was Doris, in a Bikini, looking for all the world like a pin-up picture. "Here in Hollywood I wear mine only in our back yard," Doris will hastily tell you. "I like them. They're comfortable. But I'd never wear one on the beach, unless I were in Europe. Over there, no one cares what you have on. Why, they don't give a Bikini a second look!"

Don't let the rumors fool you. Doris has kept the qualities for which she became famous. Unknowingly, she proves the fact every day. For instance, if you were a writer who had heard the tales of the new Doris Day, you might have expected her to meet you for a luncheon interview looking like a *Vogue* cover girl—with possibly a layer or so of pancake on her face to hide her unsophisticated freckles. At which luncheon she would have crossed you up by appearing in a sweater and skirt, looking like any college co-ed.

You might also have expected fans to fall at her feet—as in the olden days of super-glamour—or waited for the curious stares of the awed. And indeed as you left the restaurant, two ladies approached. For

autographs? Well, no. They were visiting from Cleveland and wanted to know where to find Bullock's department store. Doris and a friend gave detailed directions and, as the ladies walked away, you heard them murmur, "My aren't these Californians friendly!"

If you were in the parking lot at Paramount a short time ago, you might have seen a Cadillac pull up and overheard the driver request, "Will you tell Mr. So-and-So I'm here?"

"Big star," you might have concluded. "Can't get out of the car and walk into the building." However, closer scrutiny would have revealed that the big star and her chum were completely covered with crumbs and powdered sugar from the doughnuts they were munching.

When the studio man arrived, she produced a package. "Have some," she offered. And then with the amazement of a child who's found more birthday presents than she can open, "Would you believe it, each one's different! We brought coffee, too!"

But still, Doris insists her tastes have changed a lot in every way—if not in doughnuts. "Take the house," she says. "I remember once I remarked to Marty that I thought I'd go into the interior decoration business. He just laughed and said that if someone ever wanted a modern house I'd walk right out on them."

"I used to hate the idea. I loved Early American, which I had first. Then I went in for French Provincial. But now I've come to see the beauty in modern. And that's what I'm going to have next—that is, if Marty likes the idea, too. We like doing everything together."

"There's the matter of color, too. We used to have dark green walls, and there was a big red couch in the living room that practically leaped out at you."

"I decided that after all the noise on the set all day, I wanted a quiet house, and so did Marty. So that when we came home we could flop on the couch and relax. Now we have muted shades—buttercream walls, carpeting, couches, with touches of color here and there. It's so warm and peaceful-looking. And so easy to live with."

As for the subject of moving, the idea is nothing new, nor is it a desire to be "exclusive." Doris has always longed to live high above the city. She loves a view. When she and Marty visit their friends who have hilltop homes, she invariably disappears from the group for a while. Hostesses know exactly where to find her—at the window with the best view, or perhaps on the terrace, trying to figure which street is where from the patterns of tiny lights below.

"I'm going to start looking for a new house soon," she vows. "As I figure it, it will take at least two years to find what I want. We won't move right away, though. I'm sentimental about our present neighborhood, and it's great for Terry because all of his friends are there."

"The people we know who live on hilltops have to drive their children around to play with their friends. That wouldn't do for us just now. When Terry comes home from school, he throws down his books and runs out and all the kids are right there. They come over and play badminton and volleyball and swim. We like it that way. When he's older, homework will keep him busier in the evenings and maybe then we'll take to the hills."

Next time she moves, Doris will have the strong arm of Marty Melcher to help her. And aside from furniture, they'll take a van load of memories with them. Their courtship was centered around the San Fernando Valley house. It was their mutual respect for home and family life that

drew them together. That, and love, of course. But love came later.

Neither of them can tell you when they fell in love. "It just happened," they say. And since Marty was such a handyman around the house, after their wedding Doris laughed, "Sometimes I think he got the idea of marrying me out of a Sears-Roebuck catalog!"

When, and if, they move, they'll ignore the mansions offered. "If we can't have a house that can be run by one person, we don't want it," says Doris.

At home, Doris is a throw-awayer, Marty is a saver. "He'll save a little nail, a piece of wood, a piece of glass—anything," she laughs.

"What are you going to use it for?" asks the lady.

Her husband smiles a wise smile. "You never know," he tells her. She gives him about three months and, if it hasn't been used, out it goes.

"What do I save?" Her eyes widen. "Why hardly anything—except tissue paper. When anything comes in a box, I take out the tissue paper and put it in the closet. But you know it's wonderful for packing. Clothes don't rumple as easily."

Speaking of the subject of packing, their trip to Europe floored one and all—at least all who believed that the Melchers would have to be dynamited out of their back yard except for a trip now and then to see America first. "But I'm positive Doris would never have gone to Europe if Terry hadn't been on summer vacation and Marty couldn't have taken time off from his work," says a friend. "Before anything else, she's a wife and mother. Everything she does revolves around her family."

The story that the Melchers are stepping out socially more often is true. Nowadays they may be seen attending a good many industry affairs. And they frequently attend small dinner parties and entertain at home. "Our friends seem to love to sit around and talk in our pink playroom," says Doris. And when the weather's right, they have all the facilities for back-yard games, swimming and outdoor eating.

The Melchers seem to have everything. "It's a wonderful marriage," says a friend. "And do they ever make the experts appear to be idiots! You know, the people who say that a husband and wife shouldn't work too closely together in this industry, or that stars' husbands are overshadowed by their wives' fame?"

"Marty's overshadowed by no one. The more success Doris achieves, the better he likes it. He's so darned proud of her. He's guided her career to the heights, taught her to enjoy her success, brought her out of her shyness. She's one of the friendliest stars in the business."

It's true. Take the word of another Hollywood citizen. "In this town," he says, "you may meet a star at a party or around someplace, but you never know whether or not to say hello next time you run into them. I've tried—and found myself staring into a pair of blank eyes."

"I met Doris officially just once, a long time ago. I've run into her a number of times since. She's never failed to smile—first, mind you—and give me a big hello. I don't know whether she knows me from Adam and there's no reason for her to remember me, but it's certainly a nice feeling to be on the receiving end of one of those grins of hers."

Marty, though more reserved, is equally as friendly. You'll find that happy people always are, somehow.

Doris and Marty treasure their life together and their happiness as some people treasure their gem collections. Little wonder that every year is her year—correction please—their year.

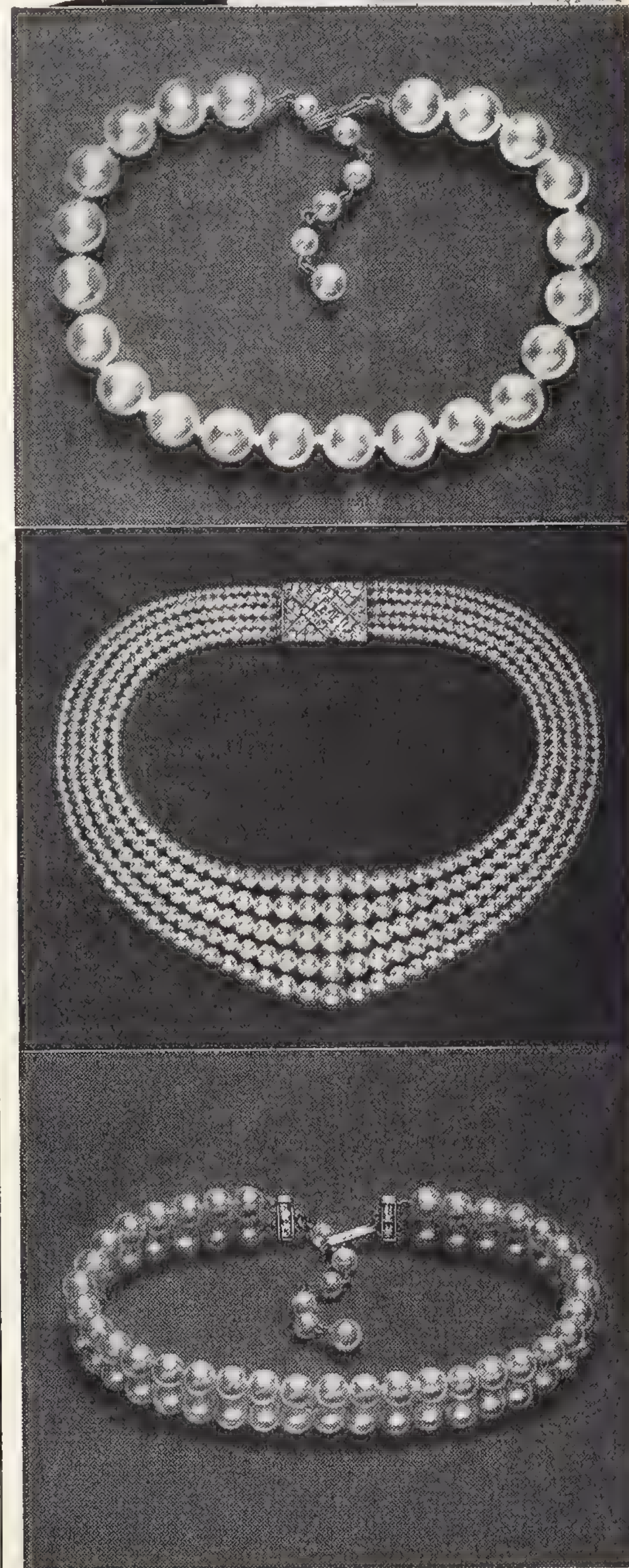
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The Story Of A Happy Guy

(Continued from page 47)

that's his again after years of heartache. It is as though all life is a conspiracy, making up to Guy Madison for the lean years. The grim years. And deservedly so, in the opinion of those who know him and who have long respected his sincerity, his silence, his strength of purpose and spirit throughout those years.

Even for a man of action, the blessings are coming almost too fast to count. And so are the moments to remember, for Guy and Sheila, during these first years of marriage. Building and furnishing their first home. Sharing their daughter's continual achievements—her every new tooth and every new utterance. Sharing the sentimental moments and the surprises—the many surprises—blending their own lives together.

Take their first anniversary, for example.

"I thought I was getting a gun," Sheila recalls. "In fact, I was sure I was getting a gun. I'd heard Guy talking on the phone that morning, asking somebody if they had a certain gun. Besides, I was used to receiving gifts like guns. Once before, I'd received a set of golf clubs. And at Christmas, Guy gave me a hunting jacket like his. It's made of lovely wool with a beaver collar. It's a very unusual hunting jacket—a really beautiful-looking coat."

But hardly a gift item to make a girl lose her lovely Irish head. And on their anniversary Sheila was sure she was getting the gun to go with the jacket—even when her husband arrived with an arm-load of roses and an odd-sized package guns seldom come in.

"I thought it was a strange-shaped package for a gun. But, I thought, maybe they packed it in parts. I couldn't believe it, when I saw that white mink stole! Even now, I go to the closet at intervals, just to be sure it's still there. It's very stylish, too, with a high collar. The latest thing."

Wild-game expert though he is—but unaccustomed to tracking down mink—Guy says modestly, "Well, I just checked a few. The first one I saw—well, it worked out pretty good. Sheila was surely surprised, and happily so," he grins.

It was Guy who got the gun. But that was another moment.

"Sheila gave me a miniature of my elephant gun, for hunting big game. It's all hand-made, a \$400 gun," Guy says appreciatively.

"Sheila sure went to a lot of trouble getting that."

"I saved out of my grocery money," she says. "Not that we didn't have enough to eat, but I cut down on desserts and things like that. I saved for months, then just when I'd get a lump sum, the milk bill or something would take it. Finally, I started putting it in the bank, knowing I wouldn't take it out no matter what. But I couldn't save enough. Just in time, I got a residual check for a television show I'd done, and that made it. But I felt like Scrooge for a while."

However, Sheila isn't always that thrifty. Take the elegant gold thoroughbred framed in the fieldstone rectangular space over the fireplace.

"That was Sheila's idea," observes her husband mildly. "It fits the framework perfectly. Of course, we were going to put up pictures. And a 16 mm. movie screen was going some place up there."

Sheila got this inspiration while Guy was out of town on location. "There's this huge gold horse for over the fireplace," she told him one night. "We'll talk about it when I get back home," he said dubiously. But Sheila had already talked to the man who was making it. Now they agree that it's a magnificent horse—and for the fee, it should be eligible for entry in the Santa Anita Handicap.

Then there was the day Victor—an awkward shaggy dog, large of heart and frame—arrived to make his home with them.

"We'd just moved into the house," Sheila recalls. "There was no fence or anything. Guy was going to Florida on location for 'On the Threshold of Space,' and he thought I should have the dog for protection while he was away." Another dog, that is, not having too much faith in the protective value of Bijou, Sheila's French poodle.

One day, Guy told Sheila enthusiastically that he'd found an Airedale. "It's just a pup," he said. Whereupon, says Sheila, "Guy came home with this big monster. He took off for Florida, and the dog cried all night long. It missed its brothers and sisters. He was supposed to be protecting me, but I had to bring him into the house and put him in our bedroom—on our brand-new carpets—to keep him from crying."

The following day, Sheila decided Victor needed a companion. Friends of theirs had offered them a French sheep dog and Sheila called and said, "I'll take it!"

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Later in the day, the woman who'd owned Victor stopped by. "Would you mind if I took him for a day or two?" she asked. "I want to enter him in a dog show."

"Be our guest," said Sheila wearily, realizing too late that now she had on her hands one lonely French sheep dog.

But, as though determined to make good for his new master, Victor came home wagging all his ribbons behind him. "He took all the prizes," laughs Sheila. "Furthermore, he won this long-handled maple ashtray that goes perfectly with the house."

Victor's ribbons are proudly displayed over the fireplace in their bedroom now, and Guy is enthusiastic about the pup's future. "He's just three-fourths grown, but I believe he'll make a good hunter when I get time to try him out. Airedales aren't too good at tracking, but they have a good nose, in the wind. They can smell pretty well in the wind a mile away."

Take Sheila's word for it—so can a wild goat. Now *there* was a moment. . . .

When the caterer, Mrs. Eric Blore, arrived to help prepare for the long-awaited Madison housewarming, she found Guy entrenched in the kitchen over a hot stove, trying out a new recipe for cooking wild goat. "Guy and Howard Hill had been experimenting for a year on the best way of preparing it," laughs Sheila, "but on the day of the housewarming, I'd been out shopping and I got home late. The caterer was there, we were expecting two hundred people, and Guy had a wild goat cooking in the oven!"

However, her husband, speaking as a wild-game gourmet, says wild goat doesn't smell in any kind of a wind, when care is taken. "Goat meat isn't strong at all, if you clean it right and prepare it properly. That is, if it's a young animal, not over two years old."

And for the benefit of those of you who may be collecting wild goat recipes, Guy continues: "You just put it on a grill in the bottom of a roaster, put in about one inch of water, add garlic and Tabasco sauce, cook it at 250° for four or four and a half hours, and you'll have a pretty good piece of meat."

As for the housewarming, baby Bridget was the star of that evening anyway—to the surprise of her mother, who watched Guy take various pals on a tour of the nursery. Before the evening had started, Guy had made a positive ruling on this subject: "We'll keep the baby's door locked," he'd said. "We don't want people running in and out of the nursery all the time."

But during the festivities, the tinkle of glasses and the chatter of guests was broken intermittently by the clomping of Guy and some male cronies tiptoeing into the nursery. "I saw Guy sneaking off time and again at the party," laughs Sheila, "with Rory Calhoun, David Butler, Andy Devine and different people. All of them sneaking so quietly—like elephants—into the nursery."

Building their home was an exciting adventure. "It was a lot of work, too," Guy says now of their picturesque red-brick and tawny wood ranch house high on its own hill in the Outpost section of Hollywood.

A lot of work. A lot of dreams. This house, which had been so close to Guy Madison's heart for so long. His first house. While they were building it, Guy would drive by the house every morning on the way to the studio. And every night, the neighbors saw *Wild Bill Hickok*, a tired man in a buckskin suit, giving it a good-night look. Guy watched the house grow, board by board and brick by brick. All of them cemented

together by hope and hard work—and by Guy's unfailing faith through the years that a better day was bound to come.

Architecturally, the whole house was Guy's idea—with one exception. One night, going over the blueprints with him, Sheila was stopped by a vast irregular area which took up a good part of the plans. "What's this room?" she asked curiously. "My workroom," he said. "What are you going to make, airplanes?" she asked, astonished and wide-eyed. Then, "Is this a bathroom?" she asked, pointing to a tiny area. No, Guy explained, that was the nurse's room. "So I made a deal," Sheila says now, "I got the workshop for the nurse's room."

"You should have seen us putting the insides together," she continues. "A tiny little piece of drape, a tiny square of carpet, a little piece of couch cover, and a sliver strip of Japanese grass-weave wallpaper. It's impossible to see whether anything will go together that way. You have to have large pieces of everything. But it worked out all right," Sheila sighs, her interested brown eyes appraising the deep green floor-to-ceiling drapes against the elegant silver-gray paper; the soft grayed wormwood paneling and the rich, dark oakwood furniture—every piece of paneling hand-picked, and every item of furniture custom-made.

The mail box outside reads "Robert O. Moseley," with small print underneath identifying "G. Madison." And the Moseley-Madisons are refreshingly identified with every detail of furnishing their new home.

Their smart bedroom-with-a-view is done in cocoa and blue with coral accents. "The cocoa drapes were Guy's idea," explains Sheila. "At first we painted the wardrobe cocoa, and it looked terrible. Then we painted it blue—that was my idea. And that's Guy's camera equipment all piled up on the end of the bar," she laughs, keeping the credits straight. The handsome lamps in the living room, with the green shades and white organdy ruffles and the conversation-piece bases were Sheila's love. One base is a sewing machine, the other a spinning wheel, "and they both work too," she says.

Buying the crib for Bridget's room stopped both of them. "That was a scream," recalls Sheila. "We were both trying to look so wise, as though we were crib-shoppers from 'way back."

They kept walking around the crib in the store, studying it as though deciding whether or not George Washington had slept in it. Finally, Guy turned to Sheila with, "What do you think?" And with an eye on the clerk, Sheila pitched it right back to him with, "Well, what do *you* think?"

"Guy was helpful with the bathinette," Sheila says. "I didn't know how to put it together—the stops and all—but he did. Do-it-yourself Guy."

Bridget's father is currently producing a combination toy box and window seat for the nursery. "It will be seven feet long and about seventeen inches tall when it's finished," Guy explains.

For Guy and Sheila, life centers around Bridget's sunny yellow kingdom. They're her constant subjects, along with a friendly white French poodle, a clown with a peaked cap, a flirty doll with red hair, a red-striped circus horse, and Bridget's long-lashed "Lady" dog. All of them are under the command of a gay blade of a brown rabbit, a tall continental charmer, with a jaunty scarf around his neck—and quite a "past."

"He was mine," Sheila says of Mr. Rabbit. "A blind man made him for me in Paris. When I brought him over here, the Customs people looked so funny. I'm

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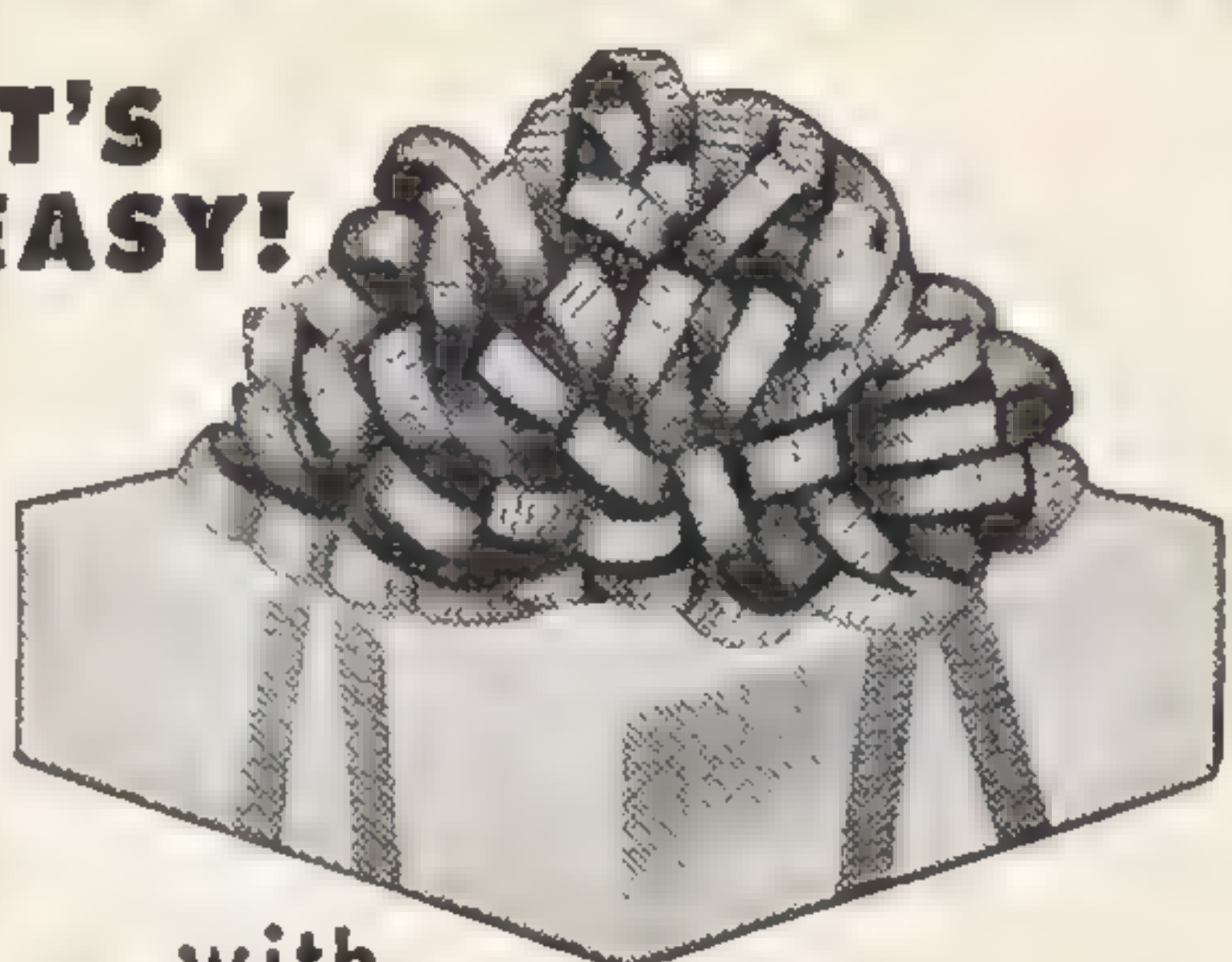
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sure they thought I had him stuffed with diamonds or something." And the way Bridget eyes him, she may have the same idea.

Bridget's first nurse was very strict about visitors, and as a result Bridget shies away from the exclamatory approach and sometimes draws back when people reach for her.

"It's the surprise element, when somebody rushes upon her," says Guy. "She has to get used to them."

On the other hand, away from home, Bridget reacts with open arms. "But that's different," explains Guy. "If Bridget's going out some place, she knows she's going to be with people, and she's prepared."

"At eight months, Guy?"

"She knows!" her father says stoutly. And her mother seconds him.

The Guy Madisons go together like love and marriage. Dark-eyed Sheila, so gay and Irish and warm and tender, is a dream wife for a man with Guy's seriousness, sensitivity and natural reserve. Her laughter is the happy music for a man whose emotions are so deep and whose scars are still tender.

"I have to keep calm outside," Guy used to say. "When emotions run loose inside, you can't think. And I have to think." Until recently, he had little reason to relax emotionally. But nowadays, people are treated more often to the sparkle that flashes in Guy's keen thick-lashed hazel eyes, and there is less of the set quality in the strong chin he's needed to carry him through some very disheartening years.

"He tells me I'm a clown—but in a very nice way," Sheila says. Watching television, however, is no laughing matter. Television and Guy's addiction to boxing. "We have two TV sets now, but that doesn't change a thing," Sheila laughs. "When we just had one—and Guy wanted to watch the fights all of the time—I told him we were going to have to get another. About that time, somebody gave Guy one. It's in our bedroom, and it's never used. Guy says it's no fun to watch the fights alone."

Guy keeps a watchful eye on Sheila, too, through her pregnancy. "I feel better this time, anyway," she says. "But if I don't feel well—Guy's so thoughtful and understanding."

When Bridget was born, Guy theorized that the final hours were not so crucial—for fathers. "No worse than worrying, all the months before that time," he'd mused. And typically, while he may not comment on his wife's pretty new maternity outfit, he has a keen eye for any serious or significant eye-marks. Once,

when they were playing golf, Guy made Sheila quit after they'd only played nine holes. "Your face is getting too red," he said.

Guy has never been one to elaborate on what the little woman's wearing, but he does generalize. "He says I look nice in anything—no matter what. 'I'd like you in a sack,' he tells me. And," Sheila threatens, "one of these days I'm going to wear one and let him see."

She missed a good opportunity to do this when she joined Guy on location in New Mexico, while he was doing "On the Threshold of Space." Guy hadn't filled Sheila in on the location problems, and she arrived there feeling like a debutante on a treasure hunt. "I thought they were shooting on the Air Force base. I gave Bijou a haircut, put red ribbons on his ears, donned my best pink gingham dress—and petticoated out to there. Then I went tripping out in the desert with my French poodle and all my petticoats—while they were all in jeans."

"That didn't bother her," Guy grins, remembering how she'd cooked pinto beans and cornbread for seventeen members of the company—and won their money playing Liar's Poker later on. "Sheila has a lot of get-up-and-go, and she fits in anywhere."

Guy literally lights up at the mere mention of her name. Once, when a reporter asked him why he'd fallen in love with Sheila, Guy answered impatiently, "Well, you've seen her. You've met her—you should know."

As Guy says, he "couldn't be happier" facing fatherhood again. "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl. It doesn't matter to me—just as long as it's a healthy and happy baby."

If it's a boy, he will be named Robert Ben, after Guy and his dad. "That's what Sheila wants," Guy says agreeably. "We'll have to get a name to go with Bridget," says Sheila. "I like Erin. Guy likes that, too."

Guy's disheartening years are being fast forgotten now. They belong to the past, not to today's happiness, with his expanding fortunes and his expanding family. "I always have believed that, if you try hard enough—and long enough—you're bound to progress," Guy says philosophically.

And who can dispute that since, nowadays, the little living-room buckaroos who ride with *Wild Bill Hickok* are joined by the screaming bobby-soxers for the "new" heart-throb, and by their parents, for the mature actor Guy Madison is today. He also has his own independent company, Romson Productions, at Columbia Pictures, with "Reprisal," the first to

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be made. "It's the story of the conflict between the white man and the Indians from 1890 to 1900—the true story of the Indians at that time," Guy says enthusiastically. "To my way of thinking, with the exception of 'Broken Arrow,' no good Indian pictures have been made. I think there's a terrific field there."

Out of gratitude and affection for the faith of his agent and discoverer, Helen Ainsworth, through the long years, Guy's first thought was for her. "Now that I'm getting going, Helen, you can take it easier now. You won't have to work so hard," he said, and made her vice-president of his company.

He also signed a fat contract at 20th Century-Fox, "starting with two pictures, then a straight five-year deal with one picture a year." But they've been keeping Guy so busy he has difficulty finding time to star for himself.

Heralded for his performance in a tough role in "On the Threshold of Space," Guy's now co-starring with Jean Simmons in 20th's "Hilda Crane." And upon being sought to star with Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop," he reflected, "I'm not familiar with the part. I didn't see the play. I haven't read the script yet. I don't know whether the character's right for me."

Nowadays, Guy is evaluating every role offered him very carefully. As he says, "Now the main thing for me to do is to watch the roles I play, to be sure the character's right for me. I have to be sure I'm getting the right role—in the right story." This time, he's ready for Hollywood. "I've had fourteen years," he says. "That should help."

Guy was happy with his role in "On the Threshold of Space," even though it was a grueling experience. In the part of a doctor experimenting for the Air Force in altitude checks, he wore three suits of clothing, worked with a big glass head-mask over his head and breathed through a tube. Working in intense heat he dehydrated. He lost thirteen pounds during the picture.

"It was a tough part physically and psychologically," Guy says, "but I was happy to do it. I hadn't played a part like this before. We had a fine director. They say it's a terrific picture. I'm glad."

Guy feels "Hilda Crane" will definitely further his career, and he couldn't be happier, co-starring with Jean Simmons. "She's so completely honest in the things I've seen her in, and I think she's one of the top actresses in Hollywood anyway."

It was an epic event for Guy to have a real leading lady, to be co-starring with a famous, glamorous actress in a sexy, romantic part. After fourteen years, this was quite a moment. Then, when Guy and Sheila met Jean for the first time, she sailed right past her handsome leading man—to his wife. "We're going to be mothers!" Jean exclaimed.

Guy gives Sheila much of the credit for his successful career and their happy marriage. "The wife of a person in this business is about ninety percent of the husband's success," Guy says quietly. "And certainly this is true of Sheila."

"One of Sheila's outstanding qualities is her ability to get along with ninety-nine percent of the people she meets, and be sincere about it. And I don't mean being over-sincere. Sheila likes people, she's intelligent, she converses easily, and it's no strain for her to get along with them. This is very important, not only in this business but in any business."

"She's familiar with the profession and its problems, which is an advantage in marriage. She's considerate and understanding. But most important of all, Sheila has the right attitude. The attitude which naturally goes with marriage—any real marriage—two people working for one goal."

In spite of all his amazing good fortune today, when a man like Guy Madison counts his blessings, he begins at home . . . with the happy fulfillment so long desired and so endearingly rewarding.

THE END

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 31)

crepe, also wore a lavish black fox stole with a matching muff. Janet Leigh, with Tony Curtis, looked real pert in what she calls a "maternity sheath"—a two-piece black satin job, the sleeveless smock featuring a high mandarin collar and the floor-length skirt being pencil-slim. . . . Others enjoying the emceeing of happy Jack Lemmon included Mona Freeman, with Bob Wagner; Guy and Sheila Madison; Hugh O'Brian, with new Columbia contractee, Pat Tiernan; the Aldo Rays; the Buddy Adlers; the Otto Premingers, and much more studio brass. And, of course, Ben Cooper, Richard Egan, George Nader, Audie Murphy, Jan Sterling—and oh, so many more enjoying the imported champagne provided by publisher Irving Manheimer.

A few nights later, Jacques Sernas (a free-lancer now) had his big night, along with co-star Rosanna Podesta, when Warners preemed "Helen of Troy" in Beverly Hills. Neither the rain nor the wind kept a "regiment" of Greek and Trojan warriors with blaring trumpets from starting the proceedings for a big star turnout. Oh, so grown-up Margaret O'Brien was with Rad Fulton. Other twos in view included Jeff Hunter with Jeanne Baird, while Jeff's ex, Barbara Rush was with Richard Gully; Marla English with Bud Pennell; Marisa Pavan, again with Jean Pierre Aumont; Lori Nelson with

Dick Clayton; Natalie Wood with Tab Hunter. Tab drove up in a foreign car in which he'd just gotten a ticket for speeding!

The "Carousel" opening was memorable, not only for the quality of the film, but for the quantity of glamour-pusses on hand. Shirley Jones was busy in the East, so Barbara Ruick (getting her biggest break to date in "Carousel") did the femme honors. Barbara, with Bob Horton, wore a square-necked white gown, its bodice embossed with embroidery and beads. Susan Hayward, who usually wears pale, pale lipstick, put on real red stuff for the occasion. And Zsa Zsa Gabor wore white lace over flesh-colored crepe, so tight she could scarcely breathe.

Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney threw a big bash for Al Morgan, author of *The Great Man*, at which Bing Crosby treated late-stayers to some fancy warbling. Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, the Jack Bennys, Judy Holliday, John Ericson, Gracie Allen and George Burns, and scads more came early and stayed late.

Jay Robinson tossed one for the cast and crew of "Step Down to Terror," at which Kathy Grant came stag. Carol Ohmart was with Bill Strange, Barbara Nichols with Steve Crane, and Natalie Wood surprised everyone by showing up with Raymond Burr! And guess what? Both Jay's pet chimp, Mary, and Kathy Grant had on copies of Dior gowns!

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She Held Faith In Her Hand

(Continued from page 53)

halting him. And now, Mrs. Curtis' age, please? And in what month is this present pregnancy?"

Riding in the elevator with the white-capped nurse, Janet was silent. She was remembering, with something close to dread, the first time, several years ago, she had made this ascent into the efficient and sterile upper regions of St. John's.

She had come alone that time. Tony, working on location in the Hawaiian Islands, didn't even know, then, that she was losing the baby they had both wanted so earnestly and for so long.

It couldn't happen again.

That time, they had shared just a few happy weeks of anticipation. Then, Janet's sudden illness, and it was all over. This time she had held on—with her body and her iron will—for five months (some of them spent in Europe and Africa where she had made "Safari" with Victor Mature). Why, she had even felt the child moving within her. Tony had felt it, too, his face alight with pride. And the doctor had heard distinctly the infant's heartbeat. It couldn't happen again. But then, why this terrible pain?

Several days before, the pain had begun like a faint and ominous warning, but Janet had closed her mind to it. Things were going normally and well. They had to be going normally and well. She had stuck doggedly to her drawing board, sketching designs for her newest line of Janet Leigh dresses. She had even dressed and left the house for a pre-recording session with Rosemary Clooney, on whose TV show she was scheduled to appear.

But the pain hadn't gone away. As a matter of fact, it gradually grew more intense. Until tonight, when she couldn't hide the fact from Tony any more. Immediately, Tony had called the doctor, and the doctor had said to come to the hospital—right away.

The crisp white bed was turned down in the private corner room, and Janet was grateful for its coolness when, having changed into a hospital gown with the nurse's help, she fell exhausted against the pillows.

"Dr. Pearl is in Delivery," the nurse told Janet as she prepared to leave the room. "She asked me to say that she would be with you directly."

Then the nurse left her alone—but only for a moment. The door opened again, softly, and a nun approached the bed.

"You and your baby are going to be all right," she told Janet with quiet confidence. "We are praying for you."

With cool fingers, she smoothed back the damp hair from Janet's hot forehead, and then she slipped a small, colored medallion into her hand. The glowing promise of the Sacred Heart.

Before Janet could whisper her thanks, the Sister had gone.

Janet is not a Catholic. She is, as a matter of fact, a Christian Scientist. But there was something about the quiet faith of the nun—and something, too, in the compassionate face of Our Lady as it shone from the slim medallion that quieted her fears.

When Dr. Sarah Pearl came in, still in her obstetrical gown, her patient was quite calm. Somehow, the pain had abated.

Dr. Pearl made her examination with unhurried efficiency. The location of the persistent pain, plus the fact that Janet was running a temperature, seemed to indicate that what she was suffering from was a kidney infection.

The lab would make X rays in the morning, after which they could determine

what treatment and what medication were needed. To see her through the night, Janet could have a sleeping pill and a pain-killing drug.

"But . . . how about . . . how about the baby?" Janet asked, fearfully.

"We'll all just have to keep our fingers crossed," the doctor said. "For the moment, the best thing you can do for yourself and the baby is to rest."

But she wanted, she had to see Tony before she went to sleep, Janet begged.

"Of course," Dr. Pearl conceded. She is a doctor, but she is also a woman. And she sensed that, in this case, Janet would profit more from a few close moments with her husband than from all the pain-killing drugs in the world.

The X rays confirmed Dr. Pearl's preliminary diagnosis. Janet was suffering from an infection of the right kidney. Whether induced by the physical changes associated with her pregnancy, or whether it was a flare-up of the infection Janet had picked up some months before in Africa, was not certain. In any case, it could be brought quickly under control with a series of antibiotic injections. Janet would find that her pains would subside.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color stills from "The Birds and the Bees" by Fraker. Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe by Powolny; George Nader by Jones; Guy Madison by Stern (shirt by Saks Fifth Avenue); Shirley MacLaine by Fraker. Picture of Marilyn Monroe and Earl Wilson by Sam Shaw (courtesy of Ballantine Books, Inc.); Guy, Sheila and Bridget Madison by Pete Kellett.

"And the baby?" Both Janet and Tony pressed Dr. Pearl for the answer to the all-important question.

"The pregnancy, to date," said Dr. Pearl, "seems not to have been jeopardized in any way."

Janet was in Tony's arms, weeping happily.

"With a little luck, Mr. Curtis," Dr. Pearl interposed gently, "you will be able to take your wife home in a few days—if she promises to rest. . . ."

"Really rest," Tony echoed.

"And take reasonable care of herself. . . ."

"Really good care of herself," Tony echoed again, with pointed emphasis.

"We're going to move the end of the month," he told Dr. Pearl, adding with a smile, "We need a bigger house now, you know. But Janet is not going to lift a cup, or pack a carton. . . ."

"Maybe on moving day," Dr. Pearl smiled, "Mrs. Curtis should just go to the movies."

A few days later, when Tony, with the nurse's help, rolled Janet's wheelchair toward the auto entrance to take her home, the Sister who had given Janet the medallion of the Sacred Heart was waiting by the elevator.

"Thank you," Janet whispered to the nun, who, in reply, merely nodded, her face full of understanding.

"Goodbye," she told her nurse, "I'll be seeing you."

"We'll all be seeing you," Tony said, with a proud grin, "along about the first week in July."

THE END

photoplay's buying guide

"Where-to-Buy" the West Coast vacation fashions shown in this issue. Each fashion is identified with a code number listed below. Use that number to check stores which have fashions in your city. Also listed are the Trailways Bus System's tour processing offices across the nation to help you plan your vacation trip.

MANUFACTURER CODE NUMBER

Catalina Swimsuit—p. 68.....	1
Cole of California Swimsuit—p. 68.....	2
Donny Jr. Suit—p. 60.....	3
Jantzen Plaid Separates—p. 64.....	4
Jantzen Striped Shorts—p. 82.....	5
Jonathan Logan Ensemble—p. 60.....	6
Lanz Originals Dress—p. 62.....	7
Rose Marie Reid Swimsuit—p. 68.....	8
Sea Nymph Swimsuit—p. 68.....	9
Trailways Tours—p. 77.....	10
Sir James Dress—p. 61.....	11
Randol Jrs. Separates—p. 64.....	12
White Stag Separates—p. 64.....	13
Jane Irwill Separates—p. 64.....	14
Rovi Sweater—p. 82.....	15
Mr. Mort Dress—p. 62.....	16
Samsonite Luggage—pgs. 60-61.....	17

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Loveman's 17

ARKANSAS

El Dorado—Continental Trailways Bus Depot 10
Fort Smith—Fort Smith Bus Terminal 10
Little Rock—Trailways Terminal 10
Gus Blass 4-5

CALIFORNIA

Long Beach—Wonder Shops 2
Los Angeles—Bullock's Downtown 5
J. W. Robinson 6-14
Trailways Terminal 10
Oakland—I. Magnin 2
San Francisco—Trailways Bus Terminal 10
I. Magnin 2

COLORADO

Denver—Denver Dry Goods 4-5-8
Trailways Bus Center 10
Grand Junction—Perkin's 5

CONNECTICUT

Waterbury—Ann's Style Shop 16

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Hecht Co. 1
Frank R. Jelleff 4
Trailways Terminal of Wash. 10
Trailways Travel Bureau Corp. 10

FLORIDA

Jacksonville—Vogue Shops 2
Miami—Burdine's 6-7-14
Morris Bros. 9
Trailways Ticket Office 10
Tampa—Maas Bros. 9
Tamiami Trailways 10

GEORGIA

Albany—Modern Trailways 10
Atlanta—J. P. Allen 7
Trailways Terminal of Atlanta 10
Rich's 17
Macon—Southern Trailways 10

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Carson Pirie Scott 4
Trailways Bus Terminal 10
The Vogue 15
The Fashionette 8
Russeks 14
Evansville—De Jong's 9
Joliet—The Boston Store 5
Peoria—Union Bus Depot 10
Quincy—Union Bus Depot 10
Waukegan—Hein Co. 2-5

INDIANA

Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres 7
Southeastern Trailways 10
Wm. H. Block 11
Terre Haute—Meis Bros. 16

KANSAS

Dodge City—Union Bus Depot 10
Garden City—Union Bus Depot 10
Hutchinson—Union Bus Depot 10
Lawrence—Union Bus Depot 10
Salina—Union Bus Depot 10
Topeka—Union Bus Depot 10

Wichita—Croney's 9

Union Bus Depot 10

KENTUCKY

Ashland—Steckler's 5

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Continental Southern Trailways 10
New Orleans—Krauss Co. 9
Maison Blanche 1
Continental Southern Trailways 10
Shreveport—Trailways Bus Terminal 10
Rubinstein's 5

MARYLAND

Cumberland—Lazarus, Inc. 9

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Worth's 8
Cambridge—Boston and Maine Trailways 10
Haverhill—Lemkin's 8
Lowell—Lemkin's 8
North Adams—Linda's 8
Palmer—Durand Sisters 8
Springfield—Haynes & Co. 8
Trailways of New England 10

MICHIGAN

Benton Harbor—Petitte Shop 14
Detroit—Winkelman's 3
Crowley-Milner 17
Ludington—Marvel Shop 2

MINNESOTA

Fairmont—Wolf Habein 14
Minneapolis—Dayton's 17
St. Paul—Schuneman's 9

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi—Brumfield's 5
Jackson—The Vogue 5
Trailways Bus Terminal 10

MISSOURI

Hannibal—Union Bus Depot 10
Joplin—Trailways Bus Depot 10
Kansas City—Union Bus Depot 10
Gale's 15
Harzfeld's 16
Jones Store 17
St. Louis—Trailways Bus Depot 10
Stix Baer & Fuller 15
Wittman's 15

MONTANA

Billings—Coles 5

NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Continental American Trailways 10
Gold's 15

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hampton Beach—Randall's 8

NEW JERSEY

Newark—Bamberger's 6
Hahne & Co. 14
Passaic—Classic Shop 8
Nadler's 14
Paterson—Meyer Brothers 3
Perth Amboy—Martin Shapiro 4
Union City—Wonder Knit Shop 8

NEW YORK

Binghamton—Sisson Bros. 8
Brooklyn—Namm-Loeser's 3
Morrel Glenda Lyn 8
Jamaica—B. Gertz 1-3
Mt. Kisco—Briarcliff Sportswear 8
Abel's 13
Mamaroneck—Charlotte's 13
New York City—Trailways Travel Bureau Corp. 10
Safeway Trailways 10
Russek's 14
Oppenheim Collins 13
Bloomingdale's 17
Rochester—E. W. Edwards 9
Spring Valley—Mickie Duchon 13
Syracuse—Dey Bros 4
Addis Bros. 13
White Plains—Conde Fashions 13
Yonkers—Mimi-Yonkers 13

NORTH CAROLINA

Chapel Hill—Robbins 2
Charleston—The Diamond 5
Charlotte—Belk Bros. 1
J. B. Ivey 4
Queen City Trailways 10
Greensboro—Meyers Co. 4
Raleigh—Carolina Trailways 10

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—O. J. de Lendrecie Co. 5

OHIO

Cincinnati—Jenny's 16
Shillito's 17
Cleveland—Wm. Taylor 4
Columbus—Morehouse Fashion 5
Toledo—Lamson's 9
Dome's Specialty Shop 15

OKLAHOMA

Muskogee—Continental Trailways Terminal 10
Oklahoma City—Union Bus System 10
Tulsa—Union Bus Terminal 10
Whitener's 15

OREGON

Portland—Chas. F. Berg 7-8
Trailways Bus Terminal 10
Hamilton's 15
Meier & Frank 4-11-17

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown—Hess Bros. 9
Irwin—Charles Z. Bronk 8
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier 1-6
John Wanamaker 5
Pittsburgh—Kaufmann's 4-7
Trailways Bus Terminal 10
Dulcey's 8
Pottstown—Kessler's 8

RHODE ISLAND

Providence—Shepard Co. 4

TENNESSEE

Knoxville—Rich's 9
Memphis—Continental Trailways Terminal 10
Charles Shops 15
Nashville—Cain-Sloan 8

TEXAS

Austin—Goodfriends 14
Beaumont—White House 1
Dallas—Continental Trailways 10
El Paso—Popular Dry Goods 1-9
Ft. Worth—Meacham's 16
Houston—Continental Trailways 10
Sakowitz Bros. 12
Battelstein's 17
San Antonio—Joske's 2-4

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Auerbach's 4

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—Virginia Trailways 10
Richmond—Thalhimer's 4-5
Trailways Bus Terminal 10
Roanoke—George T. Horne 7

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Best's Apparel 4
Trailways Bus Terminal 10

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield—Consolidated Trailways 10
Huntington—Anderson Newcomb 5
Consolidated Trailways Terminal 10

WISCONSIN

La Crosse—Gladie's 15
Milwaukee—Gimbel's 6
Milwaukee-Boston Store 11

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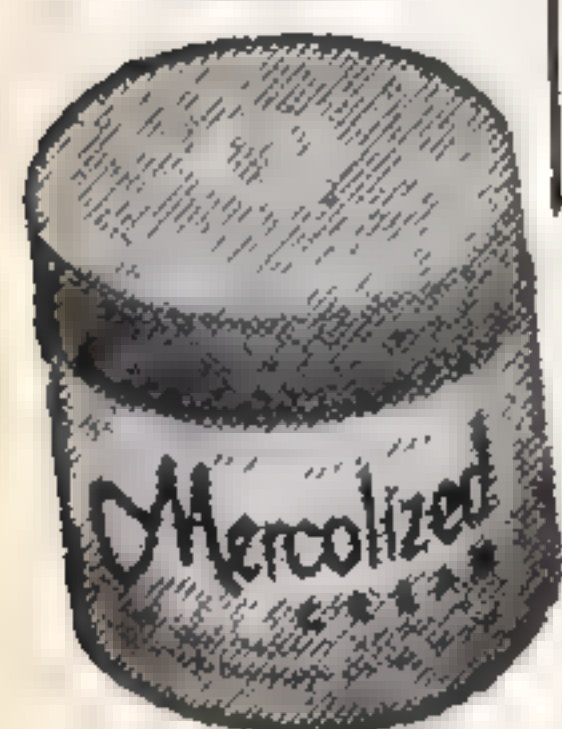
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(Continued from page 45)

"I tried to become my idea of an ideal wife overnight," she confesses. Now, however, she realizes that she actually didn't know how to face facts, or be her real self. Jack had long-since been convinced that Mitzi could accomplish whatever she attempted. Consequently, he was surprised to learn that she expected him to react with the utmost enthusiasm to everything she did at home—otherwise, she would be hurt, feeling she had failed.

As soon as the newlyweds had returned from their whirlwind honeymoon in New York, domestic-minded Mitzi eagerly started to put into effect all the theories she had learned. First off, she had read that a husband wants an immaculate home—which is just what their furnished apartment in Hollywood wasn't. The people before them had left it coated with dust, the woodwork was soiled, the windows unwashed, the floors unwaxed. So, the first day Jack returned to his office, Mitzi plunged full-steam ahead into an eight-hour campaign of scrubbing and polishing. She ruined her nails, bruised her knees, and generally exhausted herself. Still it was fun—a challenge—because it was such a switch from all her singing and dancing in glamorous movies. Then, too, she was determined to prove herself a model housewife.

That night, when Jack arrived home for dinner, Mitzi was exhausted, but triumphant. But, to her complete dismay, Jack didn't get the least bit excited over the results of her industry. After kissing her hello, he casually emptied his pockets and tossed the contents on a table. Completely shocked, Mitzi asked didn't he notice the difference. He admitted the spotless effect was nice, and let it go at that. Crushed by this rebuff, Mitzi burst into tears and grew hysterical. They finally had their dinner several hours later, after Jack had consoled her and had tenderly tried to make her understand that no husband considers housework exciting. (Typical male reaction.)

Mitzi eventually took it in stride but, before the scars had completely healed, she got another jolt. A nut about neatness, she had painstakingly straightened up Jack's cluttered desk only to have him explode because he couldn't find a thing. Again came a burst of tears from the little woman, but again she accepted it and promised to remember that Jack just isn't as orderly as she is. Now she has to force herself not to tidy up Jack's papers every time she passes them, but she keeps in mind that he's content to be cheerfully disorganized in some respects.

"I still think it's strange that husbands are like this," says Mitzi, flashing her gay smile. "But they are apt to be. So many black-and-white rules are set down with such assurance for brides! But what they don't tell you is that every man is a distinct individual, to whom a great many generalizations don't apply. Supposedly, you have to be perfect to please a man. While I like knocking myself out for Jack, a husband may prefer his wife to be human rather than perching on a pedestal. Jack doesn't want everything just so. He appreciates beauty, efficiency and truthfulness, but he wants to be comfortable, too."

Trying to understand the male point of view has been a big project for Mitzi. All last year she was in a dizzy whirl, struggling to make sense out of all she'd heard and read were musts.

In the beginning, like so many brides, she was sure her cooking would utterly charm and delight Jack. Mitzi loves to

prepare unusual and exciting dishes, many of which her parents taught her to make. But, she soon discovered, while Jack has a fine appetite, he's apt to comment favorably about one of her exotic concoctions—then ask if they might have hamburger someday soon. Whenever they give a dinner party, Mitzi plunges into her preparations at 10 A.M. Hours later, when Jack comes home, he casually samples a little of everything in advance, and lets it go at that. So, to her own advantage, Mitzi has concluded that, as concerns Jack, cooking may not be a colossal asset, but at least it's no handicap.

She's realized, too, that a husband's idea of a wonderful wife calls for more than welcoming warmth and soft kindness. A wife must also be good-natured, adaptable to his moods, and free of feminine fussiness. This new understanding has made Mitzi feel much freer.

However, before this, her outlook was a bit childish. For example, when Jack would come home at night, she would proudly fill his ear with all that had happened—good, bad or indifferent—during the day. Then gradually it began to dawn on her that a husband isn't intrigued by the endless small details of a housewife's day. She displayed her new-found wisdom one day after solving "the case of the streaked windows." Jack had hardly noticed how awful they'd become, and the apartment superintendent had ignored her pleas that the panes be washed from the outside. Mitzi had considered getting ladder, pail and sponge and risking life and limb to do it herself. Eventually, she mustered up enough nerve to phone the "super" and tell him she was going to hire a man to wash the windows and would send the bill to the landlord. This paid off, and early the next morning a pleasant crew greeted her and gave the whole Bean residence a professional going-over.

But that night, Mitzi hardly mentioned the matter to Jack. She merely asked him didn't he think the flowers outside looked more vivid for some "odd" reason.

Heretofore, when Mitzi felt blue, she would hide her feelings and be miserable without anyone guessing. This, of course, led to a certain amount of frustration, and Jack (who has an M.A. in Psychology from USC) was eager for her to overcome this state of affairs. Now that she realizes Jack has complete faith in her, she's no longer afraid to speak her mind and moods. She's acting like an adult.

Tremendously conscientious, Mitzi also used to be superstitious about luck and, if anything ever went awry, she would be thrown into a panic. With great patience, Jack taught her to expect surprises or mishaps. Now she steels herself to meet any situation and can and does act like the capable woman Jack knows she is.

While being perpetually afraid used to make her a champion worrier, strangely enough, Mitzi never fretted about finances. Until she became a star, her mother somehow managed to balance their budget. But, when she hit the top, Mitzi became downright extravagant for a spell. She leased a stunning penthouse on the Sunset Strip, against her mother's better judgment. Then, she recalls, "Two weeks after Mother and I moved in, I went on a twelve-week lay-off. It took my savings and borrowing to pay the rent. I got out of there as soon as I could and was glad to be in a place that cost one-fourth as much." Then, too, she adds, "When I met Jack, I had somehow signed with three agents and was obliged to pay commissions to all of them. That's how skillful in business I was!"

Because he can size up Mitzi's offers so

accurately, Jack has become her personal representative, although they still have need of a manager and a lawyer to carry out details. Now, however, Mitzi reads, and understands, all the fine print at the bottom of a contract. She also drives a Cadillac convertible—not only because it's sleeker than a jalopy, but because the budget permits it.

"Last year," she says, "I was still being coy when I wanted something our budget didn't allow. I'd rave to Jack about a terrific bargain I'd 'accidentally' seen advertised, and felt victorious when he nodded as I added to my wardrobe. Today, I don't want to be that round-about. Sometimes I catch up by just not buying anything. Jack shrugs at this, calls it a silly shortcut—and I'm beginning to realize he's right."

During their early wedded days, Mitzi also tried to be a *femme fatale*, to attract her husband anew each day. But her attempts at exuding an air of mystery and allure only resulted in weird silences, which at first made Jack think she was being aloof. Then he thought she might be sick and was appallingly curious about her health. After realizing she had been ill-advised to try this tactic, Mitzi went to the other extreme and put on her imp act. She'd often played the lovable imp in movies, but that isn't what attracted Jack to her. He fell in love with her without ever seeing her in films, and he's not the type to be fascinated by an impulsive beauty who's mostly fluff.

"Every bride believes she has to flatter a man outrageously, and I was no exception," Mitzi admits. "When Jack seemed to respond so satisfactorily, I dreaded becoming mentally lazy. But I was jarred out of that when he didn't react to my flattery one day. 'Now stop that stuff,' he said. 'You know it's ridiculous!' I was so astounded, all I could say was, 'I do!'"

"It's a relief, though, to be beyond the merry little minx phase, to be able to be absolutely sincere."

But even this hasn't been a breeze. Mitzi is an extremist, so she temporarily became too frank and resolved to tell the whole truth. Which meant that, when she felt Jack was clearly wrong, she said so. He wasn't exactly pleased by her utter straightforwardness—in fact, he was as mad as any outraged male. Finally, Mitzi retreated to the middle ground of tact, and since then they have loved each other even more, because of the subtle consideration they've shown one another.

Mitzi's immaturity also showed when she thought she had to be cute to win a point in love. It was all a game to her, one she couldn't bear to be bad at. But gradually her marriage has developed into the richly rewarding partnership of two sweethearts who are equals. She's too fair to want to take advantage of Jack's devotion. She knows now that mutual respect is one of their strongest ties, and her hopes for a full life with the one, right man for her are coming true. Truly, a great deal of womanly wisdom has crept into her big heart.

Since loving has taught her to be logical, Mitzi no longer becomes hysterical over every little reversal—which, of course, delights Jack. And there's no doubt that her new poise and assurance have given her greater charm.

Mitzi has found this new awareness far more exhilarating and rewarding than any bride-like attitude of trying to fit a husband into a childish preconceived pattern. Now, instead of hoping Jack will do and like what she wants, she revels in his striking individuality and tries to satisfy his particular needs. His problems are hers, and nothing is too much trouble.

It's hard for Mitzi to believe now that

she was so thoughtless the first time Jack depended on her to be ready to dine with him and a prospective client. She forgot all about it and was blithely cleaning house, when he rushed in, expecting her to be dressed and waiting. Nor does she get carried away too much by such things as romantic Hungarian fiddling. She used to weep openly when she heard it, and Jack called that "schmaltzy." Mitzi's father was a musical director and she was brought up on the classics.

"I can't play anything myself," she says, "but I never get my fill of symphonies and concertos." She had five radios in their apartment, with music pouring out generously, until the day Jack reached over and snapped off the nearest one, saying he couldn't read with music blaring. That anyone felt this way never occurred to Mitzi, so they compromised.

But then, while Jack was no symphony lover, she was oblivious to progressive jazz. "I was a square until Jack introduced me to it. He did it fast, on our first date. He whisked me to two little jazz spots in Los Angeles, and now I have my favorites in modern music, just as he does."

When Jack drops in on her at the studio Mitzi has rock 'n' roll on full blast, if she's in her rollicking mood. He shuts his eyes and gasps at anyone having that good a time at work! However, she still does the housework with opera flooding every room.

"Love puts you on your own," Mitzi says. "At a job, you may not get a second chance. But in love there's always an opportunity to show your love in a wiser way, and you learn you are on your own—that it's up to you!"

She envies Jack's solid convictions, his male belief that he's right until proven otherwise. "He's always known what he wanted," Mitzi says proudly, "and he says the way to get something is to go after it. I think it was terrific that he was young when he was young, but was also so bright. At fourteen, in high school in Minneapolis, he decided to hire a huge dance hall and make some spending money. Minneapolis wasn't on the circuit for big bands, but that didn't bother Jack. He wrote directly to Count Basie, dickered with him, clinched the deal by phone. Then he sold admission tickets to 4500 people. When Basie and his men walked in, they kept inquiring nervously for the boy's father. It never dawned on them that a boy had arranged the whole thing! It was such a clever idea, Jack did it again with Jimmy Lunceford's band. Nothing can stop him!"

"Me, I get nervous," Mitzi laughs. "I'm so hypercritical of my attempts I'm apt to get all upset. I never feel I've given a good performance on the stage until I've played at least a dozen performances. I want to see every single movie, even the most dismal, for I might find out what *not* to do as well as what might be a step up."

"I don't like to be branded bouncy now," Mitzi discloses. And she isn't any more. She's a rare combination of curvaceous sex-appeal, sensitivity, hilarious humor, kindness and candidness—and she definitely doesn't jiggle. Rather, she has such a superb stride you feel a band should strike up with "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

Expressing her inner self is no longer difficult, either. "I'm curious about everything because I know knowledge is the key to many wonders. Jack's habit of bringing me into wider ranges of a topic is so thoughtful! Who could be one-track around him? Yes," she smiles, "I've changed into a questioner. Not just to be asking, or to be theatrical in another way, but because I really want to know why



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things tick as they do. I'm awe-struck by some of the answers I get."

Mitzi is forever experimenting with rearranging the apartment, because, "How can you ever give helpful instructions, if you don't know how things should be done? Jack and I don't know when we'll go on to our first house. We're glad we didn't settle down in the one we thought we wanted before we married. It was elegant and comfortable, but now we see it wasn't for us. We aren't *that* restrained yet! We don't want a ranch house, either—but something modern and citified. And with lots of closets! Our apartment makes us ache for space, and for a fireplace. When we're older, we'd like to wind up in a French Regency home. 'A more formal tomorrow,' you might say, with sumptuous antiques! I'd rather," she laughs, "have a house that's graceful than one that's purely functional. Meanwhile, this apartment has shown us we're not dependent on material things for our happiness. It's who you're with, not where you are, that matters!"

Mitzi didn't have to learn how to have exquisite taste, for she grew up with it and it's one of the traits Jack admires most about her. The intelligent books she reads, the fresh flowers she likes around her, the paintings she is hanging on their walls, her personal graciousness—all mark her as a person of culture.

Mitzi is really one of the authentic glamour girls of this generation. She never slops about. Always feminine, her beauty is healthy and yet touched with the exotic. She is fond of stunning tailored suits, seductive hats with wisps of veiling, and gorgeous evening gowns. She prefers sit-down dinners to buffets because dressing up gives her a magnificent glow. Mitzi's grateful she's never had to coax Jack into a dinner jacket; he likes to dress appropriately. But she isn't a slave to fashion, or to Jack. She is using her head now as he has wanted her to do, and the results show her own, strictly individual flair. "If the line looks good on me, I don't care how uncomfortable the dress is!" She has a smart black fox stole which she wears instead of a coat whenever she can. "If someone asks me, 'Aren't you cold with just that stole?' I answer, 'No, I'm not'—and I'm not! When Jack takes too male a view, merely on general principles, and says, 'You're not wearing that ensemble, are you?' I no longer run into the other room and burst into tears. I don't assume our world will crack up. I want to please him more than anyone else, but husbands like spunk. So now I may grin and reply, 'Yes, darling, I dare to be me!'"

Last November, the Beans celebrated their first wedding anniversary by pleasing each other as they truly are. Jack kissed Mitzi goodbye fondly that morning. She wondered about his sly smile after he departed. When he brought a particularly fetching package home, it was clear he'd been scheming. Opening it gleefully, Mitzi was ecstatic over the beautiful gold bracelet with a Roman numeral one dangling from a dainty chain she vows never to take off. And since they're both mighty sentimental, when they merrily celebrate their golden wedding, she'll be weighed down with the forty-nine numerals Jack will have undoubtedly added.

In turn, she surprised him with her gift, and he was delighted to find she's become so practical. Jack had planned to buy a new topcoat when they returned to New York for their second honeymoon. Mitzi beat him to it by getting him a cashmere coat that thrilled him.

Mitzi could have invited a crowd of celebrities to help celebrate that evening, but there was no fancy fuss. You don't

have to be famous to be a friend of the Beans. This exceptional pair isn't snobbish and, even if you don't run into them for ages, you can pick up right where you left off. With their brand of loyalty, the Beans are the opposite of those who have many acquaintances and few friends.

On their anniversary night, two of Jack's bachelor buddies wanted to be the Beans' hosts. Sam Lawrence, who is in stocks and bonds, and Jim Raskin, who is in the lumber business, and their dates escorted Mitzi and Jack to a gala dinner at Chasen's, and then on to Ciro's. The six of them were thoroughly in tune, for Mitzi fitted into the group marvelously. She no longer tries to be the center of attention; love has taught her to mix well. Before she was married, she used to take over as the life of the party, chattering on and on with an adolescent authority she now calls absurd. "When you feel you have to talk so much in order to make others know you're present," she quips, "you certainly can't listen—and I'd rather listen and learn something new!"

Several days later, Mitzi and Jack flew to Manhattan for a less hectic second honeymoon. They'd had to sit up cross-country to get there on their wedding night, were drenched by a storm when they landed,

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then got on a non-stop merry-go-round of activities. This time, they didn't stay in a hotel where the lobby is crowded, but high up in Hampshire House in a spacious suite. Mitzi is an earnest student of the theatre, so they bought tickets for every Broadway hit. Lazy, late rising, leisurely lunching and dining in the smart restaurants, going on gayly afterwards to their favorite midnight spots, catching up with nearly everyone they longed to see, made their vacation all they'd wanted it to be. When they got home they felt refreshed and invigorated.

Recalling her previous whirlwind life, Mitzi says, "When I got into pictures I was so naive I'd have jumped off the Empire State Building if they'd provided a tiny pillow on the street below. Now—well, I'd hesitate! I can finally see that Hollywood isn't a fairy-tale land, that working in pictures is tiring as well as fun. You can't live an uncomplicated life here, and you must be cautious because every action and remark is exaggerated. Still, by patience and by planning you can attain your goals; they don't have to be vague rainbows. Jack has inspired me to concentrate on one objective at a time instead of half-a-dozen, and he's proved there always is time for whatever should be done."

As soon as she developed the courage to sally forth on her own, Mitzi secured her release from the long-term contract which had limited her to too many second-best roles. Now that she is able to make

her own choice from the offers she receives, she's been going great guns.

Starring in Paramount's great new musical, "Anything Goes," has led to close friendships with Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor and Jeanmaire. Bing gave her a bicycle, and between scenes taught her how to ride it. Donald presented her with a case of chewing gum, because she chews constantly while practicing her elaborate dance numbers. Jeanmaire (Zizi to the gang) was precisely the perfectionist Mitzi expected one of the most accomplished ballerinas to be, and they got along wonderfully. Then, too, Mitzi had the A-1 guidance of Director Robert Lewis, one of Broadway's stage geniuses.

When George Gobel asked her to co-star with him in his first movie, "The Birds and The Bees," the switch to playing comedy opposite him was just the contrast Mitzi craved. And she was additionally delighted when David Niven, a number-one performer and friend in her book, was cast with them.

Mitzi has also received a number of tempting Broadway bids, which she greatly appreciates. After all, she got into movies by scoring during her teens in West Coast operettas, and she yearns to sing and dance on Broadway someday—in the right shows. "An Evening with Mitzi Gaynor" is a good possibility, since her theatrical talents are boundless. She could also write her own ticket in television. But, mapping out her plans for this year, Mitzi puts movies first. Broadway, TV and all else will have to wait. However, don't think that she and Jack will become so engrossed in their work that their zest for life will suffer.

"I hope to have two new movies finished by the end of July," says Mitzi. "Then Jack and I want to go to Europe from August till almost Christmas. We have the travel bug—but bad! I've never been across an ocean, so you can imagine how the prospect lures me! Mention any place over there and I want to go see where history happened. Jack was in Europe during the war, so there's so much he can show me. I recall how I spent so many Sundays when I was in grade school in Detroit. For four or five years my girlfriends and I wandered through the Art Institute there regularly. We'd take sandwiches and eat our lunch sitting on the cement benches inside. I want to see the art in Europe, as well as the theatres, opera, ballet, the different customs, the breathtaking architecture and scenery and the people!" she says excitedly. "We aren't going on a strict schedule, won't be tied down in tourist traps. We'll roam—drive and bicycle around."

Obviously, Jack's adventurous streak appeals to high-spirited Mitzi, and they'll explore with enormous gusto. The vividness of Venice will especially appeal to her, for there's nothing lukewarm about her; Mitzi will be magnificent in a gondola—or wherever else Jack takes her!

Today this luscious twenty-four-year-old is a young lady no longer in a lather. She has sterling values she doesn't forget. For "Anything Goes," she spent two weeks rehearsing, and more than a week shooting, the spectacular dance routine she does with Donald O'Connor, supposedly on the upper deck of the *Liberté* en route from France. Then, in "The Birds and The Bees," George Gobel makes his song-and-dance debut in a zippy pairing with Mitzi on, presumably, the top deck of another ocean liner. No wonder Jack gulps when he wonders if he'll be swept into an impromptu song and dance when the Beans hit the deck of the boat they want to take this summer. "Come on," Mitzi will probably challenge him. "This time it's for real!"

THE END



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